

**INTRODUCTIONS,**  
**AND**  
**NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS**  
**TO THE**  
**NOVELS, TALES, AND ROMANCES**  
**OF THE**  
**AUTHOR OF WAVERLEY.**

516  
P. R. 2.

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VOL. II.

**BRIDE OF LAMMERMOOR—PEVERIL OF  
THE PEAK.**

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**VOL. XV.**



**INTRODUCTION AND NOTES**

**TO THE**

**BRIDE OF LAMMERMOOR.**





# INTRODUCTION

## TO THE

### BRIDE OF LAMMERMOOR.

THE Author, on a former occasion,\* declined giving the real source from which he drew the tragic subject of this history, because, though occurring at a distant period, it might possibly be displeasing to the feelings of the descendants of the parties. But as he finds an account of the circumstances given in the Notes to Law's Memorials,† by his ingenious friend, Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, Esq. and also indicated in his reprint of the Rev. Mr Symson's Poems, appended to the Description of Galloway, as the original of the Bride

\* See Introduction to the Chronicles of the Canon-gate.

† Law's Memorials, p. 226.

of Lammermoor, the Author feels himself now at liberty to tell the tale as he had it from connections of his own, who lived very near the period, and were closely related to the family of the Bride.

It is well known that the family of Dalrymple, which has produced, within the space of two centuries, as many men of talent, civil and military, and of literary, political, and professional eminence, as any house in Scotland, first rose into distinction in the person of James Dalrymple, one of the most eminent lawyers that ever lived, though the labours of his powerful mind were unhappily exercised on a subject so limited as Scottish Jurisprudence, on which he has composed an admirable work.

He married Margaret, daughter to Ross of Banniel, with whom he obtained a considerable estate. She was an able, politic, and high-minded woman, so successful in what she undertook, that the vulgar, no way partial to her husband or her family, imputed her success to necromancy. According to the popular belief, this Dame Margaret purchased the temporal prosperity of her family from the Master whom she served, under a singular condition, which is thus narrated by the historian of her grandson, the great Earl of Stair. "She lived to a great age,

and at her death desired that she might not be put under ground, but that her coffin should be placed upright on one end of it, promising, that while she remained in that situation, the Dalrymples should continue in prosperity. What was the old lady's motive for such a request, or whether she really made such a promise, I cannot take upon me to determine; but it is certain her coffin stands upright in the aisle of the church of Kirkliston, the burial place of the family.\* The talents of this accomplished race were sufficient to have accounted for the dignities which many members of the family attained, without any supernatural assistance. But their extraordinary prosperity was attended by some equally singular family misfortunes, of which that which befell their eldest daughter was at once unaccountable and melancholy.

Miss Janet Dalrymple, daughter of the first Lord Stair and Dame Margaret Ross, had engaged herself, without the knowledge of her parents, to the Lord Rutherford, who was not acceptable to them, either on account of his political principles, or his want of fortune. The young couple broke a piece of gold together, and pledged their troth in

\* Memoirs of John Earl of Stair, by an Impartial Hand. London, printed for C. Cobbet. Page 7.

the most solemn manner ; and, it is said, the young lady imprecated dreadful evils on herself should she break her plighted faith. Shortly after, a suitor, who was favoured by Lord Stair, and still more by his lady, paid his addresses to Miss Dalrymple. The young lady refused the proposal, and, being pressed on the subject, confessed her secret engagement. Lady Stair, a woman accustomed to universal submission, (for even her husband did not care to contradict her,) treated this objection as a trifle, and insisted upon her daughter yielding her consent to marry the new suitor, David Dunbar, son and heir to David Dunbar of Baldoon, in Wigtonshire. The first lover, a man of very high spirit, then interfered by letter, and insisted on the right he had acquired by his troth plighted with the young lady. Lady Stair sent him for answer, that her daughter, sensible of her undutiful behaviour in entering into a contract unsanctioned by her parents, had retracted her unlawful vow, and now refused to fulfill her engagement with him.

The lover, in return, declined positively to receive such an answer from any one but his mistress in person ; and as she had to deal with a man who was both of a most determined character, and of too high condition to be trifled with, Lady Stair was obliged to

consent to an interview between Lord Rutherford and her daughter. But she took care to be present in person, and argued the point with the disappointed and incensed lover with pertinacity equal to his own. She particularly insisted on the Levitical law, which declares, that a woman shall be free of a vow which her parents dissent from. This is the passage of Scripture she founded on :—

“ If a man vow a vow unto the Lord, or swear an oath to bind his soul with a bond ; he shall not break his word, he shall do according to all that proceedeth out of his mouth.

“ If a woman also vow a vow unto the Lord, and bind herself by a bond, being in her father's house in her youth ;

“ And her father hear her vow, and her bond wherewith she hath bound her soul, and her father shall hold his peace at her : then all her vows shall stand, and every bond wherewith she hath bound her soul shall stand.

“ But if her father disallow her in the day that he heareth ; not any of her vows, or of her bonds wherewith she hath bound her soul, shall stand : and the Lord shall forgive her, because her father disallowed her.” *Numbers*, xxx. 2, 3, 4, 5.

While the mother insisted on these topics, the lover in vain conjured the daughter to declare her own opinion and feelings. She remained totally overwhelmed, as it seemed, —mute, pale, and motionless as a statue. Only, at her mother's command, sternly uttered, she summoned strength enough to restore to her plighted suitor the piece of gold, which was the emblem of her troth. On this he burst forth into a tremendous passion, took leave of the mother with imaledictions, and as he left the apartment, turned back to say to his weak, if not fickle, mistress, "For you, madam, you will be a world's wonder;" a phrase by which some remarkable degree of calamity is usually implied. He went abroad, and returned not again. If the last Lord Rutherford was the unfortunate party, he must have been the third who bore that title, and who died in 1685.

The marriage betwixt Janet Dalrymple and David Dunbar of Baldoon now went forward, the bride shewing no repugnance, but being absolutely passive in every thing her mother commanded or advised. On the day of the marriage, which, as was then usual, was celebrated by a great assemblage of friends and relations, she was the same, —sad, silent, and resigned, as it seemed, to her destiny. A lady, very nearly connected with

the family, told the Author that she had conversed on the subject with one of the brothers of the bride, a mere lad at the time, who had ridden before his sister to church. He said her hand, which lay on his as she held her arm around his waist, was as cold and damp as marble. But, full of his new dress, and the part he acted in the procession, the circumstance, which he long afterwards remembered with bitter sorrow and compunction, made no impression on him at the time.

The bridal feast was followed by dancing: the bride and bridegroom retired as usual, when of a sudden the most wild and piercing cries were heard from the nuptial chamber. It was then the custom, to prevent any coarse pleasantry, which old times perhaps admitted. that the key of the nuptial chamber should be intrusted to the bridegroom. He was called upon, but refused at first, to give it up, till the shrieks became so hideous that he was compelled to hasten with others to learn the cause. On opening the door, they found the bridegroom lying across the threshold, dreadfully wounded, and streaming with blood. The bride was then sought for: she was found in the corner of the large chimney, having no covering save her shift, and that dabbled in gore. There she



and, grinning at them, mopping and mowing, as I heard the expression used; in a word, absolutely insane. The only words she spoke were, "Tak up your bonny bridegroom." She survived this horrible scene little more than a fortnight, having been married on the 24th of August, and dying on the 12th of September, 1669.

The unfortunate Baldoon recovered from his wounds, but sternly prohibited all inquiries respecting the manner in which he had received them. If a lady, he said, asked him any question upon the subject, he would neither answer her, nor speak to her again while he lived, if a gentleman, he would consider it as a mortal affront, and demand satisfaction as having received such. He did not very long survive the dreadful catastrophe, having met with a fatal injury by a fall from his horse, as he rode between Leith and Holyrood-house, of which he died the next day, 28th March, 1692. Thus a few years removed all the principal actors in this frightful tragedy.

Various reports went abroad on this mysterious affair, many of them very inaccurate, though they could hardly be said to be exaggerated. It was difficult at that time to become acquainted with the history of a Scottish family above the lower rank; and

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strange things sometimes took place, ~~into~~ into which even the law did not scrupulously inquire.

The credulous Mr Law says, generally, that the Lord President Stair had a daughter, who "being married, the night she was *bride in*, [that is, bedded bride,] was taken from her bridegroom and *harled* [dragged] through the house, (by spirits we are given to understand,) and soon afterwards died. Another daughter," he says, "was possessed by an evil spirit."

My friend, Mr Sharpe, gives another edition of the tale. According to his information, it was the bridegroom who wounded the bride. The marriage, according to this account, had been against her mother's inclination, who had given her consent in these ominous words: "You may marry him, but soon shall you repent it."

I find still another account darkly insinuated in some highly scurrilous and abusive verses, of which I have an original copy. They are docketed as being written, "Upon the late Viscount Stair and his family, by Sir William Hamilton of Whitelaw. The marginals by William Dunlop, writer in Edinburgh, a son of the Laird of Houshill, and nephew to the said Sir William Hamilton." There was a bitter and personal

quarrel and rivalry betwixt the author of this libel, a name which it richly deserves, and Lord President Stair; and the lampoon which is written with much more malice than art, bears the following motto :—

Stair's neck, mind, wife, sons, grandson, and the rest,  
Are wry, false, witch, pests, parricide, possess'd.

This malignant satirist, who calls up all the misfortunes of the family, does not forget the fatal bridal of Baldoon. He seems, though his verses are obscure as unpoetical, to intimate, that the violence done to the bridegroom, was by the intervention of the foul fiend, to whom the young lady had resigned herself, in case she should break her contract with her first lover. His hypothesis is inconsistent with the account given in the note upon Law's Memorials, but easily reconcileable to the family tradition:

In al Stair's offspring we no difference know,  
They doe the females as the males bestow;  
So he of's daughter's marriage gave the ward,  
Like a true vassal, to Glenluce's Laird;  
He knew what she did to her suitor plight,  
If she her faith to Rutherford should slight,  
Which, like his own, for greed he broke outright.  
Nik did Baldoon's posterior right deride,  
And, as first substitute, did seize the bride;  
Whate'er he to his mistress did or said,  
She threw the bridegroom from the nuptial bed

Into the chimney, did so his rival man,  
His bruised bones ne'er were cured but by the fall.

One of the marginal notes, ascribed to William Dunlop, applies to the above lines. "She had betrothed herself to Lord Rutherford under horrid imprecations, and afterwards married Baldoon his nevy, and her mother was the cause of her breach of faith."

The same tragedy is alluded to in the following couplet and note:—

What train of curses that base brood pursues,  
When the young nephew weds old uncle's spouse.

The note on the word *uncle* explains it as meaning "Rutherford, who should have married the Lady Baldoon, was Baldoon's uncle." The poetry of this satire on Lord Stair and his family was, as already noticed, written by Sir William Hamilton, of Whitelaw, a rival of Lord Stair for the situation of President of the Court of Session; a person much inferior to that great lawyer in talents, and equally ill-treated by the calumny or just satire of his contemporaries, as an unjust and partial judge. Some of the notes are by that curious and laborious antiquary Robert Milne, who, as a virulent Jacobite, willingly lent a hand to blacken the family of Stair.†

\* The fall from his horse, by which he was killed.

† I have compared the satire, which occurs in the first volume of the curious little collection called a

Another poet of the period, with a very different purpose, has left an elegy, in which he darkly hints at and bemoans the fate of the ill-starred young person, whose very uncommon calamity Whitelaw, Dunlop, and Milne, thought a fitting subject for buffoonery and ribaldry. This bard of milder mood was Andrew Symson, before the Revolution minister of Kirkinner, in Galloway, and after his expulsion as an Episcopalian, following the then humble occupation of a printer in Edinburgh. He furnished the family of Baldoon, with which he appears to have been intimate, with an elegy on the tragic event in their family. In this piece he treats the mournful occasion of the bride's death with mysterious solemnity.

The verses bear this title—"On the unexpected death of the virtuous lady Mrs Janet Dalrymple, Lady Baldoon, younger," and afford us the precise dates of the catastrophe, which could not otherwise have been easily ascertained. "Nupta August 12. Domum Ducta August 24. Obiit September 12. Sepult. September 30, 1669." The

Book of Scottish Pasquils, 1827, with that which has a more full text, and more extended notes, and which is in my own possession, by gift of Thomas Thomson, Esq. Register-Depute. In the second Book of Pasquils, p, 72, is a most abusive epitaph on Sir James Hamilton of Whitelaw.

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form of the elegy is a dialogue betwixt a passenger and a domestic servant. The first, recollecting that he had passed that way lately, and seen all around enlivened by the appearances of mirth and festivity, is desirous to know what had changed so gay a scene into mourning. We preserve the reply of the servant as a specimen of Mr Symson's verses, which are not of the first quality;—

——— Sir, 'tis truth you've told,  
We did enjoy great mirth ; but now, ah me !  
Our joyful song's turn'd to an elegie.  
A virtuous lady, not long since a bride,  
Was to a hopeful plant by marriage tied,  
And brought home hither. We did all rejoice;  
Even for her sake. But presently our voice  
Was turn'd to mourning for that little time  
That she'd enjoy : She waned in her prime,  
For Atropos, with her impartial knife,  
Soon cut her thread, and therewithal her life ;  
And, for the time, we may it well remember,  
It being in unfortunate September ;  
Where we must leave her till the resurrection,  
'Tis then the Saints enjoy their full perfection.

This elegy is reprinted in the appendix to a topographical work by the same author, entitled "A Large Description of Galloway, by Andrew Symson, Minister of Kirkinner," 8vo, Tait's, Edinburgh, 1823. The reverend gentleman's elegies are extremely rare, nor did the author ever see a copy but his own, which is bound up with the Tripatriarchicon, a religious poem from the Biblical History, by the same author.

Mr Symson also poured forth this elegiac strains upon the fate of the widowed bridegroom, on which subject, after a long and querulous effusion, the poet arrives at the sound conclusion, that if Baldoon had walked on foot, which it seems was his general custom, he would have escaped perishing by a fall from horseback. As the work in which it occurs is so scarce as almost to be unique, and as it gives us the fullest account of one of the actors in this tragic tale which we have rehearsed, we will, at the risk of being tedious, insert some short specimens of Mr Symson's composition. It is entitled, —

“A Funeral Elegie, occasioned by the sad and much lamented death of that worthily respected, and very much accomplished gentleman, David Dunbar younger of Baldoon, only son and apparent heir to the right worshipful Sir David Dunbar of Baldoon, Knight Baronet. He departed this life on March 28, 1682, having received a bruise by a fall, as he was riding the day preceeding betwixt Leith and Holy-Rood-House; and was honourably interred in the Abbey church of Holy-Rood-House, on April 4, 1682.”

Men might, and very justly too, conclude  
 Me guilty of the worst ingratitude,  
 Should I be silent, or should I forbear  
 At this sad accident to shed a tear;

A tear! ~~and I?~~ ah! that's a petit thing,  
A very lean, slight, slender offering,  
Too mean, I'm sure, for me, wherewith t'attend  
The unexpected funeral of my friend,—  
A glass of briny tears, charged up to th' brim,  
Would be too few for me to shed for him.

The poet proceeds to state his intimacy with the deceased, and the constancy of the young man's attendance on public worship, which was regular, and had such effect upon two or three others that were influenced by his example,

So that my Muse 'gainst PISCAN avers,  
He, only he, ~~were~~ my parishioners;  
Yea, and my only hearers

He then describes the deceased in person and manners, from which it appears that more accomplishments were expected in the composition of a fine gentleman in ancient than modern times:

His body, though not very large or tall,  
Was sprightly, active, yea and strong withal.  
His constitution was, if right I've guess'd,  
Blood mixt with choler, said to be the best.  
In's gesture, converse, speech, discourse, attire,  
He practis'd that which wise men still admire,  
Commend, and recommend. What's that? you'll say,  
'Tis this—He ever choos'd the middle way  
'Twixt both th' extremes. Almost in ev'ry thing  
He ~~did the like,~~ 'tis worth our noting:  
Sparing, yet not a niggard, liberal,  
And yet not lavish or a prodigal,



As knowing when to spend and when to spare ;  
 And that's a lesson which not many are  
 Acquainted with. He bashful was, yet daring  
 When he saw cause, and yet therein but sparing ;  
 Familiar, yet not common, for he knew  
 To condescend, and keep his distance too.  
 He us'd, and that most commonly, to go  
 On foot ; I wish that he had still done so.  
 Th' affairs of court were unto him well known ;  
 And yet meanwhile he slighted not his own.  
 He knew full well how to behave at court,  
 And yet but seldome did thereto resort ;  
 But lov'd the country life, choos'd to inure  
 Himself to past'rage and agriculture ;  
 Proving, improving, ditching, trenching, draining,  
 Vlewing, reviewing, and by those means gaining ;  
 Planting, transplanting, levelling, erecting  
 Walls, chambers, houses, terraces ; projecting  
 Now this, now that device, this draught, that measure,  
 That might advance his profit with his pleasure.  
 Quick in his bargains, honest in commerce,  
 Just in his dealings, being much averse  
 From quirks of law, still ready to refer  
 His cause t' an honest country arbiter  
 He was acquainted with cosmography,  
 Arithmetic, and modern history ;  
 With architecture and such arts as these,  
 Which I may call specifick sciences  
 Fit for a gentleman ; and surely he  
 That knows them not, at least in some degree  
 May brook the title, but he wants the thing,  
 Is but a shadow scarce worth noticing.  
 He learn'd the French, be't spoken to his praise,  
 In very little more than forty days.

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Then comes the full burst of wo, in which, instead of saying much himself, the poet informs us what the ancients would have said on such an occasion : —

A heathen poet, at the news, no doubt,  
Would have exclaimed, and furiously cry'd out  
Against the fates, the destinies and stars,  
What ! this the effect of planetarie wars !  
We might have seen him rage and rave, yea worse,  
'Tis very like we might have heard him curse  
The year, the month, the day, the hour, the place,  
The company, the wager, and the race ;  
Decry all recreations, with the names  
Of Isthmian, Pythian, and Olympick games ;  
Exclaim against them all, both old and new,  
Both the Nemean and the Lethæan too  
Adjudge all persons under highest pain,  
Always to walk on foot, and then again  
Order all horses to be hough'd, that we  
Might never more the like adventure see.

Supposing our readers have had enough of Mr Symson's verses, and finding nothing more in his poem worthy of transcription, we return to the tragic story.

It is needless to point out to the intelligent reader, that the witchcraft of the mother consisted only in the ascendancy of a powerful mind over a weak and melancholy one, and that the harshness with which she exercised her superiority in a case of delicacy, had driven her daughter first to despair, then

to frenzy. Accordingly, the Author has endeavoured to explain the tragic tale on this principle. Whatever resemblance Lady Ashton may be supposed to possess to the celebrated Dame Margaret Ross, the reader must not suppose that there was any idea of tracing the portrait of the first Lord Viscount Stair in the tricky and mean-spirited Sir William Ashton. Lord Stair, whatever might be his moral qualities, was certainly one of the first statesmen and lawyers of his age.

The imaginary castle of Wolf's Crag has been identified by some lover of locality with that of Fast Castle. The Author is not competent to judge of the resemblance betwixt the real and imaginary scene, having never seen Fast Castle except from the sea. But fortalices of this description are found occupying, like ospreys' nests, projecting rocks, or promontories, in many parts of the eastern coast of Scotland, and the position of Fast Castle seems certainly to resemble that of Wolf's Crag as much as any other, while its vicinity to the mountain ridge of Lammermoor, renders the assimilation a probable one.

We have only to add, that the death of the unfortunate bridegroom by a fall from horseback, has been in the novel transferred to the no less unfortunate lover.

## NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

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### NOVELS AND TALES. VOL. XI.

#### THE BRIDE OF LAMMERMOOR.

"TO WIND HIM A PIRN." — P. 72, l. 2

*Wind him a purn*, proverbial for preparing a troublesome business for some person

FEE-RIGHTS — P. 155, l. 23.

That is, absolute rights of property for the payment of a sum annually, which is usually a trifle in such cases as are alluded to in the text.

To *agc.* — P. 158, l. 21.

i. e. To act as may be necessary and legal, a Scottish law phrase.

"THAT DREARY WID' — P. 167, l. 9  
from bottom,

*Weid*, a feverish cold, a disorder incident to infants and to females, is so called

"PUTTING UP WITH HIM."—P. 174, K 21.  
'Taking up his abode.

RAID OF CALEB BALDERSTONE.—P. 177.

The Raid of Caleb Balderstone on the Cooper's kitchen, has been universally considered, on the southern side of the Tweed, as grotesquely and absurdly extravagant. The author can only say, that a similar anecdote was communicated to him, with date and names of the parties, by a noble Earl lately deceased, whose remembrances of former days, both in Scotland and England, while they were given with a felicity and power of humour never to be forgotten by those who had the happiness of meeting his lordship in familiar society, were especially invaluable from their extreme accuracy.

Speaking after my kind and lamented informant, with the omission of names only, the anecdote runs thus — There was a certain bachelor gentleman in one of the midland counties of Scotland, the second son of an ancient family, who lived on the fortune of a second son, *videlicet*, upon some very small annuity, which yet was so managed and stretched out by the expedients of his man John, that his master kept the front rank with all the young men of quality in the county, and hunted, dined, dined, and drank with them, upon apparently equal terms.

It is true, that as the master's society was extremely amusing, his friends contrived to reconcile his man John to accept assistance of various kinds under the rose, which they dared not to have directly offered to his master. Yet, very consistently with all this good inclination to John, and John's master, it was thought among the young fox-hunters, that it would be an excellent jest, if possible to take John at fault.

With this intention, and, I think, in consequence of a bet, a party of four or five of these youngsters arrived at the bachelor's little mansion, which was adjacent to a considerable village. Here they alighted a short while before the dinner hour—for it was judged regular to give John's ingenuity a fair start—and, rushing past the astonished domestic, entered the little parlour; and, telling some concerted story of the cause of their invasion, the self-invited guests asked their landlord if he could let them have some dinner. Their friend gave them a hearty and unembarrassed reception, and, for the matter of dinner, referred them to John. He was summoned accordingly; received his master's orders to get dinner ready for the party who had thus unexpectedly arrived; and, without changing a muscle of his countenance, promised prompt obedience. Great was the speculation of the visitors, and probably of the landlord also, what was to be the issue of John's fair promise. Some of the more curious had taken a peep into the kitchen, and could see nothing there to realize the prospect held out by the *Major Domus*. But punctual as the dinner hour struck on the village clock, John placed before them a stately rump of boiled beef, with a proper accompaniment of greens, amply sufficient to dine the whole party, and to decide the bet against those among the visitors who expected to take John napping. The explanation was the same as in the case of Caleb Balderstone. John had used the freedom to carry off the *kail-pot* of a rich old chuff in the village, and brought it to his master's house, leaving the proprietor and his friends to dine on bread and cheese; and, as John said, "gudd enough for them." The fear of giving offence to so many persons of distinction, kept the poor man suffi-

ciently quiet, and he was afterwards remunerated by some indirect patronage, so that the jest was admitted a good one on all sides. In England, at any period, or in some parts of Scotland at the present day, it might not have passed off so well.

#### ANCIENT HOSPITALITY. — P. 181-2.

It was once the universal custom to place ale, wine, or some strong liquor, in the chamber of an honoured guest, to assuage his thirst, should he feel any, on awaking in the night, which, considering that the hospitality of that period often reached excess, was by no means unlikely. The author has met some instances of it in former days, and in old-fashioned families. It was, perhaps, no poetic fiction that records how

My cummer and I lay down to sleep,  
With two pint stoups at our bed-feet;  
And aye when we waken'd we drank them dry;  
What think you o' my wee cummer and I?

It is a current story in Teviotdale, that in the house of an ancient family of distinction, much addicted to the Pre-byterian cause, a Bible was always put into the sleeping apartment of the guests, along with a bottle of strong ale. On some occasion there was a meeting of clergymen in the vicinity of the castle, all of whom were invited to dinner by the worthy Baronet, and several abode all night. According to the fashion of the times, seven of the reverend guests were allotted to one large barrack-room, which was used on such occasions of extended hospitality. The butler took care that the divines were presented, according to custom, each with a Bible and a bottle of ale. But, after a little consultation among themselves, they are said to have

recalled the domestic as he was leaving the apartment: "My friend," said one of the venerable guests, "you must know, when we meet together as brethren, the youngest minister reads aloud a portion of Scripture to the rest: only one Bible, therefore, is necessary; take away the other six, and, in their place, bring six more bottles of ale."

This synod would have suited the "hermit sage" of Johnson, who answered a pupil who inquired for the real road to happiness, with the celebrated line,—

Come, my lad, and drink some beer!

#### APPEAL TO PARLIAMENT—P. 196, l. 13.

The power of appeal from the Court of Session, the supreme Judges of Scotland, to the Scottish Parliament, in cases of civil right, was fiercely debated before the Union. It was a privilege highly desirable for the subject, as the examination and occasional reversal of their sentences in Parliament, might serve as a check upon the judges, which they greatly required at a time when they were much more distinguished for legal knowledge than for uprightness and integrity.

The members of the Faculty of Advocates, (so the Scottish barristers are termed,) in the year 1674, incurred the violent displeasure of the Court of Session, on account of their refusal to renounce the right of appeal to Parliament; and, by a very arbitrary procedure, the majority of the number were banished from Edinburgh, and consequently deprived of their professional practice for several sessions, or terms. But, by the articles of the Union, an appeal to the British House of Peers has been secured to the Scottish subject, and that right has, no doubt, had its



influence in forming the impartial and independent character which, much contrary to the practice of their predecessors, the Judges of the Court of Session have since displayed

It is easy to conceive, that an old lawyer like the Lord Keeper in the text, should feel alarm at the judgments given in his favour upon grounds of strict penal law, being brought to appeal under a new and dreaded procedure in a Court eminently impartial, and peculiarly moved by considerations of equity

In earlier editions of this Work this legal distinction was not sufficiently explained

#### POOR-MAN OF-MUTTON P 229 l 14

The blade bone of a shoulder of mutton is called in Scotland ' a poor man, as in some parts of England it is termed ' a poor knit of Windsor, in contrast, it must be presumed to the buxom Sir Loin. It is said, that in the last age an old Scottish Peer, whose conditions (none of the most gentle) were marked by a strange and fierce looking expression of the Highland countenance, chanced to be a disposed while he was in London attending Parliament. The master of the hotel where he lodged, anxious to shew attention to his noble guest, waited on him to enumerate the contents of his well stocked larder, so as to endeavour to hit on something which might suit his appetite. " I think, my lord," said his lordship, rising up from his couch and throwing back the tartan plaid with which he had screened his grim and ferocious visage — " I think I could eat a morsel of a *poor man* ' The landlord fled in terror, having no doubt that his guest was a cannibal who might be in the habit of eating a slice of a tenant as light food, when he was under regimen

## NOVELS AND TALES. VOL. XII.

### THE BRIDL OF LAMMERMOOR.

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LISTS, — *Old Woman's Charm*. — P. 52.

RICHARD SCOTT tells of an old woman who performed so many cures by means of a charm, that she was suspected of witchcraft. Her mode of practice being inquired into, it was found, that the only fee which she would accept of was a loaf of bread and a silver penny, and that the potent charm with which she wrought so many cures, was the following couplet in the text.

THE DUKES WALK — P. 60, l. 7 from bottom.

A walk in the vicinity of Holyrood house, so called, because often frequented by the Duke of York, afterwards James II, during his residence in Scotland. It was for a long time the usual place of rendezvous for settling claims of honour.



**INTRODUCTION AND NOTES**

**to**

**A LEGEND OF MONTROSE.**



# INTRODUCTION

TO A

## LEGEND OF MONTROSE

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THE LEGEND OF MONTROSE was written chiefly with a view to place before the reader the melancholy fate of John Lord Kilpont, eldest son of William Earl of Airth and Menteith, and the singular circumstances attending the birth and history of James Stewart of Ardvoirlich, by whose hand the unfortunate nobleman fell.

Our subject leads us to talk of deadly feuds, and we must begin with one still more ancient than that to which our story relates. During the reign of James IV, a great feud between the powerful families of Drummond and Murray divided Perthshire. The former, being the most numerous and powerful, cooped

up eight score of the Murrays in the kirk of Monivaird, and set fire to it. The wives and the children of the ill-fated men, who had also found shelter in the church, perished by the same conflagration. One man, named David Murray, escaped by the humanity of one of the Drummonds, who received him in his arms as he leaped from amongst the flames. As King James IV. ruled with more activity than most of his predecessors, this cruel deed was severely revenged, and several of the perpetrators were beheaded at Stirling. In consequence of the prosecution against his clan, the Drummond by whose assistance David Murray had escaped, fled to Ireland, until, by means of the person whose life he had saved, he was permitted to return to Scotland, where he and his descendants were distinguished by the name of Drummond-Eirínich, or Linnoch, that is, Drummond of Ireland; and the same title was bestowed on their estate.

The Drummond-ernoch of James the Sixth's time was a king's forester in the forest of Glenartney, and chanced to be employed there in search of venison about the year 1588, or early in 1589. This forest was adjacent to the chief haunts of the MacGregors, or a particular race of them, known by the title of MacEagh, or Childan

of the Mist. They considered the forester's hunting in their vicinity as an aggression, or perhaps they had him at feud, for the apprehension or slaughter of some of their own name, or for some similar reason. This tribe of MacGregors were outlawed and persecuted, as the reader may see in the Introduction to Rob Roy, and every man's hand being against them, their hand was of course directed against every man. In short, they surprised and slew Drummond-ernoch, cut off his head, and carried it with them, wrapt in the corner of one of their plaid.

In the full exultation of vengeance, they stopped at the house of Ardvonlich, and demanded refreshment, which the lady, a sister of the murdered Drummond-ernoch, (her husband being absent,) was afraid or unwilling to refuse. She caused bread and cheese to be placed before them, and gave directions for more substantial refreshments to be prepared. While she was absent with this hospitable intention, the barbarians placed the head of her brother on the table, filling the mouth with bread and cheese, and bidding him eat, for many a merry meal he had eaten in that house.

The poor woman returning, and beholding this dreadful sight, shrieked aloud, and fled into the woods, where, as described in the



romance, she roamed a 'raving' maniac, and for some time secreted herself from all living society. Some remaining instinctive feeling brought her at length to steal a glance from a distance at the maidens while they milked the cows, which being observed, her husband, Ardvoirlich, had her conveyed back to her home, and detained her there till she gave birth to a child, of whom she had been pregnant; after which she was observed gradually to recover her mental faculties.

Meanwhile, the outlaws had carried to the utmost their insults against the regal authority, which indeed, as exercised, they had little reason for respecting. They bore the same bloody trophy, which they had so savagely exhibited to the Lady of Ardvoirlich, into the old church of Balquidder, nearly in the centre of their country, where the Laird of MacGregor and all his clan, being convened for the purpose, laid their hands successively on the dead man's head, and swore in heathenish and barbarous manner to defend the author of the deed. This fierce and vindictive combination gave the author's late and lamented friend, Sir Alexander Boswell, Bart. subject for a spirited poem, entitled "Clan-Alpin's Vow," which was printed, but not, I believe, published, in 1811.\*

\* See Appendix, No. I.

The fact is ascertained by a proclamation from the Privy Council, dated 4th February, 1589, directing letters of fire and sword against the MacGregors.\* This fearful commission was executed with uncommon fury. The late excellent John Buchanan, of Cambusmore, shewed the Author some correspondence between his ancestor, the Laird of Buchanan, and Lord Drummond, about sweeping certain valleys with their followers, on a fixed time and rendezvous, and "taking sweet revenge for the death of their cousin, Drummond-ernoch." In spite, however, of all that could be done, the devoted tribe of MacGregor still bred up survivors to sustain and to inflict new cruelties and injuries.†

\* See Appendix, No. II.

† I embrace the opportunity given me by a second mention of this tribe, to notice an error, which imputes to an individual named *Ciar Mohr MacGregor*, the slaughter of the students at the battle of Glenfruin. I am informed, from the authority of John Gregorson, Esq. that the chieftain so named was dead nearly a century before the battle in question, and could not, therefore, have done the cruel action mentioned. The mistake does not rest with me, as I disclaimed being responsible for the tradition while I quoted it, but with vulgar fame, which is always disposed to ascribe remarkable actions to a remarkable name. See the erroneous passage, Introduction to *Rob Roy*, page 248; and so soft sleep the offended phantom of *Duirdinn Mohr*!

Meanwhile, young James Stewart of Ardvoirlich grew up to manhood, uncommonly tall, strong, and active, with such power in the grasp of his hand in particular, as could force the blood from beneath the nails of the persons who contended with him in this feat of strength. His temper was moody, fierce, and irascible; yet he must have had some ostensible good qualities, as he was greatly beloved by Lord Kilpont, the eldest son of the Earl of Airth and Menteith.

This gallant young nobleman joined Montrose in the setting up his standard in 1644, just before the decisive battle at Tippermuir,

It is with mingled pleasure and shame that I record the more important error, of having announced as deceased my learned acquaintance, the Rev. Dr Grahame, minister of Aberfoil. See Rob Roy, vol. II, p. 203. I cannot now recollect the precise ground of my depriving my learned and excellent friend of his existence, unless, like Mr Kirke, his predecessor in the parish, the excellent Doctor had made a short trip to Fairyland, with whose wonders he is so well acquainted. But however I may have been misled, my regret is most sincere for having spread such a rumour; and no one can be more gratified than I that the report, however I have been induced to credit and give it currency, is a false one, and that Dr Grahame is still the living pastor of Aberfoil, to the delight and instruction of his brother antiquaries.

on the 1st September in that year. At that time, Stewart of Ardvoirlich shared the confidence of the young Lord by day, and his bed by night, when, about four or five days after the battle, Ardvoirlich, either from a fit of sudden fury or deep malice long entertained against his unsuspecting friend, stabbed Lord Kilpont to the heart, and escaped from the camp of Montrose, having killed a sentinel who attempted to detain him. Bishop Guthrie gives us a reason for this villainous action, that Lord Kilpont had rejected with abhorrence a proposal of Ardvoirlich to assassinate Montrose. But it does not appear that there is any authority for this charge, which rests on mere suspicion. Ardvoirlich, the assassin, certainly did fly to the Covenanters, and was employed and promoted by them. He obtained a pardon for the slaughter of Lord Kilpont, confirmed by Parliament in 1644, and was made Major of Argyle's regiment in 1648. Such are the facts of the tale, here given as a Legend of Montrose's wars. The reader will find they are considerably altered in the fictitious narrative.

The Author has endeavoured to enliven the tragedy of the tale by the introduction of a personage proper to the time and country. In this he has been held by excellent judges to have been in some degree successful. The

contempt of commerce entertained by young men having some pretence to gentility, the poverty of the country of Scotland, the national disposition to wandering and to adventure, all conduced to lead the Scots abroad into the military service of countries which were at war with each other. They were distinguished on the Continent by their bravery; but in adopting the trade of mercenary soldiers, they necessarily injured their national character. The tincture of learning, which most of them possessed, degenerated into pedantry; their good-breeding became mere ceremonial; their fear of dishonour no longer kept them aloof from that which was really unworthy, but was made to depend on certain punctilious observances totally apart from that which was in itself deserving of praise. A cavalier of honour, in search of his fortune, might, for example, change his services as he would his shirt, fight like the doughty Captain Dalgetty, in one cause after another, without regard to the justice of the quarrel, and might plunder the peasantry subjected to him by the fate of war with the most unrelenting rapacity; but he must beware how he sustained the slightest reproach, even from a clergyman, if it had regard to neglect on the score of duty. The following occurrence will prove the truth of what I mean:—

“Here I must not forget the memory of one preacher, Master William Forbesse, a preacher for souldiers, yea, and a captaine in neede to leade souldiers on a good occasion, being full of courage, with discretion and good conduct, beyond some captaines I have knowne, that were not so capable as he. At this time he not onely prayed for us, but went on with us, to remark, as I thinke, men’s carriage : and having found a sergcant neglecting his dutie and his honour at such a time, (whose name I will not expresse,) having chidden him, did promise to reveale him unto me. as he did after their service. The sergcant being called before me, and accused, did deny his accusation. alleaging, if he were no pastour that had alleaged it, he would not lie under the injury. The preacher offered to fight with him, [in proof] that it was truth he had spoken of him ; whereupon I cashiered the sergcant, and gave his place to a worthier called Mungo Gray, a gentleman of good worth, and of much courage. The sergcant being cashiered, never called Master William to account, for which he was evill thought of ; so that he retired home, and quit the warres.”

The above quotation is taken from a work which the Author repeatedly consulted while composing the following sheets, and which is

in great measure written in the humour of Captain Dugald Dalgetty. It bears the following formidable title:—"MONRO his Expedition with the worthy Scots Regiment, called MacKeye's Regiment, levied in August, 1626, by Sir Donald MacKeye Lord Rees Colonel, for his Majestie's service of Denmark, and reduced after the battle of Nerling, in September, 1634, at Wormes, in the Palz: Discharged in several duties and observations of service, first, under the magnanimous King of Denmark, during his wars against the Empire; afterwards, under the invincible King of Sweden, during his Majestie's lifetime; and since under the Director-General, the Rex-Chancellor Oxensterne, and his Generals: Collected and gathered together, at spare hours, by Colonel Robert Monro, as First Lieutenant under the said Regiment, to the noble and worthy Captain Thomas MacKenzie of Kildon, brother to the noble Lord, the Lord Earl of Seaforth, for the use of all noble Cavaliers favouring the laudable profession of arms. To which is annexed, the Abridgment of Exercise, and divers Practical Observations for the Younger Officer his consideration. Ending with the Soldier's Meditations on going on Service."—London, 1637.

Another worthy of the same school, and

nearly the same views of the military character, is Sir James Turner, a soldier of fortune, who rose to considerable rank in the reign of Charles II, had a command in Galloway and Dumfries-shire, for the suppression of conventicles, and was made prisoner by the insurgent Covenanters in that rising which was followed by the battle of Pentland. Sir James is a person even of superior pretensions to Lieutenant-Colonel Monro, having written a Military Treatise on the Pike-Exercise, called "Pallas Armata." Moreover, he was educated at Glasgow College, though he escaped to become an Ensign in the German wars, instead of taking his degree of Master of Arts at that learned seminary.

In latter times, he was author of several discourses on historical and literary subjects, from which the Bannatyne Club have extracted and printed such passages as concern his Life and Times, under the title of "Sir James Turner's Memoirs." From this curious book I extract the following passage, as an example of how Captain Dalgetty might have recorded such an incident had he kept a journal; or, to give it a more just character, it is such as the genius of De Foe would have devised, to give the minute and distinguishing features of truth to fictitious narrative:—



“Hicere I will set down ane accident befell me; for thogh it was not a very strange one, yet it was a very od one in all its parts. My tuo brigads lay in a village within halfe a mile of Applebie; my own quarter was in a gentleman's house, who was a Ritmaster, and at that time with Sir Marmaduke; his wife keepled her chamber readie to be brought to bed. The castle being over, and Lambert farre enough, I resolved to goe to bed everie night, having had fatigue enough before. The first night I sleepd well enough; and riseing nixt morning, I misd one linnen stockine, one half silke one, and one boothose, the accoustrement under a boote for one leg; neither could they be found for any search. Being provided of more of the same kind, I made myselfe reddie, and rode to the head-quarters. At my returne, I could hear no news of my stockins. That night I went to bed, and next morning found myselfe just so used; missing the three stockins for one leg onlie, the other three being left intire as they were the day before. A narrower search then the first was made, bot without successe. I had yet in reserve one paire of whole stockings, and a paire of boothose, greater than the former. These I put on my legs. The third morning I found the same ~~usage~~ <sup>usage</sup>, the stockins for one leg onlie left me. It was time for me then, and my

servants too, to imagine it must be rats that had shard my stockins so inequallie with me; and this the mistress of the house knew well enough, büt wold not tell it me. The roome, which was a low parlour, being well searched with candles, the top of my great boothose was found at a hole, in which they had drawne all the rest. I went abroad and ordered the boards to be raised, to see how the rats had disposed of my moveables. The mistress sent a servant of her oun to be present at this action, which she knew concerned her. One board being bot a little open, a little boy of mine thrust in his hand, and fetched with him foure and tuentic old peeces of gold, and one angell. The servant of the house affirmed it appertained to his mistres. The boy bringing the gold to me, I went immediatlie to the gentlewoman's chamber, and told her, it was probable Lambert haveing quartered in that house, as indeed he had, some of his servants might have hid that gold; and if so, it was lawfullie mine; bot if she could make it appeare it belonged to her, I should immediatlie give it her. The poore gentlewoman told me with many teares, that her husband being none of the frugallest men, (and indeed he was a spendthrift,) she had hid that gold without his knowledge, to make use of it as she had occasion, especiallie,

when she lay in ; and conjured me, as I lov'd the King, (for whom her husband and she had sufferd much,) not to detain her gold. She said, if there was either more or lesse then foure and tuentic whole peeeces, and two halfe ones, it sould be none of hers ; and that they were put by her in a red velvet purse. After I had given her assurance of her gold, a new search is made, the other angell is found, the velvet purse all gnawed in bits, as my stockings were, and the gold instantlie restored to the gentlewoman. I have often heard that the eating or gnawing of cloths by rats is ominous, and portends some mischance to fall on those to whom the cloths belong. I thank God I was never addicted to such divinations, or heeded them. It is true, that more misfortunes than one fell on me shortlie after ; but I am sure I could have better forseene them myselfe then rats or any such vermine, and yet did it not. I have heard indeed many fine stories told of rats, how they abandon houses and ships, when the first are to be burnt, and the second dround. Naturalists say they are very sagacious creatures, and I beleeeve they are so ; but I shall never be of the opinion they can foresee future contingencies, which I suppose the divell himselfe can neither forknow nor fortell, these being things which the Almightye

hath keepd hidden in the bosom of his divine prescience. And whether the great God hath preordained or predestinated these things, which to us are contingent, to fall out by an uncontrollable and unavoidable necessity, is a question not yet decided."

In quoting these ancient authorities, I must not forget the more modern sketch of a Scottish soldier of the old fashion, by a master hand, in the character of Lismahago, since the existence of that doughty Captain alone must deprive the present Author of all claim to absolute originality. Still Dalgetty, as the production of his own fancy, has been so far a favourite with its parent, that he has fallen into the error of assigning to the Captain too prominent a part in the story. This is the opinion of a critic who encamps on the highest pinnacles of literature; and the Author is so far fortunate in having incurred his censure, that it gives his modesty a decent apology for quoting the praise, which it would have ill befitted him to bring forward in an unmingled state. The passage occurs in the Edinburgh Review, No. 55, containing a criticism on *Ivanhoe*:—

"There is too much, perhaps, of Dalgetty, or rather, he engrosses too great

\* Sir James Turner's *Memoirs*, Bannatyne edition, p. 59.

a proportion of the work,—for, in himself, we think he is uniformly entertaining,—and the Author has nowhere shewn more affinity to that matchless spirit who could bring out his Falstaffs and his Pistols in act after act, and play after play, and exercise them every time with scenes of unbounded loquacity, without either exhausting their humour, or varying a note from its characteristic tone, than in his large and reiterated specimens of the eloquence of the redoubted Ritt-master. The general idea of the character is familiar to our comic dramatists after the Restoration,—and may be said in some measure to be compounded of Captain Fluellen and Bobadil; but the ludicrous combination of the *soldado* with the divinity student of Mareschal College, is entirely original; and the mixture of talent, selfishness, courage, coarseness, and conceit, was never so happily exemplified. Numerous as his speeches are, there is not one that is not characteristic, and, to our taste, divertingly ludicrous.”

## APPENDIX.

### No. I.

THE scarcity of my late friend's poem may be an excuse for adding the spirited conclusion of Clan Alpin's vow. The Clan Gregor has met in the ancient church of Bakquidder. The head of Drummond-ernoch is placed on the altar, covered for a time with the banner of the tribe. The chief of the tribe advances to the altar :

And pausing, on the banner gazed ;  
Then cried in scorn, his finger raised,  
" This was the boon of Scotland's king !"  
And, with a quick and angry fling,  
Tossing the pageant screen away,  
The dead man's head before him lay.  
Unmoved he scann'd the visage o'er,  
The clotted locks were dark with gore,  
The features with convulsion grim,  
The eyes contorted, sunk, and dim.  
But unappall'd. in angry mood,  
With lowering brow unmoved he stood.  
Upon the head his bared right hand  
He laid, the other grasp'd his brand ;

Then kneeling, cried, " To Heaven I swear  
 This deed of death I own and share,  
 As truly, fully mine, as though  
 This my right hand had dealt the blow ;  
 Come, then, our foemen, one, come all :  
 If to revenge this caitiff's fall  
 One blade is bared, one bow is drawn,  
 Mine everlasting peace I pawn,  
 To claim from them, or claim from him,  
 In retribution, limb for limb.  
 In sudden fray, or open strife,  
 This steel shall render life for life."

He ceased ; and at his beckoning nod,  
 The clansmen to the altar trod ;  
 And not a whisper breathed around,  
 And nought was heard of mortal sound,  
 Save from the clanking arms they bore,  
 That rattled on the marble floor ;  
 And each, as he approach'd in haste,  
 Upon the scalp his right hand placed,  
 With livid lip and gathered brow,  
 Each uttered, in his turn, the vow.  
 Fierce Malcolm watch'd the passing scene,  
 And search'd them through with glances keen.  
 Then dash'd a tear-drop from his eye —  
 Unbid it came — he knew not why.  
 Exulting high, he towering stood :  
 " Kinsmen," he cried, " of Alpin's blood,  
 And worthy of Clan Alpin's name,  
 Unstain'd by cowardice and shame,  
 E'en do, spare nocht, in time of ill  
 Shall be Clan Alpin's legend still !"

## No. II.

It has been disputed whether the Children of the Mist were actual MacGregors, or whether they were not outlaws named MacDonald, belonging to Ardnamurchan. The following act of the Privy Council seems to decide the question :—

*“ Edinburgh. 4th February, 1589.*

“ THE same day, the Lords of Secret Council being credible informed of ye cruel and mischeivous proceeding of ye wicked Clangrigor, so lang continuing in blood, slaughters, herships, manifest reift, and stouths committed upon his Hieness’ peaceable and good subjects; inhabiting ye countries ewest ye brays of ye Highlands, thir money years bygone; but specially heir after ye cruel murder of unqll. Jo. Drummond of Drummoneyryuch, his Majestic’s proper tennant, and ane of his fosters of Glenartney, committed upon ye      day of      last bypast, be certain of ye said clan, be ye council and determination of ye haill, avow and to defend ye authors yrof goever wald persew for revenge of ye same, qll ye said Jo. was occupied in seeking of venison to his Hieness, at command of Pat. Lord Drummond, steward of Stratharne, and principal forrester of Glenartney; the Queen, his Majestic’s dearest spouse, being yn shortlie looked for to arrive in this realm. Likeas, after ye murder committed, ye authors yrof cutted off ye said unqll Jo.



Drummond's head, and carried the same to the Laird of M'Grigor, who, and the hail surname of M'Grigors, purposely conveyed upon the Sunday yrafter, at the Kirk of Buchquidder; qr they caused ye said umqll John's head to be pnted to ym, and yr avowing ye sd murder to have been committed by yr communion, council, and determination, laid yr hands upon the pow, and in eithnik, and barbarous manner, swear to defend ye authors of ye sd murder, in maist proud contempt of our sovrn Lord and his authoritie, and in evil example to others wicked limmaris to do ye like, give ys sall be suffered to remain unpunished."

Then follows a commission to the Earls of Huntly, Argyle, Athole, Montrose, Pat. Lord Drummond, Ja. Commendator of Incheffray, And. Campbel of Lochinuel, Duncan Campbel of Ardkinglas, Lauchlane M'Intosh of Dunnaughtane, Sir Jo. Murray of Tullibarden, knt. Geo. Buchanan of that Ilk, and And. M'Farlane of Arignocher, to search for and apprehend Alaster M'Grigor of Glenstrae, (and a number of others nominatim,) "and all others of the said Clangrigor, or ye assistars, culpable of the said odious murther, or of thift, reset of thift, herships, and sornings, grever they may be apprehended. And if they refuse to be taken, or flees to strengths and houses, to pursue and assege them with fire and sword; and this commission to endure for the space of three years."

Such was the system of police in 1589; and such the state of Scotland nearly thirty years after the Reformation.

## POSTSCRIPT.

WHILE these pages were passing through the press, the Author received a letter from the present Robert Stewart of Ardvairlich, favouring him with the account of the unhappy slaughter of Lord Kilpont, differing from, and more probable than, that given by Bishop Wishart, whose narrative infers either insanity or the blackest treachery on the part of James Stewart of Ardvairlich, the ancestor of the present family of that name. It is but fair to give the entire communication as received from my respected correspondent, which is more minute than the histories of the period :

“ Although I have not the honour of being personally known to you, I hope you will excuse the liberty I now take, in addressing you on the subject of a transaction more than once alluded to by you, in which an ancestor of mine was unhappily concerned. I allude to the slaughter of Lord Kilpont, son of the Earl of Airth and Monteith, in 1644, by James Stewart of Ardvairlich. As the cause of this unhappy event, and the quarrel which led to it, have never been correctly stated in any history of the period in which it took place, I am induced, in consequence of your having, in the second series of your admirable

**Tales on the History of Scotland, adopted Wishart's version of the transaction, and being aware that your having done so will stamp it with an authenticity which it does not merit, and with a view, as far as possible, to do justice to the memory of my unfortunate ancestor, to send you the account of this affair as it has been handed down in the family.**

**"James Stewart of Ardvoirlich, who lived in the early part of the 17th century, and who was the unlucky cause of the slaughter of Lord Kilpont, as before mentioned, was appointed to the command of one of several independent companies, raised in the Highlands at the commencement of the troubles in the reign of Charles I. ; another of these companies was under the command of Lord Kilpont, and a strong intimacy, strengthened by a distant relationship, subsisted between them. When Montrose raised the royal standard, Ardvoirlich was one of the first to declare for him, and is said to have been a principal means of bringing over Lord Kilpont to the same cause ; and they accordingly, along with Sir John Drummond and their respective followers, joined Montrose, as recorded by Wishart, at Buchanty. While they served together, so strong was their intimacy, that they lived and slept in the same tent.**

**"In the meantime, Montrose had been joined by the Irish under the command of Alexander Macdonald ; these, on their march to join Montrose, had committed some excesses on lands belonging to Ardvoirlich, which lay in the line of their march from the west coast. Of thi**

Ardvoirlich complained to Montrose, who, probably wishing as much as possible to conciliate his new allies, treated it in rather an evasive manner. Ardvoirlich, who was a man of violent passions, having failed to receive such satisfaction as he required, challenged Macdonald to single combat. Before they met, however, Montrose, on the information and by advice, as it is said, of Kilpont, laid them both under arrest. Montrose, seeing the evils of such a feud at such a critical time, effected a sort of reconciliation between them, and forced them to shake hands in his presence; when, it was said that Ardvoirlich, who was a very powerful man, took such a hold of Macdonald's hand as to make the blood start from his fingers. Still, it would appear, Ardvoirlich was by no means reconciled.

"A few days after the battle of Tippermuir, when Montrose with his army was encamped at Collace, an entertainment was given by him to his officers, in honour of the victory he had obtained, and Kilpont and his comrade. Ardvoirlich, were of the party. After returning to their quarters, Ardvoirlich, who seemed still to brood over his quarrel with Macdonald, and being heated with drink, began to blame Lord Kilpont for the part he had taken in preventing his obtaining redress, and reflecting against Montrose for not allowing him what he considered proper reparation. Kilpont of course defended the conduct of himself and his relative Montrose, till their argument came to high words; and finally, from the state they were both in, by an easy transition, to blows,

when Ardvairlich, with his dirk, struck Kilpont dead on the spot. He immediately fled, and under the cover of a thick mist escaped pursuit, leaving his eldest son Henry, who had been mortally wounded at Tippermuir, on his deathbed.

“ His followers immediately withdrew from Montrose, and no course remained for him but to throw himself into the arms of the opposite faction, by whom he was well received. His name is frequently mentioned in Leslie’s campaigns, and on more than one occasion he is mentioned as having afforded protection to several of his former friends, through his interest with Leslie, when the King’s cause became desperate.

“ The foregoing account of this unfortunate transaction, I am well aware, differs materially from the account given by Wishart, who alleges that Stewart had laid a plot for the assassination of Montrose, and that he murdered Lord Kilpont in consequence of his refusal to participate in his design. Now, I may be allowed to remark, that, besides Wishart having always been regarded as a partial historian, and very questionable authority on any subject connected with the motives or conduct of those who differed from him in opinion, that even had Stewart formed such a design, Kilpont, from his name and connections, was likely to be the very last man of whom Stewart would choose to make a confidant and accomplice. On the other hand, the above account, though never, that I am aware, before hinted at, has been a constant tradition in the family ; and, from the comparative recent date of the transaction and

the sources from which the tradition has been derived, I have no reason to doubt its perfect authenticity. It was, most circumstantially detailed as above, given to my father, Mr Stewart, now of Ardvourlich, many years ago, by a man nearly connected with the family, who lived to the age of 100. This man was a great-grandson of James Stewart, by a natural son, John, of whom many stories are still current in this country, under his appellation of *John dhu Mohr*. This John was with his father at the time, and of course was a witness of the whole transaction; he lived till a considerable time after the Revolution, and it was from him that my father's informant, who was a man before his grandfather, John dhu Mhor's death, received the information as above stated.

"I have many apologies to offer for trespassing so long on your patience; but I felt a natural desire, if possible, to correct what I conceive to be a groundless imputation on the memory of my ancestor, before it shall come to be considered as a matter of history. That he was a man of violent passions and singular temper, I do not pretend to deny, as many traditions still current in this country amply verify: but that he was capable of forming a design to assassinate Montrose, the whole tenor of his former conduct and principles contradict. That he was obliged to join the opposite party, was merely a matter of safety, while Kilpont had so many powerful friends and connections able and ready to avenge his death.

"I have only to add, that you have my full permission to make what use of this communication

you please, and either to reject it altogether, or allow it such credit as you think it deserves ; and I shall be ready at all times to furnish you with any farther information on this subject which you may require and which it may be in my power to afford.

“ ARDVOIRLICH,  
“ 15th January, 1830.”

The publication of a statement so particular, and probably so correct, is a debt due to the memory of James Stewart,—the victim, it would seem, of his own violent passions, but perhaps incapable of an act of premeditated treachery.

ABBOTSFORD,  
1st August, 1830.

## NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

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### NOVELS AND TALES. VOL. XII.

#### A LEGEND OF MONTROSE.

HIGHLAND PASS. — P. 91, l. 8 from bottom.

THE beautiful pass of Leny, near Callender, in Monteith, would, in some respects, answer the description.

THE WAGER. — P. 124, l. 15.

Such a bet as that mentioned in the text is said to have been taken by MacDonald of Keppoch, who extricated himself in the manner there narrated.

CIVILIZATION OF THE HIGHLANDS. — P. 181, l. 13.

In the reign of James VI, an attempt of rather an extraordinary kind was made to civilize the extreme northern part of the Hebridean Archipelago. That monarch granted the property of the Island of Lewis, as if it had been an unknown and savage country, to a number of Lowland gentlemen, called undertakers, chiefly natives of the shire of Fife, that they might colonize and settle there. The enterprise was at first



successful, but the natives of the island, MacLeods and MacKenzies, rose on the Lowland adventurers, and put most of them to the sword.

INTERPOLATED PASSAGE ; *after the paragraph in the text, ending "when the fellow had approached within a few paces of him."*— P. 207, l. 8.

It is very well, thought the Ritt-master to himself; he annuls my parole by putting guards upon me, for, as we used to say at Mareschal College, *fides et fiducia sunt relativa* and if he does not trust my word, I do not see how I am bound to keep it, if any motive should occur for my desiring to depart from it. Surely the moral obligation of the parole is relaxed, in as far as physical force is substituted instead thereof?

Thus comforting himself in the metaphysical immunities which he deduced from the vigilance of his sentinel, Ritt-master Dalgetty retired to his apartment.

NOTE.—The military men of the times argued upon dependencies of honour, as they called them, with all the metaphysical argumentation of civilians or school divines.

The English officer, to whom Sir James Turner was prisoner after the route at Uttoxeter, demanded his parole of honour not to go beyond the walls of Hull without liberty. "He brought me the message himself: I told him, I was ready to do so, provided he removed his guards from me, for *fides et fiducia sunt relativa*, and, if he took my word for my fidelity, he was obliged to trust it, otherwise, it was needless for him to seek it, and in vain for me to give it; and therefore I beseeched him either to give trust to my word, which I would not break, or his own

guards, who, I supposed, would not deceive him. In this manner I dealt with him, because I knew him to be a scholar."—TURNER'S *Memoirs*, p. 80. The English officer allowed the strength of the reasoning; but that concise reasoner, Cromwell, soon put an end to the dilemma. "Sir James Turner must give his parole, or be laid in irons."

SEIZED AND WEDDED.—P. 231, l. 14.

Such a story is told of the heiress of the clan of Calder, who was made prisoner in the manner described, and afterwards wedded to Sir Duncan Campbell, from which union the Campbells of Cawdor have their descent.

DALGETTY'S ESCAPE, END OF CHAP. XIII.—P. 240.

The precarious state of the feudal nobles introduced a great deal of espionage into their castles. Sir Robert Carey mentions his having put on the cloak of one of his own wardens to obtain a confession from the mouth of Geordie Bourne, his prisoner, whom he caused presently to be hanged in return for the frankness of his communication. The fine old Border castle of Naworth contains a private stair from the apartment of the Lord William Howard, by which he could visit the dungeon, as is alleged in the preceding chapter to have been practised by the Marquis of Argyle.

HIGHLAND WEAPONS.—P. 275, l. 17.

In fact, for the admirers of archery it may be stated, not only that many of the Highlanders in Montrose's army used these antique missiles, but even in England the bow and quiver, once the glory

of the bold yeomen of that land, were occasionally used during the Great Civil Wars.

WRAITHS. — P. 287, l. 22.

A species of apparition, similar to what the Germans call a Double-Ganger, was believed in by the Celtic tribes, and is still considered as an emblem of misfortune or death. Mr Kirke, (See Note to Rob Roy, p. 366,) the minister of Aberfoil, who will no doubt be able to tell us more of the matter should he ever come back from Fairyland, gives us the following:—

“Some men of that exalted sight, either by art or nature, have told me they have seen at these meetings a double man, or the shape of some man in two places, that is, a superterranean and a subterranean inhabitant perfectly resembling one another in all points, whom he, notwithstanding, could easily distinguish one from another by some secret tokens and operations, and so go speak to the man, his neighbour and familiar, passing by the apparition or resemblance of him. They avouch that every element, and every state of being, have animals resembling those of another element, as there be fishes at sea resembling Monks of late order in all their hoods and dresses, so as the Roman invention of good and bad dæmons, and guardian angels particularly assigned, is called by them an ignorant mistake, springing only from this originall. They call this reflex man a Co-Walker, every way like the man, as a twin-brother and companion haunting him as his shadow, as is that seen and known among men resembling the originall, both before and after the originall is dead, and was also often seen of old to

enter a house, by which the people knew that the person of that likeness was to visit them within a few days. This copy, echo, or living picture, goes at last to his own herd. It accompanied that person so long and frequently for ends best known to its self, whether to guard him from the secret assaults of some of its own folk, or only as an sportfull ape to counterfeit all his actions."—KIRK's *Secret Commonwealth*, p. 3.

The two following apparitions, resembling the vision of Allan M'Aulay in the text, occur in Theophilus Insulanus, (Rev. Mr Fraser's Treatise on the Second Sight, Relations x. and xvii.)

"Barbara MacPherson, relict of the deceased Mr Alexander M'Leod, late minister of St Kilda, informed me, the natives of that island had a particular kind of second sight, which is always a forerunner of their approaching end. Some months before they sicken, they are haunted with an apparition, resembling themselves in all respects as to their person, features, or clothing. This image, seemingly animated, walks with them in the field in broad daylight; and if they are employed in delving, harrowing, seed-sowing, or any other occupation, they are at the same time mimicked by this ghostly visitant. My informer added farther, that having visited a sick person of the inhabitants, she had the curiosity to inquire of him, if at any time he had seen any resemblance of himself as above described: he answered in the affirmative, and told her, that to make farther trial, as he was going out of his house of a morning, he put on straw rope garters instead of those he formerly used, and having gone to the fields, his other self appeared in such garters. The conclusion was, the sick man died of that ailment, and she no

longer questioned the truth of those remarkable presages."

"Margaret M'Leod, an honest woman advanced in years, informed me, that when she was a young woman in the family of Grishornish, a dairymaid, who daily used to herd the calves in a park close to the house, observed, at different times, a woman, resembling herself in shape and attire, walking solitarily at no great distance from her, and being surprised at the apparition, to make farther trial, she put the back part of her upper garment foremost, and anon the phantom was dressed in the same manner, which made her uneasy, believing it portended some fatal consequence to herself. In a short time thereafter, she was seized with a fever, which brought her to her end, and before her sickness, and on her deathbed, declared the second sight to several."

M'ILROY.—P. 296, l. 15.

Black-Connell Don, — the descendant of Black Donald

A. RIDER. — P. 313, l. 3.

In German, as in Latin, the original meaning of the word *Ritter*, corresponding to *Eques*, is merely a horseman.

**INTRODUCTION AND NOTES**

**TO**

**IVANHOE.**



## INTRODUCTION

TO

### IVANHOE.

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THE Author of the Waverley Novels had hitherto proceeded in an unabated course of popularity, and might, in his peculiar district of literature, have been termed *L'Enfant Gâté* of success. It was plain, however, that frequent publication must finally wear out the public favour, unless some mode could be devised to give an appearance of novelty to subsequent productions. Scottish manners, Scottish dialect, and Scottish characters of note, being those with which the Author was most intimately and familiarly acquainted, were the groundwork upon which he had hitherto relied for giving effect to his narrative. It was, however, obvious, that this



kind of interest must in the end occasion a degree of sameness and repetition, if exclusively resorted to, and that the reader was likely at length to adopt the language of Edwin, in Parnell's Tale :—

———— “ Reverse the spell,” he cries,  
“ And let it fairly now suffice,  
The gambol has been shewn.”

Nothing can be more dangerous for the fame of a professor of the fine arts, than to permit (if he can possibly prevent it) the character of a mannerist to be attached to him, or that he should be supposed capable of success only in a particular and limited style. The public are, in general, very ready to adopt the opinion, that he who has pleased them in one peculiar mode of composition, is, by means of that very talent, rendered incapable of venturing upon other subjects. The effect of this disinclination, on the part of the public, towards the artificers of their pleasures, when they attempt to enlarge their means of amusing, may be seen in the censures usually passed by vulgar criticism upon actors or artists who venture to change the character of their efforts, that, in so doing, they may enlarge the scale of their art.

There is some justice in this opinion. as there always is in such as attain general

currency. It may often happen on the stage, that an actor, by possessing in a pre-eminent degree the external qualities necessary to give effect to comedy, may be deprived of the right to aspire to tragic excellence; and in painting or literary composition, an artist or poet may be master exclusively of modes of thought and powers of expression which confine him to a single course of subjects. But much more frequently the same capacity which carries a man to popularity in one department will obtain for him success in another; and that must be more particularly the case in literary composition, than either in acting or painting, because the adventurer in that department is not impeded in his exertions by any peculiarity of features, or conformation of person, proper for particular parts, or by any peculiar mechanical habits of using the pencil, limited to a particular class of subjects.

Whether this reasoning be correct or otherwise, the present Author felt, that, in confining himself to subjects purely Scottish, he was not only likely to weary out the indulgence of his readers, but also greatly to limit his own power of affording them pleasure. In a highly polished country, where so much genius is monthly employed in catering for public amusement, a fresh

topic, such as he had himself had the happiness to light upon, is the untasted spring of the desert,—

Men bless their stars and call it luxury.

But when men and horses, cattle, camels, and dromedaries, have poached the spring into mud, it becomes loathsome to those who at first drank of it with rapture; and he who had the merit of discovering it, if he would preserve his reputation with the tribe, must display his talent by a fresh discovery of untasted fountains.

If the Author, who finds himself limited to a particular class of subjects, endeavours to sustain his reputation by striving to add a novelty of attraction to themes of the same character which have been formerly successful under his management, there are manifest reasons why, after a certain point, he is likely to fail. If the mine be ~~not~~ wrought out, the strength and capacity of the miner become necessarily exhausted. If he closely imitate the narratives which he has before rendered successful, he is doomed to “wonder that they please no more.” If he struggle to take a different view of the same class of subjects, he speedily discovers that what is obvious, graceful, and natural, has been exhausted; and, in order to obtain the

indispensable charm of novelty, he is forced upon caricature, and, to avoid being trite, must become extravagant.

It is not, perhaps, necessary to enumerate so many reasons why the Author of the Scottish Novels, as they were then exclusively termed, should be desirous to make an experiment on a subject purely English. It was his purpose, at the same time, to have rendered the experiment as complete as possible, by bringing the intended work before the public as the effort of a new candidate for their favour, in order that no degree of prejudice, whether favourable or the reverse, might attach to it, as a new production of the Author of *Waverley*; but this intention was afterwards departed from, for reasons to be hereafter mentioned.

The period of the narrative adopted was the reign of Richard I, not only as abounding with characters whose very names were sure to attract general attention, but as affording a striking contrast betwixt the Saxons, by whom the soil was cultivated, and the Normans, who still reigned in it as conquerors, reluctant to mix with the vanquished, or acknowledge themselves of the same stock. The idea of this contrast was taken from the ingenious and unfortunate Logan's tragedy of *Runnamede*, in which, about the same

period of history, the Author had seen the Saxon and Norman barons opposed to each other on different sides of the stage. He does not recollect that there was any attempt to contrast the two races in their habits and sentiments; and indeed it was obvious, that history was violated by introducing the Saxons still existing as a high-minded and martial race of nobles.

They did, however, survive as a people, and some of the ancient Saxon families possessed wealth and power, although they were exceptions to the humble condition of the race in general. It seemed to the Author, that the existence of the two races in the same country,—the vanquished distinguished by their plain, homely, blunt manners, and the free spirit infused by their ancient institutions and laws—the victors, by the high spirit of military fame, personal adventure, and whatever could distinguish them as the Flower of Chivalry, — might, intermixed with other characters belonging to the same time and country, interest the reader by the contrast, if the Author should not fail on his part.

Scotland, however, had been of late used so exclusively as the scene of what is called Historical Romance, that the preliminary letter of Mr Laurence Templeton became

in some measure necessary. To this, as to an Introduction, the reader is referred, as expressing the Author's purpose and opinions in undertaking this species of composition, under the necessary reservation, that he is far from thinking he has attained the point at which he aimed.

It is scarcely necessary to add, that there was no idea or wish to pass off the supposed Mr Templeton as a real person. But a kind of continuation of the Tales of my Landlord had been recently attempted by a stranger, and it was supposed this Dedicatory Epistle might pass for some imitation of the same kind, and thus putting inquirers upon a false scent, induce them to believe they had before them the work of some new candidate for their favour.

After a considerable part of the work had been finished and printed, the Publishers, who pretended to discern in it a germ of popularity, remonstrated strenuously against its appearing as an absolutely anonymous production, and contended that it should have the advantage of being announced as by the Author of Waverley. The Author did not make any obstinate opposition, for he began to be of opinion, with Dr Wheeler, in Miss Edgeworth's excellent tale of "Manners," that "trick upon trick" might be

too much for the patience of an indulgent public, and might be reasonably considered as trifling with their favour.

The book, therefore, appeared as an avowed continuation of the Waverley Novels; and it would be ungrateful not to acknowledge, that it met with the same favourable reception as its predecessors.

Such annotations as may be useful to assist the reader in comprehending the characters of the Jew, the Templar, the Captain of the mercenaries, or Free Companions, as they were called, and others proper to the period, are added, but with a sparing hand, since sufficient information on these subjects is to be found in general history.

An incident in the tale, which had the good fortune to find favour in the eyes of many readers, is more directly borrowed from the stores of old romance. I mean the meeting of the King with Friar Tuck at the cell of that buxom hermit. The general tone of the story belongs to all ranks and all countries, which emulate each other in describing the rambles of a disguised sovereign, who, going in search of information or amusement into the lower ranks of life, meets with adventures diverting to the reader or hearer, from the contrast betwixt the monarch's outward appearance, and his real

character. The Eastern tale-teller has for his theme the disguised expeditions of Haroun Alraschid with his faithful attendants, Mesrour and Giafar, through the midnight streets of Bagdad; and Scottish tradition dwells upon the similar exploits of James V, distinguished during such excursions by the travelling name of the Goodman of Ballen-geigh, as the Commander of the Faithful, when he desired to be incognito, was known by that of Il Bondocani. The French minstrels are not silent on so popular a theme. There must have been a Norman original of the Scottish metrical romance of Rauf Colziar, in which Charlemagne is introduced as the unknown guest of a charcoalman.\* It seems to have been the original of other poems of the kind.

In merry England there is no end of popular ballads on this theme. The poem of John the Reeve, or Steward, mentioned by Bishop Percy, in the *Reliques of English Poetry*,† is said to have turned on such an incident; and we have besides, the King and the Tanner of Tamworth, the King and the

\* This very curious poem, long a desideratum in Scottish literature, and given up as irrecoverably lost, was lately brought to light by the researches of Dr. Irvine of the Advocates' Library, and has been reprinted by Mr David Laing, Edinburgh.

† Vol. ii. p. 167.



Miller of Mansfield, and others on the same topic. But the peculiar tale of this nature to which the Author of *Ivanhoe* has to acknowledge an obligation, is more ancient by two centuries than any of these last mentioned.

It was first communicated to the public in that curious record of ancient literature, which has been accumulated by the combined exertions of Sir Egerton Brydges and Mr Hazlewood, in the periodical work entitled *British Bibliographer*. From thence it has been transferred by the Reverend Charles Henry Hartshorne, M.A. editor of a very curious volume, entitled "*Ancient Metrical Tales, printed chiefly from original sources, 1829.*" Mr Hartshorne gives no other authority for the present fragment, except the article in the *Bibliographer*, where it is entitled "*The Kyng and the Hermit.*" A short abstract of its contents will shew its similarity to the meeting of King Richard and Friar Tuck.

King Edward (we are not told which among the monarchs of that name, but, from his temper and habits, we may suppose Edward IV.) sets forth with his court to a gallant hunting match in Sherwood Forest, in which, as is not unusual for princes in romance, he falls in with a deer of extra-

ordinary size and swiftness, and pursues it closely, till he has outstripped his whole retinue, tired out hounds and horse, and finds himself alone under the gloom of an extensive forest, upon which night is descending. Under the apprehensions natural to a situation so uncomfortable, the King recollects that he has heard how poor men, when apprehensive of a bad night's lodging, pray to Saint Julian, who, in the Romish calendar, stands Quarter-Master-General to all forlorn travellers that render him due homage. Edward puts up his orisons accordingly, and by the guidance, doubtless, of the good Saint, reaches a small path, conducting him to a chapel in the forest, having a hermit's cell in its close vicinity. The King hears the reverend man, with a companion of his solitude, telling his beads within, and meekly requests of him quarters for the night. "I have no accommodation for such a lord as ye be," said the Hermit. "I live here in the wilderness upon roots and rinds, and may not receive into my dwelling even the poorest wretch that lives, unless it were to save his life." The King inquires the way to the next town, and understanding it is by a road which he cannot find without difficulty, even if he had daylight to befriend him, he declares, that with or without the Hermit's

consent, he is determined to be his guest that night. He is admitted accordingly, not without a hint from the Recluse, that were he himself out of his priestly weeds, he would care little for his threats of using violence, and that he gives way to him not out of intimidation, but simply to avoid scandal.

The King is admitted into the cell—two bundles of straw are shaken down for his accommodation, and he comforts himself that he is now under shelter, and that

A night will soon be gone.

Other wants, however, arise. The guest becomes clamorous for supper, observing,

“For certainly, as I you say,  
I ne had never so sorry a day,  
That I ne had a merry night.”

But this indication of his taste for good cheer, joined to the annunciation of his being a follower of the Court, who had lost himself at the great hunting match, cannot induce the niggard Hermit to produce better fare than bread and cheese, for which his guest shewed little appetite; and “thin drink,” which was even less acceptable. At length the King presses his host on a point to which he had more than once alluded, without obtaining a satisfactory reply :

Then said the King, "by Godys grace,  
Thou wert in a merry place,  
To shoot should thou lere ;  
When the foresters go to rest,  
Sométyme thou might have of the best,  
All of the wild deer ;  
I would hold it for no scathe,  
Though thou hadst bow and arrows baith,  
Althoff thou best a Frere."

The Hermit, in return, expresses his apprehension that his guest means to drag him into some confession of offence against the forest laws, which, being betrayed to the King, might cost him his life. Edward answers by fresh assurances of secrecy, and again urges on him the necessity of procuring some venison. The Hermit replies, by once more insisting on the duties incumbent on him as a churchman, and continues to affirm himself free from all such breaches of order :

"Many day I have here been,  
And flesh meat I eat never,  
But milk of the kye ;  
Warm thee well, and go sleep,  
And I will lap thee with my cope,  
Softly to lye."

It would seem that the manuscript is here imperfect, for we do not find the reasons which finally induce the curial Friar to amend the King's cheer. But acknowledging his

guest to be such a "good fellow" as has seldom graced his board, the holy man at length produces the best his cell affords. Two candles are placed on a table, white bread and baked pasties are displayed by the light, besides choice of venison, both salt and fresh, from which they select collops. "I might have eaten my bread dry," said the King, "had I not pressed thee on the score of archery, but now have I dined like a prince—if we had but drink enow."

This too is afforded by the hospitable Anchorite, who despatches an assistant to fetch a pot of four gallons from a secret corner near his bed, and the whole three set in to serious drinking. This amusement is superintended by the Friar, according to the recurrence of certain fustian words, to be repeated by every compotator in turn before he drank,—a species of High Jinks, as it were, by which they regulated their potations, as toasts were given in later times. The one toper says *Fusty bandius*, to which the other is obliged to reply, *Strike pantnere*, and the Friar passes many jests on the King's want of memory, who sometimes forgets the words of action. The night is spent in this jolly pastime. Before his departure in the morning, the King invites his reverend host to Court, promises, &c

least, to requite his hospitality, and expresses himself much pleased with his entertainment. The jolly Hermit at length agrees to venture thither, and to inquire for Jack Fletcher, which is the name assumed by the King. After the Hermit has shewn Edward some feats of archery, the joyous pair separate. The King rides home, and rejoins his retinue. As the romance is imperfect, we are not acquainted how the discovery takes place; but it is probably much in the same manner as in other narratives turning on the same subject, where the host, apprehensive of death for having trespassed on the respect due to his Sovereign, while incognito, is agreeably surprised by receiving honours and reward.

In Mr Hartshorne's collection, there is a romance on the same foundation, called King Edward and the Shepherd,\* which, considered as illustrating manners, is still more curious than the King and the Hermit;

\* Like the Hermit, the Shepherd makes havoc amongst the King's game; but by means of a sling, not of a bow: like the Hermit, too, he has his peculiar phrases of computation, the sign and countersign being Passelodion and Berafriend. One can scarce conceive what humour our ancestors found in this species of gibberish; but

I warrant it proved an excuse for the glass.

but it is foreign to the present purpose. The reader has here the original legend from which the incident in the Romance is derived; and the identifying the irregular Eremite with the Friar Tuck of Robin Hood's story, was an obvious expedient.

The name of *Ivanhoe* was suggested by an old rhyme. All novelists have had occasion, at some time or other, to wish with Falstaff, that they knew where a commodity of good names was to be had. On such an occasion the Author chanced to call to memory a rhyme recording three names of the manors forfeited by the ancestor of the celebrated Hampden, for striking the Black Prince a blow with his racket, when they quarrelled at tennis :

Tring, Wing, and *Ivanhoe*,  
For striking of a blow,  
Hampden did forego,  
And glad he could escape so.

The word suited the Author's purpose in two material respects,—for, first, it had an ancient English sound; and secondly, it conveyed no indication whatever of the nature of the story. He presumes to hold this last quality to be of no small importance. What is called a taking title, serves the direct interest of the bookseller or publisher, who by this means sometimes sells an edition

while it is yet passing the press. But if the author permits an over degree of attention to be drawn to his work ere it has appeared, he places himself in the embarrassing condition of having excited a degree of expectation which, if he prove unable to satisfy, is an error fatal to his literary reputation. Besides, when we meet such a title as the Gunpowder Plot, or any other connected with general history, each reader, before he has seen the book, has formed to himself some particular idea of the sort of manner in which the story is to be conducted, and the nature of the amusement which he is to derive from it. In this he is probably disappointed, and in that case may be naturally disposed to visit upon the author or the work, the unpleasant feelings thus excited. In such a case the literary adventurer is censured, not for having missed the mark at which he himself aimed, but for not having shot off his shaft in a direction he never thought of.

On the footing of unreserved communication which the Author has established with the reader, he may here add the trifling circumstance, that a roll of Norman warriors, occurring in the Auchinleck Manuscript, gave him the formidable name of Front-de-Bœuf.

Ivanhoe was highly successful upon its appearance, and may be said to have procured



for its Author the freedom of the Rules, since he has ever since been permitted to exercise his powers of fictitious composition in England, as well as Scotland.

The character of the fair Jewess found so much favour in the eyes of some fair readers, that the writer was censured, because, when arranging the fates of the characters of the drama, he had not assigned the hand of Wilfred to Rebecca, rather than the less interesting Rowena. But, not to mention that the prejudices of the age rendered such a union almost impossible, the Author may, in passing, observe, that he thinks a character of a highly virtuous and lofty stamp is degraded rather than exalted by an attempt to reward virtue with temporal prosperity. Such is not the recompense which Providence has deemed worthy of suffering merit; and it is a dangerous and fatal doctrine to teach young persons, the most common readers of romance, that rectitude of conduct and of principle is either naturally allied with, or adequately rewarded by, the gratification of our passions, or attainment of our wishes. In a word, if a virtuous and self-denied character is dismissed with temporal wealth, greatness, rank, or the indulgence of such a rashly formed or ill assorted passion as that of Rebecca for Ivanhoe, the reader

will be apt to say, verily Virtue has had its reward. But a glance on the great picture of life will shew, that the duties of self-denial, and the sacrifice of passion to principle, are seldom thus remunerated; and that the internal consciousness of their high-minded discharge of duty, produces on their own reflections a more adequate recompense, in the form of that peace, "which the world cannot give or take away."

ABBOTSFORD,  
1st September, 1830.

## NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

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### HISTORICAL ROMANCES. VOL. I.

#### IVANHOE.

**MOTTO**,— *Now fitted the halter, now traversed the cart,  
And often took leave, but seem'd loth to depart!*

PRIOR.

THE motto alludes to the author's having returned to his field of labour repeatedly after having taken leave.

QUEEN-HOO-HALL. — *Dedicatory Epistle*, P. xvi.  
l. 5 from bottom.

The author had revised this posthumous work of Mr Strutt. See General Preface, pp. 14, 15, and 56.

SECRETARY TO THE ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETY.—  
P. xxiii. l. 3.

Mr Skene of Rubislaw is here intimated, to whose taste and skill the author is indebted for a series of etchings, exhibiting the various localities alluded to in these novels.

**THE RANGER OF THE FOREST, THAT CUTS THE  
FORECLAWS OFF OUR DOGS. — P. 35, l. 26.**

A most sensible grievance of those aggrieved times was the Forest Laws. These oppressive enactments were the produce of the Norman Conquest, for the Saxon laws of the chase were mild and humane; while those of William, enthusiastically attached to the exercise and its rights, were to the last degree tyrannical. The formation of the New Forest bears evidence to his passion for hunting, where he reduced many a happy village to the condition of that one commemorated by my friend Mr William Stewart Rose :

Amongst the ruins of the church  
The midnight raven found a perch,  
A melancholy place ;  
The ruthless Conqueror cast down,  
No worth the deed, that little town,  
To lengthen out his chase.

The disabling dogs, which might be necessary for keeping flocks and herds, from running at the deer, was called *lawing*, and was in general use. The Charter of the Forest, designed to lessen those evils, declares that inquisition, or view, for lawing dogs, shall be made every third year, and shall be then done by the view and testimony of lawful men, not otherwise, and they whose dogs shall be then found unlawed, shall give three shillings for mercy ; and, for the future, no man's ox shall be taken for lawing. Such lawing also shall be done by the assize commonly used, and which is, that three claws shall be cut off without the ball of the right foot. See on this subject the Historical Essay on the Magna Charta

of King John, (a most beautiful volume,) by Richard Thomson.

NEGRO SLAVES. — P. 43, l. 7.

The severe accuracy of some critics has objected to the complexion of the slaves of Brian de Bois-Guilbert, as being totally out of costume and propriety. I remember the same objection being made to a set of sable functionaries, whom my friend, Mat Lewis, introduced as the guards and mischief-doing satellites of the wicked Baron, in his *Castle Spectre*. Mat treated the objection with great contempt, and averred in reply, that he made the slaves black, in order to obtain a striking effect of contrast, and that, could he have derived a similar advantage from making his heroine blue, blue she should have been.

I do not pretend to plead the immunities of my order so highly as this; but neither will I allow that the author of a modern antique romance is obliged to confine himself to the introduction of those manners only which can be proved to have absolutely existed in the times he is depicting, so that he can restrain himself to such as are plausible and natural, and contain no obvious anachronism. In this point of view, what can be more natural, than that the Templars, who, we know, copied closely the luxuries of the Asiatic warriors with whom they fought, should use the service of the enslaved Africans, whom the fate of war transferred to new masters? I am sure, if there are no precise proofs of their having done so, there is nothing, on the other hand, that can entitle us positively to conclude that they never did. Besides, there is an instance in romance.

John of Rampayne, an excellent juggler and minstrel, undertook to effect the escape of one A. . .

de Bracy, by presenting himself in disguise at the court of the king, where he was confined. For this purpose, "he stained his hair and, his whole body entirely as black as jet, so that nothing was white but his teeth," and succeeded in imposing himself on the king, as an Ethiopian minstrel. He effected, by stratagem, the escape of the prisoner. Negroes, therefore, must have been known in England in the dark ages.\*

HUNTING JARGON OF THE NORMANS. — P. 80, l. 8.

There was no language which the Normans more formally separated from that of common life than the terms of the chase. The objects of their pursuit, whether bird or animal, changed their name each year, and there were a hundred conventional terms, to be ignorant of which was to be without one of the distinguishing marks of a gentleman. The reader may consult Dame Juliana Berners' book on the subject. The origin of this science was imputed to the celebrated Sir Tristrem, famous for his tragic intrigue with the beautiful Ysolte. As the Normans reserved the amusement of hunting strictly to themselves, the terms of this formal jargon were all taken from the French language.

THE PASSAGE OF ARMS (DESCRIPTION OF.)

P. 108, l. 19 to 22.

This sort of masquerade is supposed to have occasioned the introduction of supporters into the science of heraldry.

\* Dissertation on Romance and Minstrelsy, prefixed to Ritson's *Ancient Metrical Romances*, p. cxxxvii.

LINES, *The Knights are dust,  
And their good swords are rust ;  
Their souls are with the saints, we trust.* — P. 126.

These lines are part of an unpublished poem by Coleridge, whose muse so often tantalizes with fragments which indicate her powers, while the manner in which she flings them from her betrays her caprice, yet whose unfinished sketches display more talent than the laboured masterpieces of others.

ATTAINT. — P. 128, l. 9 from bottom.

This term of chivalry transferred to the law, gives the phrase of being attainted of treason.

THE JOLLY HERMIT, END OF CHAP. XVI.  
P. 232.

All readers, however slightly acquainted with black letter, must recognize in the Clerk of Copinanhurst, Friar Tuck, the buxom Confessor of Robin Hood's gang, the Curtal Friar of Fountaine's Abbey.

MINSTRELSY. — P. 234, first line.

The realm of France, it is well known, was divided betwixt the Norman and Teutonic race, who spoke the language in which the word *Yes* is pronounced as *oui*, and the inhabitants of the southern regions, whose speech, bearing some affinity to the Italian, pronounced the same word *oc*. The poets of the former race were called *Minstrels*, and their poems *Lays*: those of the latter were termed *Troubadours*, and their compositions called *serventes*, and other names. Richard, a professed admirer of the joyous science in all its branches, could imitate either the minstrel or troubadour. It is less likely that he

should have been able to compose or sing an English ballad ; yet so much do we wish to assimilate him of the Lion Heart to the band of warriors whom he led, that the anachronism, if there be one, may readily be forgiven.

BATTLE OF STAMFORD. — P. 276, l. 18.

A great topographical blunder occurred here in former editions. The bloody battle alluded to in the text, fought and won by King Harold, over his brother, the rebellious Tosti, and an auxiliary force of Danes or Norsemen, was said, in the text, and a corresponding note, to have taken place at Stamford, in Leicestershire, and upon the river Welland. This is a mistake, into which the author has been led by trusting to his memory, and so confounding two places of the same name. The Stamford, Strangford, or Staneford, at which the battle really was fought, is a ford upon the river Derwent, at the distance of about seven miles from York, and situated in that large and opulent county. A long wooden bridge over the Derwent, the site of which, with one remaining buttress, is still shewn to the curious traveller, was furiously contested. One Norwegian long defended it by his single arm, and was at length pierced with a spear thrust through the planks of the bridge from a boat beneath.

The neighbourhood of Stamford, on the Derwent, contains some memorials of the battle. Horseshoes, swords, and the heads of halberds, or bills, are often found there ; one place is called the “ Danes’ Wood,” another the “ Battle flats.” From a tradition that the weapon with which the Norwegian champion was slain, resembled a pear, or, as others say, that the trough or boat in which the soldier floated under



the bridge to strike the blow, had such a shape, the country people usually begin a great market, which is held at Stamford, with an entertainment called the Pear-pie feast, which, after all, may be a corruption of the Spear-pie feast. For more particulars, Drake's History of York may be referred to. The author's mistake was pointed out to him, in the most obliging manner, by Robert Belt, Esq. of Boscal House. The battle was fought in 1066.

"THE RANGE OF IRON BARS ABOVE THAT GLOWING CHARCOAL."—P. 286, l. 5.

This horrid species of torture may remind the reader of that to which the Spaniards subjected Guatimozin, in order to extort a discovery of his concealed wealth. But, in fact, an instance of similar barbarity is to be found nearer home, and occurs in the annals of Queen Mary's time, containing so many other examples of atrocity. Every reader must recollect, that after the fall of the Catholic Church, and the Presbyterian Church Government had been established by law, the rank, and especially the wealth, of the Bishops, Abbots, Priors, and so forth, were no longer vested in ecclesiastics, but in lay impropiators of the church revenues, or, as the Scottish lawyers called them, *titulars* of the temporalities of the benefice, though having no claim to the spiritual character of their predecessors in office. Of these laymen, who were thus invested with ecclesiastical revenues, some were men of high birth and rank, like the famous Lord James Stewart, the Prior of St Andrews, who did not fail to keep for their own use the rents, lands, and revenues of the church. But if, on the other hand, the titulars were ~~men~~ of inferior importance, who had been

inducted into the office by the interest of some powerful person, it was generally understood that the new Abbot should grant for his patron's benefit such leases and conveyances of the church lands and tithes as might afford their protector the lion's share of the booty. This was the origin of those who were wittily termed *Tulchan*\* Bishops, being a sort of imaginary prelate, whose image was set up to enable his patron and principal to plunder the benefice under his name.

There were other cases, however, in which men who had got grants of these secularized benefices were desirous of retaining them for their own use, without having the influence sufficient to establish their purpose; and these became frequently unable to protect themselves, however unwilling to submit to the exactions of the feudal tyrant of the district.

Bannatyne, secretary to John Knox, recounts a singular course of oppression practised on one of those titular abbots, by the Earl of Cassilis, in Ayrshire, whose extent of feudal influence was so wide that he was usually termed the King of Carrick. We give the fact as it occurs in Bannatyne's Journal, only premising that the Journalist held his master's opinions, both with respect to the Earl of Cassilis as an opposer of the king's party, and as being a deserter of the practice of granting church revenues to titulars, instead of their being devoted to pious uses, such as the support of the clergy, expense of schools, and the relief of the national poor. He

\* A *Tulchan* is a calf's skin stuffed, and placed before a cow who has lost its calf, to induce the animal to part with its milk. The resemblance between such a *Tulchan* and a Bishop named to transmit the temporalities of a benefice to some powerful patron, is easily understood.

mingles in the narrative, therefore, a well-deserved feeling of execration against the tyrant who employed the torture, with a tone of ridicule towards the patient, as if, after all, it had not been ill bestowed on such an equivocal and amphibious character as a titular abbot. He entitles his narrative,

THE EARL OF CASSILIS' TYRANNY AGAINST A  
QUICK (*i. e.* LIVING) MAN.

“ Master Allan Stewart, friend to Captain James Stewart of Cardonall, by means of the Queen's corrupted court, obtained the Abbey of Crossraguel. The said Earl, thinking himself greater than any king in those quarters, determined to have that whole benefice (as he hath divers others) to pay at his pleasure; and because he could not find sic security as his insatiable appetite required, this shift was devised: The said Mr Allan, being in company with the Laird of Bargany, (also a Kennedy,) was, by the Earl and his friends, enticed to leave the safeguard which he had with the Laird, and come to make good cheer with the said Earl. The simplicity of the imprudent man was suddenly abused; and so he passed his time with them certain days, which he did in Maybole with Thomas Kennedie, uncle to the said Earl; after which the said Mr Allan passed, with quiet company, to visit the place and bounds of Crossraguel, [his abbacy,] of which the said Earl being surely advertised, determined to put in practice the tyranny which long before he had conceived. And so, as King of the country, apprehended the said Mr Allan, and carried him to the house of Denure, where for a season he was honourably treated, (gif a prisoner can think any entertainment pleasing;) but after that certain days were spent,

and that the Earl could not obtain the feus of Crossraguel according to his awin appetite, he determined to prove gif a collation could work that which neither dinner nor supper could do for a long time. And so the said Mr Allan was carried to a secret chamber : with him passed the Honourable Earl, his worshipful brother, and such as were appointed to be servants at that banquet. In the chamber there was a grit iron chimlay, under it a fire ; other grit provision was not seen. The first course was,—‘ My Lord Abbot,’ said the Earl, ‘ it will please you confess here, that with your own consent you remain in my company, because ye durst not commit yourself to the hands of others.’ The Abbot answered, ‘ Would you, my lord, that I should make a manifest lie for your pleasure ? The truth is, my lord, it is against my will that I am here ; neither yet have I any pleasure in your company.’—‘ But ye shall remain with me, nevertheless, at this time,’ said the Earl. ‘ I am not able to resist your will and pleasure,’ said the Abbot, ‘ in this place.’—‘ Ye must then obey me,’ said the Earl,—and with that were presented unto him certain letters to subscribe, amongst which there was a five years’ tack, and a nineteen years’ tack, and a charter of feu of all the lands of Crossraguel, with all the clauses necessary for the Earl to haste him to hell. For gif adultery, sacrilege, oppression, barbarous cruelty, and theft heaped upon theft, deserve hell, the great King of Carrick can no more escape hell for ever, than the imprudent Abbot escaped the fire for a season, as follows :

“ After that the Earl spied repugnance, and saw that he could not come to his purpose by fair means, he commanded his cooks to prepare the banquet : and so first they flayed the sheep, that is, they took off the

Abbot's clothes even to his skin, and next they bound him to the chimney — his legs to the one end, and his arms to the other; and so they began to beet [*i. e.* feed] the fire sometimes to his buttocks, sometimes to his legs, sometimes to his shoulders and arms; and that the roast might not burn, but that it might rest in soppe, they spared not flaming with oil, (basting as a cook bastes roasted meat.) Lord, look thou to sic cruelty! And that the crying of the miserable man should not be heard, they closed his mouth that the voice might be stopped. It may be suspected that some partisan of the King's [Darnley's] murder was there. In that torment they held the poor man, til that often he cried for God's sake to despatch him; for he had as meikle gold in his awin purse as would buy powder enough to shorten his pain. The famous King of Carrick and his cooks, perceiving the roast to be aneuch, commanded it to be taue fra the fire, and the Earl himself began the grace in this manner — ‘*Benedicite, Jesus Maria*, you are the most obstinate man that ever I saw; gif I had known that ye had been so stubborn, I would not for a thousand crowns have handled you so; I never did so to man before you.’ And yet he returned to the same practice within two days, and ceased not till that he obtained his foremost purpose, that is, that he had got all his pieces subservit alsweill as ane half-roasted hand could do it. The Earl, thinking himself sure enough so long as he had the half roasted Abbot in his awin keeping, and yet being ashamed of his presence by reason of his former cruelty, left the place of Denure in the hands of certain of his servants, and the half-roasted Abbot to be kept there as a prisoner. The Laird of Bargany, out of whose company the said

Abbot had been enticed, understanding, (not the extremity,) but the retaining of the man, sent to the court, and raised letters of deliverance of the person of the man according to the order, which being disobeyed, the said Earl for his contempt was denounced rebel, and put to the horn. But yet hope was there none, neither to the afflicted to be delivered, neither yet to the purchaser [*i. e.* procurer] of the letters to obtain any comfort thereby; for in that time God was despised, and the lawful authority was contemned in Scotland, in hope of the sudden return and regiment of that cruel murderer of her awin husband, of whose Lords the said Earl was called one; and yet, oftener than once, he was solemnly sworn to the King and to his Regent."

The Journalist then recites the complaint of the injured Allan Stewart, Commendator of Crossraguel, to the Regent and Privy Council, averring his having been carried, partly by flattery, partly by force, to the black vault of Denure, a strong fortalice, built on a rock overhanging the Irish Channel, where its ruins are still visible. Here he stated he had been required to execute leases and conveyances of the whole churches and parsonages belonging to the Abbey of Crossraguel, which he utterly refused as an unreasonable demand, and the more so that he had already conveyed them to John Stewart of Cardonall, by whose interest he had been made Commendator. The complainant proceeds to state, that he was, after many menaces, stript, bound, and his limbs exposed to fire in the manner already described, till, compelled by excess of agony, he subscribed the charter and leases presented to him, of the contents of which he was totally ignorant. A few days afterwards, being again required to execute a ratification of these deeds

before a notary and witnesses, and refusing to do so, he was once more subjected to the same torture, until his agony was so excessive that he exclaimed, "Fye on you, why do you not strike your whingers into me, or blow me up with a barrel of powder, rather than torture me thus unmercifully?" upon which the Earl commanded Alexander Richard, one of his attendants, to stop the patient's mouth with a napkin, which was done accordingly. Thus he was once more compelled to submit to their tyranny. The petition concluded with stating, that the Earl, under pretence of the deeds thus iniquitously obtained, had taken possession of the whole place and living of Crossraguel, and enjoyed the profits thereof for three years.

The doom of the Regent and Council shews singularly the total interruption of justice at this calamitous period, even in the most clamant cases of oppression. The Council declined interference with the course of the ordinary justice of the county, (which was completely under the said Earl of Cassilis' control,) and only enacted, that he should forbear molestation of the unfortunate Commendator, under the surety of two thousand pounds Scots. The Earl was appointed also to keep the peace towards the celebrated George Buchanan, who had a pension out of the same Abbacy, to a similar extent, and under the like penalty.

The consequences are thus described by the Journalist already quoted :

"The said Laird of Bargany, perceiving that the ordiner justice could neither help the oppressed, nor yet the afflicted, applied his mind to the next remedy, and in the end, by his servants, took the house of Denure, where the poor Abbot was kept prisoner.

The bruit flew fra Carrick to Galloway, and so suddenly assembled herd and hyre-man that pertained to the band of the Kennedies; and so within a few hours was the house of Denure environed again. The Master of Cassilis was the frackest [*i. e.* the readiest or boldest] and would not stay, but in his heat would lay fire to the dungeon, with no small boasting that all enemies within the house should die.

“ He was required and admonished by those that were within it to be more moderate, and not to hazard himself so foolishly. But no admonition would help, till that the wind of an hacquebute blasted his shoulder, and then ceased he from further pursuit in fury. The Laird of Bargany had before purchest [obtained] of the authorities, letters, cherging all faithfull subjects to the King’s Majesty, to assist him against that cruel tyrant and nunsworn traitor, the Earl of Cassilis; which letters, with his private writings, he published, and shortly found sic concurrence of Kyle and Cunyngame with his other friends, that the Carrick company drew back fra the house: and so the other approached, furnished the house with more men, delivered the said Mr Allan, and carried him to Ayr, where publicly at the market cross of the said town, he declared how cruelly he was entreated, and how the murdered King suffered not sic torment as he did, excepting only he escaped the death; and, therefore, publicly did revoke all things that were doue in that extremity, and especially he revoked the subscription of the three writings, to wit, of a fyve yeir tack, and nineteen year tack, and of a charter of feu. And so the house remained, and remains, (till this day, the 7th of February, 1571,) in the custody of the said Laird of Bargany and of



his servants. And so cruelty was disappointed of proffit present, and shall be eternallie punished, unless he earnestly repent. And this far for the cruelty committed, to give occasion unto others, and to such as hate the monstrous dealing of degenerate nobility, to look more diligently upon their behaviours, and to paint them forth unto the world, that they themselves may be ashamed of their own beastliness, and that the world may be advertised and admonished to abhor, detest, and avoid the company of all sic tyrants, who are not worthy of the society of men, but ought to be sent suddenly to the devil, with whom they must burn without end, for their contempt of God, and cruelty committed against his creatures. Let Cassilis and his brother be the first to be the example unto others. Amen. Amen." \*

This extract has been somewhat amended or modernized in orthography to render it more intelligible to the general reader. I have to add, that the Kennedies of Bargany who interfered in behalf of the oppressed Abbot, were themselves a younger branch of the Cassilis family, but held different politics, and were powerful enough in this, and other instances, to bid them defiance.

The ultimate issue of this affair does not appear; but as the house of Cassilis are still in possession of the greater part of the feus and leases which belonged to Crossraguel Abbey, it is probable the talons of the King of Carrick were strong enough, in those disorderly times, to retain the prey which they had so mercilessly fixed upon.

I may also add, that it appears by some papers in my possession, that the officers or Country Keeper on the Border, were accustomed to torment their

\* Bannatyne's Journal.

prisoners by binding them to the iron bars of their chimneys, to extort confession,

"SOMETHING RESEMBLING A BAR OF IRON, AND A  
PADLOCK PAINTED BLUE ON THE BLACK SHIELD."

P. 382, l. 21.

The author has been here upbraided with false heraldry, as having charged metal upon metal. It should be remembered, however, that heraldry had only its first rude origin during the Crusades, and that all the minutiae of its fantastic science were the work of time, and introduced at a much later period. Those who think otherwise must suppose that the Goddess of *Armoirers*, like the Goddess of Arms, sprang into the world completely equipped in all the gaudy trappings of the department she presides over.

#### ADDITIONAL NOTE.

In corroboration of what is above stated, it may be observed, that the arms, which were assumed by Godfrey of Boulogne himself, after the conquest of Jerusalem, was a cross counter patent cantoned with four little crosses or, upon a field azure, displaying thus metal upon metal. The heralds have tried to explain this undeniable fact in different modes — but Ferne gallantly contends, that a prince of Godfrey's qualities should not be bound by the ordinary rules. The Scottish Nisbet, and the same Ferne, insist that the chiefs of the Crusade must have assigned to Godfrey this extraordinary and unwonted coat-of-arms, in order to induce those who should behold them to make inquiries; and hence give them the name of *arma inquirenda*. But with reverence to these grave authorities, it seems unlikely that the assembled princes of Europe should have adjudged

to Godfrey a coat armorial so much contrary to the general rule, if such rule had then existed: at any rate, it proves that metal upon metal, now accounted a solecism in heraldry, was admitted in other cases similar to that in the text. See Fernc's *Blazon of Gentry*, p. 238. Edition 1586. Nisbet's *Heraldry*, vol. i. p. 113. Second Edition.

## HISTORICAL ROMANCES. VOL. II.

### IVANHOE.

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REBECCA AND THE TEMPLAR. — P. 24, l. 24, &c.

THE author has some idea that this passage is imitated from the appearance of Philidaspes before the divine Mandane, when the city of Babylon is on fire, and he proposes to carry her from the flames. But the theft, if there be one, would be rather too severely punished by the penance of searching for the original passage through the interminable volumes of the Grand Cyrus.

ULRICA'S DEATH SONG. — P. 30-31.

It will readily occur to the antiquary, that these verses are intended to imitate the antique poetry of the Scald. — the minstrels of the old Scandinavians — the race, as the Laureate so happily terms them,

Stern to inflict, and stubborn to endure,  
Who smiled in death.

The poetry of the Anglo-Saxons, after their civilization and conversion, was of a different and softer character; but in the circumstances of Ulrica, she may be not unnaturally supposed to return to the

~~wild strains~~ which animated her forefathers during ~~the time of Paganism and untamed ferocity.~~

RICHARD CŒUR-DE-LION. — P. 48, l. 4.

The interchange of a cuff with the jolly priest is not entirely out of character with Richard I, if romances read him aright. In the very curious romance on the subject of his adventures in the Holy Land, and his return from thence, it is recorded how he exchanged a pugilistic favour of this nature, while a prisoner in Germany. His opponent was the son of his principal warder, and was so imprudent as to give the challenge to this barter of buffets. The King stood forth like a true man, and received a blow which staggered him. In requital, having previously waxed his hand, a practice unknown, I believe, to the gentlemen of the modern fancy, he returned the box on the ear with such interest as to kill his antagonist on the spot. — See, in *Ellis's Specimens of English Romance*, that of *Cœur-de-Lion*.

ALLAN-A-DALE. — P. 51, l. 12.

A commissary is said to have received similar consolation from a certain Commander-in-Chief, to whom he complained that a general officer had used some such threat towards him as that in the text.

HEDGE PRIESTS. — P. 64, l. 22.

It is curious to observe, that in every state of society, some sort of ghostly consolation is provided for the members of the community, though assembled for purposes diametrically opposite to religion. A gang of beggars have their Patrico, and the banditti of the Apennines have among them persons acting as monks and priests, by whom they are confessed,

and who perform mass before them. Unquestionably, such reverend persons, in such a society, must accommodate their manners and their morals to the community in which they live; and if they can occasionally obtain a degree of reverence for their supposed spiritual gifts, are, on most occasions, loaded with unmerciful ridicule, as possessing a character inconsistent with all around them.

Hence the fighting parson in the old play of Sir John Oldcastle, and the famous friar of Robin Hood's band. Nor were such characters ideal. There exists a monition of the Bishop of Durham against irregular churchmen of this class, who associated themselves with Border robbers, and desecrated the holiest offices of the priestly function, by celebrating them for the benefit of thieves, robbers, and murderers, amongst ruins and in caverns of the earth, without regard to canonical form, and with torn and dirty attire, and maimed rites, altogether improper for the occasion.

*U! Leo semper feriatur.* — P. 85, l. 5 from bottom.

In the ordinances of the Knights of the Temple, this phrase is repeated in a variety of forms, and occurs in almost every chapter, as if it were the signal-word of the Order; which may account for its being so frequently put in the Grand Master's mouth.

"OUR HOLY RULE, 'DE COMMILITONIBUS  
TEMPLI,' &c. — P. 97, l. 11.

The edict which he quotes, is against Communion with women of light character.

ROBIN HOOD. — P. 169, l. 16.

From the ballads of Robin Hood, we learn that

this celebrated outlaw, when in disguise, sometimes assumed the name of Locksley, from a village where he was born, but where situated we are not distinctly told.

CASTLE OF CONINGSBURGH. — P. 181-2.

When I last saw this interesting ruin of ancient days, one of the very few remaining examples of Saxon fortification, I was strongly impressed with the desire of tracing out a sort of theory on the subject, which, from some recent acquaintance with the architecture of the ancient Scandinavians, seemed to me peculiarly interesting. I was, however, obliged by circumstances to proceed on my journey, without leisure to take more than a transient view of Coningsburgh. Yet the idea dwells so strongly in my mind, that I feel considerably tempted to write a page or two in detailing at least the outline of my hypothesis, leaving better antiquaries to correct or refute conclusions which are perhaps too hastily drawn.

Those who have visited the Zetland Islands, are familiar with the description of castles called by the inhabitants *Burghs*; and by the Highlanders—for they are also to be found both in the Western Isles, and on the mainland—*Duns*. Pennant has engraved a view of the famous *Dun-Dornadilla* in Glenelg; and there are many others, all of them built after a peculiar mode of architecture, which argues a people in the most primitive state of society. The most perfect specimen is that upon the island of *Mousa*, near to the mainland of Zetland, which is probably in the same state as when inhabited.

It is a single round tower, the wall curving in slightly, and then turning outward again in the form of a dice-box, so that the defenders on the top might

the better protect the base. It is formed of rough stones, selected with care, and laid in courses or circles, with much compactness, but without cement of any kind. The tower has never, to appearance, had roofing of any sort; a fire was made in the centre of the space which it encloses, and originally the building was probably little more than a wall drawn as a sort of screen around the great council fire of the tribe. But, although the means or ingenuity of the builders did not extend so far as to provide a roof, they supplied the want by constructing apartments in the interior of the walls of the tower itself. The circumvallation formed a double enclosure, the inner side of which was, in fact, two feet or three distant from the other, and connected by a concentric range of long flat stones, thus forming a series of concentric rings or stories of various heights, rising to the top of the tower. Each of these stories, or galleries, has four windows, facing directly to the points of the compass, and rising of course regularly above each other. These four perpendicular ranges of windows admitted air, and, the fire being kindled, heat, or smoke at least, to each of the galleries. The access from gallery to gallery is equally primitive. A path, on the principle of an inclined plane, turns round and round the building like a screw, and gives access to the different stories, intersecting each of them in its turn, and thus gradually rising to the top of the wall of the tower. On the outside there are no windows; and I may add, that an enclosure of a square, or sometimes a round form, gave the inhabitants of the Burgh an opportunity to secure any sheep or cattle which they might possess.

Such is the general architecture of that very early period, when the Northmen swept the seas, and



brought to their rude houses, such as I have described them, the plunder of polished nations. In Zetland there are several scores of these Burghs, occupying in every case, capes, headlands, islets, and similar places of advantage, singularly well chosen. I remember the remains of one upon an island in a small lake near Lerwick, which at high tide communicates with the sea, the access to which is very ingenious, by means of a causeway or dike, about three or four inches under the surface of the water. This causeway makes a sharp angle in its approach to the Burgh. The inhabitants, doubtless, were well acquainted with this, but strangers, who might approach in a hostile manner, and were ignorant of the curve of the causeway, would probably plunge into the lake, which is six or seven feet in depth at the least. This must have been the device of some Vauban or Cohorn of those early times.

The style of these buildings evinces that the architect possessed neither the art of using lime or cement of any kind, nor the skill to throw an arch, construct a roof, or erect a stair; and yet, with all this ignorance, shewed great ingenuity in selecting the situation of Burghs, and regulating the access to them, as well as neatness and regularity in the erection, since the buildings themselves shew a style of advance in the arts scarcely consistent with the ignorance of so many of the principal branches of architectural knowledge.

I have always thought, that one of the most curious and valuable objects of antiquaries has been to trace the progress of society, by the efforts made in early ages to improve the rudeness of their first expedients, until they either approach excellence, or, ~~this~~ most frequently the case, are supplied by new

and fundamental discoveries, which supersede both the earlier and ruder system, and the improvements which have been ingrafted upon it. For example, if we conceive the recent discovery of gas to be so much improved and adapted to domestic use as to supersede all other modes of producing domestic light, we can readily suppose, some centuries afterwards, the heads of a whole society of antiquaries half turned by the discovery of a pair of patent snuffers, and by the learned theories which would be brought forward to account for the form and purpose of so singular an implement.

Following some such principle, I am inclined to regard the singular Castle of Coningsburgh—I mean the Saxon part of it—as a step in advance from the rude architecture, if it deserves the name, which must have been common to the Saxons as to other Northmen. The builders had attained the art of using cement, and of roofing a building,—great improvements on the original Burgh. But in the round keep, a shape only seen in the most ancient castles—the chambers excavated in the thickness of the walls and buttresses—the difficulty by which access is gained from one story to those above it, Coningsburgh still retains the simplicity of its origin, and shews by what slow degrees man proceeded from occupying such rude and inconvenient lodgings, as were afforded by the galleries of the Castle of Mousa, to the more splendid accommodations of the Norman castles, with all their stern and Gothic graces.

I am ignorant if these remarks are new, or if they will be confirmed by closer examination; but I think, that, on a hasty observation, Coningsburgh offers means of curious study to those who may wish to

trace the history of architecture back to the times preceding the Norman Conquest.

It would be highly desirable that a cork model should be taken of the Castle of Mousa, as it cannot be well understood by a plan.

The Castle of Coningsburgh is thus described :

“ The castle is large, the outer walls standing on a pleasant ascent from the river, but much overtopped by a high hill, on which the town stands, situated at the head of a rich and magnificent vale, formed by an amphitheatre of woody hills, in which flows the gentle Don. Near the castle is a barrow, said to be Hengist's tomb. The entrance is flanked to the left by a round tower, with a sloping base, and there are several similar in the outer wall ; the entrance has piers of a gate, and on the east side the ditch and bank are double, and very steep. On the top of the churchyard wall is a tombstone, on which are cut, in high relief, two ravens, or such like birds. On the south side of the churchyard lies an ancient stone, ridged like a coffin, on which is carved a man on horseback ; and another man with a shield, encountering a vast winged serpent, and a man bearing a shield behind him. It was probably one of the rude crosses not uncommon in churchyards in this county. See it engraved on the plate of crosses for this volume, plate 14. fig. 1. The name of Coningsburgh, by which this castle goes in the old editions of the *Britannia*, would lead one to suppose it the residence of the Saxon kings. It afterwards belonged to King Harold. The Conqueror bestowed it on William de Warren, with all its privileges and jurisdiction, which are said to have extended over twenty-eight towns. At the corner of the area, which is of an irregular form, stands the great tower,

or keep, placed on a small hill of its own dimensions, on which lie six vast projecting buttresses, ascending in a steep direction to prop and support the building, and continued upwards up the side as turrets. The tower within forms a complete circle, twenty-one feet in diameter, the walls fourteen feet thick. The ascent into the tower is by an exceeding deep flight of steep steps, four feet and a half wide, on the south side leading to a low doorway, over which is a circular arch, crossed by a great transom stone. Within this door is the staircase, which ascends straight through the thickness of the wall, not communicating with the room on the first floor, in whose centre is the opening to the dungeon. Neither of these lower rooms is lighted, except from a hole in the floor of the third story; the room in which, as well as in that above it, is finished with compact, smooth stonework, both having chimney-pieces, with an arch resting on triple clustered pillars. In the third story, or guard-chamber, is a small recess with a loop-hole, probably a bedchamber, and in that floor above a niche for a saint or holy water-pot. Mr King imagines this a Saxon castle of the first ages of the Heptarchy. Mr Watson thus describes it: From the first floor to the second story, (third from the ground,) is a way by a stair in the wall five feet wide. The next staircase is approached by a ladder, and ends at the fourth story from the ground. Two yards from the door, at the head of this stair, is an opening nearly east, accessible by treading on the ledge of the wall, which diminishes eight inches each story; and this last opening leads into a room, or chapel, ten feet by twelve, and fifteen or sixteen high, arched with freestone, and supported by small circular columns of the same, the capitals and arches Saxon.

It has an east window, and, on each side in the wall, about four feet from the ground, a stone basin, with a hole and iron pipe to convey the water into or through the wall. This chapel is one of the buttresses, but no sign of it without, for even the window, though large within, is only a long narrow loop-hole, scarcely to be seen without. On the left side of this chapel is a small oratory, eight by six in the thickness of the wall, with a niche in the wall, and enlightened by a like loop-hole. The fourth stair from the ground, ten feet west from the chapel door, leads to the top of the tower through the thickness of the wall, which at top is but three yards. Each story is about fifteen feet high, so that the tower will be seventy-five feet from the ground. The inside forms a circle, whose diameter may be about twelve feet. The well at the bottom of the dungeon is piled with stones."—(Gough's *Edition of Camden's Britannia*. Second edition, vol. iii. p. 267.

REAPPEARANCE OF ATHELSTANE. — P. 194, l. 11.

The resuscitation of Athelstane has been much criticised, as too violent a breach of probability, even for a work of such fantastic character. It was a *tour de force*, to which the author was compelled to have recourse, by the vehement entreaties of his friend and printer, who was inconsolable on the Saxon being conveyed to the tomb.

**INTRODUCTION AND NOTES**

**TO**

**THE MONASTERY.**



# INTRODUCTION

to

## THE MONASTERY.

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It would be difficult to assign any good reason why the Author of *Ivanhoe*, after using, in that work, all the art he possessed to remove the personages, action, and manners of the tale, to a distance from his own country, should choose for the scene of his next attempt the celebrated ruins of Melrose, in the immediate neighbourhood of his own residence. But the reason, or caprice, which dictated his change of system, has entirely escaped his recollection, nor is it worth while to attempt recalling what must be a matter of very little consequence.

The general plan of the story was, to conjoin two characters in that bustling and contentious age, who thrown into situations



which gave them different views on the subject of the Reformation, should, with the same sincerity and purity of intention, dedicate themselves, the one to the support of the sinking fabric of the Catholic Church, the other to the establishment of the Reformed doctrines. It was supposed that some interesting subjects for narrative might be derived from opposing two such enthusiasts to each other in the path of life, and contrasting the real worth of both with their passions and prejudices. The localities of Melrose suited well the scenery of the proposed story; the ruins themselves form a splendid theatre for any tragic incident which might be brought forward; joined to the vicinity of the fine river, with all its tributary streams, flowing through a country which has been the scene of so much fierce fighting, and is rich with so many recollections of former times, and lying almost under the immediate eye of the Author, by whom they were to be used in composition.

The situation possessed farther recommendations. On the opposite bank of the Tweed might be seen the remains of ancient enclosures, surrounded by sycamores and ash trees of considerable size. These had once formed the crofts, or arable ground, of the village, now reduced to a single hut, the

abode of a fisherman, who also manages a ferry. The cottages, even the church, which once existed there, have sunk into vestiges hardly to be traced without visiting the spot, the inhabitants having gradually withdrawn to the more prosperous town of Galashiels, which has risen into consideration, within two miles of their neighbourhood. Superstitious eld, however, has tenanted the deserted groves with ærial beings, to supply the want of the mortal tenants who have deserted it. The ruined and abandoned churchyard of Boldside has been long believed to be haunted by the Fairies, and the deep broad current of the Tweed, wheeling in moonlight round the foot of the steep bank, with the number of trees originally planted for shelter round the fields of the cottagers, but now presenting the effect of scattered and detached groves, fill up the idea which one would form in imagination for a scene that Oberon and Queen Mab might love to revel in. There are evenings when the spectator might believe, with Father Chaucer, that the

— Queen of Faery,  
With harp, and pipe, and symphony,  
Were dwelling in the place.

Another, and even a more familiar, refuge of the elfin race, (if tradition is to be trusted,) is the glen of the river, or rather brook,

named the Allen, which falls into the Tweed from the northward, about a quarter of a mile above the present bridge. As the streamlet finds its way behind Lord Somerville's hunting-seat, called the Pavilion, its valley has been popularly termed the Fairy Dean, or rather the Nameless Dean, because of the supposed ill luck attached by the popular faith of ancient times, to any one who might name or allude to the race, whom our fathers distinguished as the Good Neighbours, and the Highlanders called Daoine Shie, or Men of Peace; rather by way of compliment, than on account of any particular idea of friendship or pacific relation which either Highlander or Borderer entertained towards the irritable beings whom they thus distinguished, or supposed them to bear to humanity.\*

In evidence of the actual operations of the fairy people even at this time, little pieces of calcareous matter are found in the glen after a flood, which either the labours of these tiny artists, or the eddies of the brook among the stones, have formed into a fantastic resemblance of cups, saucers, basins, and the like, in which children who gather them pretend to discern fairy utensils.

Besides these circumstances of romantic

\* See Note to Rob Roy, vol. xiv. p. 366.

locality, *mea paupera regna* (as Captain Dalgetty denominates his territory of Drumthwacket) are bounded by a small but deep lake, from which eyes that yet look on the light are said to have seen the water-bull ascend, and shake the hills with his roar.

Indeed, the country around Melrose, if possessing less of romantic beauty than some other scenes in Scotland, is connected with so many associations of a fanciful nature, in which the imagination takes delight, as might well induce one even less attached to the spot than the Author, to accommodate, after a general manner, the imaginary scenes he was framing to the localities to which he was partial. But it would be a misapprehension to suppose, that, because Melrose may in general pass for Kennaquhair, or because it agrees with the scenes of the Monastery in the circumstances of the drawbridge, the milldam, and other points of resemblance, that therefore an accurate or perfect local similitude is to be found in all the particulars of the picture. It was not the purpose of the Author to present a landscape copied from nature, but a piece of composition, in which a real scene, with which he is familiar, had afforded him some leading outlines. Thus the resemblance of the imaginary Glendearg, with the real vale of the Allen,

is far from being minute, nor did the Author aim at identifying them. This must appear plain to all who know the actual character of the Glen of Allen, and have taken the trouble to read the account of the imaginary Glendearg. The stream in the latter case is described as wandering down a romantic little valley, shifting itself, after the fashion of such a brook, from one side to the other, as it can most easily find its passage, and touching nothing in its progress that gives token of cultivation. It rises near a solitary tower, the abode of a supposed church vassal, and the scene of several incidents in the Romance.

The real Allen, on the contrary, after traversing the romantic ravine called the Nameless Dean, thrown off from side to side alternately, like a billiard ball repelled by the sides of the table on which it had been played, and in that part of its course resembling the stream which pours down Glendearg, may be traced upwards into a more open country, where the banks retreat farther from each other, and the vale exhibits a good deal of dry ground, which has not been neglected by the active cultivators of the district. It arrives, too, at a sort of termination, striking in itself, but totally irreconcilable with the narrative of the Romance. Instead of a

single peel-house, or Border tower of defence, such as Dame Glendinning is supposed to have inhabited, the head of the Allen, about five miles above its junction with the Tweed, shews three ruins of Border houses, belonging to different proprietors, and each, from the desire of mutual support so natural to troublesome times, situated at the extremity of the property of which it is the principal messuage. One of these is the ruinous mansion-house of Hillslap, formerly the property of the Cairncrosses, and now of Mr Innes of Stow; a second, the tower of Colmslie, an ancient inheritance of the Borthwick family, as is testified by their crest, the Goat's Head, which exists on the ruin; a third, the house of Langshaw, also ruinous, but near which the proprietor, Mr Bailie of Jerviswood and Mellerstain, has built a small shooting box.

All these ruins, so strangely huddled together in a very solitary spot, have recollections and traditions of their own, but none of them bear the most distant resemblance to the descriptions in the Romance of the Monastery; and as the Author could hardly have erred so grossly regarding a spot within a morning's ride of his own house, the inference is, that no resemblance was intended. Hillslap is remembered by the humours of the last inhabitants, two or three elderly

ladies, of the class of Miss Raylands in the Old Manor House, though less important by birth and fortune. Colmslie is commemorated in song:—

Colmslie stands on Colmslie hill,  
The water it flows round Colmslie mill;  
The mill and the kiln gang bonnily,  
And its up with the whippers of Colmslie!

Langshaw, although larger than the other mansions assembled at the head of the supposed Glendearg, has nothing about it more remarkable than the inscription of the present proprietor over his shooting lodge,—*Utinam hanc etiam viris impleam amicis*,—a modest wish, which I know no one more capable of attaining upon an extended scale, than the gentleman who has expressed it upon a limited one.

Having thus shewn that I should say something of these desolated towers, which the desire of social intercourse, or the facility of mutual defence, had drawn together at the head of this Glen, I need not add any farther reason to shew, that there is no resemblance between them and the solitary habitation of Dame Elspeth Glendinning. Beyond these dwellings are some remains of natural wood, and a considerable portion of morass and bog; but I would not advise any who may be curious in localities, to

spend time in looking for the fountain and holly tree of the White Lady.

While I am on the subject I may add, that Captain Clutterbuck, the imaginary editor of the Monastery, has no real prototype in the village of Melrose or neighbourhood, that ever I saw or heard of. To give some individuality to this personage, he is described as a character which sometimes occurs in actual society,—a person who, having spent his life within the necessary duties of a technical profession, from which he has been at length emancipated, finds himself without any occupation whatever, and is apt to become the prey of ennui, until he discerns some petty subject of investigation commensurate to his talents, the study of which gives him employment in solitude ; while the conscious possession of information peculiar to himself, adds to his consequence in society. I have often observed, that the lighter, and trivial branches of antiquarian study are singularly useful in relieving vacuity of such a kind, and have known them serve many a Captain Clutterbuck to retreat upon : I was therefore a good deal surprised, when I found the antiquarian Captain identified with a neighbour and a friend of my own, who could never have been confounded with him by any one who had read the book, and



seen the party alluded to. This erroneous identification occurs in a work entitled, "Illustrations of the Author of Waverley, being Notices and Anecdotes of real Characters, Scenes, and Incidents, supposed to be described in his works; by Robert Chambers." This work was, of course, liable to many errors, as any one of the kind must be, whatever may be the ingenuity of the author, which takes the task of explaining what can be only known to another person. Mistakes of place or inanimate things referred to, are of very little moment; but the ingenious author ought to have been more cautious of attaching real names to fictitious characters. I think it is in the Spectator we read of a rustic wag, who, in a copy of "The Whole Duty of Man," wrote opposite to every vice the name of some individual in the neighbourhood, and thus converted that excellent work into a libel on a whole parish.

The scenery being thus ready at the Author's hand, the reminiscences of the country were equally favourable. In a land where the horses remained almost constantly saddled, and the sword seldom quitted the warrior's side—where war was the natural and constant state of the inhabitants, and peace only existed in the shape of brief and feeble truces, —there could be no want of

the means to complicate and extricate the incidents of his narrative at pleasure. There was a disadvantage, notwithstanding, in treading this Border district, for it had been already ransacked by the Author himself, as well as others; and unless presented under a new light, was likely to afford ground to the objection of *Crambe bis cocta*.

To attain the indispensable quality of novelty, something, it was thought, might be gained by contrasting the character of the vassals of the church with those of the dependents of the lay barons, by whom they were surrounded. But much advantage could not be derived from this. There were, indeed, differences betwixt the two classes, but, like tribes in the mineral and vegetable world, which, resembling each other to common eyes, can be sufficiently well discriminated by naturalists, they were yet too similar, upon the whole, to be placed in marked contrast with each other.

Machinery remained,—the introduction of the supernatural and marvellous, the resort of distressed authors since the days of Horace, but whose privileges as a sanctuary have been disputed in the present age, and wellnigh exploded. The popular belief no longer allows the possibility of existence to the race of mysterious beings which hovered

betwixt this world and that which is invisible. The fairies have abandoned their moonlight turf; the witch no longer holds her black orgies in the hemlock dell; and

Even the last lingering phantom of the brain,  
The churchyard ghost, is now at rest again.

From the discredit attached to the vulgar and more common modes in which the Scottish superstition displays itself, the Author was induced to have recourse to the beautiful, though almost forgotten, theory of astral spirits, or creatures of the elements, surpassing human beings in knowledge and power, but inferior to them, as being subject, after a certain space of years, to a death which is to them annihilation, as they have no share in the promise made to the sons of Adam. These spirits are supposed to be of four distinct kinds, as the elements from which they have their origin, and are known, to those who have studied the cabalistical philosophy, by the names of Sylphs, Gnomes, Salamanders, and Naiads, as they belong to the elements of Air, Earth, Fire, or Water. The general reader will find an entertaining account of these elementary spirits in the French book, entitled, "*Entretiens de Compte du Gabalais.*" The ingenious *Compte de la Motte Louqué* composed, in German, one of the most successful produc-

tions of his fertile brain, where a beautiful and even afflicting effect is produced by the introduction of a water-nymph, who loses the privilege of immortality, by consenting to become accessible to human feelings, and uniting her lot with that of a mortal, who treats her with ingratitude.

In imitation of an example so successful, the White Lady of Avenel was introduced into the following sheets. She is represented as connected with the family of Avenel by one of those mystic ties, which, in ancient times, were supposed to exist, in certain circumstances, between the creatures of the elements and the children of men. Such instances of mysterious union are recognized in Ireland, in the real Milesian families, who are possessed of a Banshie; and they are known among the traditions of the Highlanders, which, in many cases, attached an immortal being or spirit to the service of particular families or tribes. These demons, if they are to be called so, announced good or evil fortune to the families connected with them; and though some only condescended to meddle with matters of importance, others, like the May Mollach, or Maid of the Hairy Arms, condescended to mingle in ordinary sports, and even to direct their subjects how to play at draughts.

There was, therefore, no great violence in supposing such a being as this to have existed, while the elementary spirits were believed in; but it was more difficult to describe or imagine its attributes and principles of action. Shakspeare, the first of authorities in such a case, has painted Ariel, that beautiful creature of his fancy, as only approaching so near to humanity as to know the nature of that sympathy which the creatures of clay felt for each other, as we learn from the expression,—“ Mine would, if I were human.” The inferences from this are singular, but seem capable of regular deduction. A being, however superior to man in length of life—in power over the elements—in certain perceptions respecting the present, the past, and the future, yet still incapable of human passions, of sentiments of moral good and evil, of meriting future rewards or punishments,—belongs rather to the class of animals than of human creatures, and must therefore be presumed to act more from temporary benevolence or caprice, than from any thing approaching to feeling or reasoning. Such a being’s superiority in power can only be compared to that of the elephant or lion, who are greater in strength than man, though inferior in the scale of creation. The partialities which we suppose

such spirits to entertain must be like those of the dog; their sudden starts of passion, or the indulgence of a frolic, or mischief, may be compared to those of the numerous varieties of the cat. All these propensities are, however, controlled by the laws which render the elementary race subordinate to the command of man—liable to be subjected by his science, (so the sect of Gnostics believed, and on this turned the Rosicrucian philosophy,) or to be overpowered by his superior courage and daring, when it set their illusions at defiance.

It is with reference to this idea of the supposed spirits of the elements, that the White Lady of Avenel is represented as acting a varying, capricious, and inconsistent part in the pages assigned to her in the narrative manifesting interest and attachment to the family with whom her destinies are associated, but evincing whim, and even a species of malevolence, towards other mortals, as the Sicilian and the Border robber, whose incorrect life subjected them to receive petty mortifications at her hand. The White Lady is scarcely supposed, however, to have possessed either the power or the inclination to do more than inflict terror or create embarrassment, and is always subjected by those mortals, who by virtuous

resolution, and mental energy, could assert superiority over her. In these particulars she seems to constitute a being of a middle class, between the *esprit follet* who places its pleasure in misleading and tormenting mortals, and the benevolent Fairy of the East, who uniformly guides, aids, and supports them.

Either, however, the Author executed his purpose indifferently, or the public did not approve of it, for the White Lady of Avenel was far from being popular. He does not now make the present statement, in the view of arguing readers into a more favourable opinion on the subject, but merely with the purpose of exculpating himself from the charge of having wantonly intruded into the narrative a being of inconsistent powers and propensities.

In the delineation of another character, the Author of the Monastery failed, where he hoped for some success. As nothing is so successful a subject of ridicule as the fashionable follies of the time, it occurred to him that the more serious scenes of his narrative might be relieved by the humour of a cavaliero of the age of Queen Elizabeth. In every period the attempt to gain and maintain the highest rank of society, has depended on the power of assuming and sup-

porting a certain fashionable kind of affectation, usually connected with some vivacity of talent, and energy of character, but distinguished at the same time by a transcendent flight, beyond sound reason and common sense,—both faculties too vulgar to be admitted into the estimate of one who claims to be esteemed “a choice spirit of the age.” These, in their different phases, constitute the gallants of the day, whose boast it is to drive the whims of fashion to extremity.

On all occasions, the manners of the sovereign, the court, and the time, must give the tone to the peculiar description of qualities by which those who would attain the height of fashion must seek to distinguish themselves. The reign of Elizabeth, being that of a maiden queen was distinguished by the decorum of the courtiers, and especially the affectation of the deepest deference to the sovereign. After the acknowledgment of the Queen's matchless perfections, the same devotion was extended to beauty as it existed among the lesser stars in her court, who sparkled as it was the mode to say, by her reflected lustre. It is true, that gallant knights no longer vowed to Heaven, the peacock, and the ladies, to perform some feat of extravagant chivalry, in which they endangered the lives of others as well as their own ; but although



their chivalrous displays of personal gallantry seldom went farther in Elizabeth's days than the tiltyard, where baricades, called barriers, prevented the shock of the horses, and limited the display of the cavalier's skill to the comparatively safe encounter of their lances, the language of the lovers to their ladies was still in the exalted terms which Amadis would have addressed to Oriana, before encountering a dragon for her sake. This tone of romantic gallantry found a clever but conceited author, to reduce it to a species of constitution and form, and lay down the courtly manner of conversation, in a pedantic book, called "Euphues and his England." Of this, a brief account is given in the text, to which it may now be proper to make some additions.

The extravagance of Euphuism, or a symbolical jargon of the same class, predominates in the romances of Calprenade and Scuderi, which were read for the amusement of the fair sex of France during the long reign of Louis XIV, and were supposed to contain the only legitimate language of love and gallantry. In this reign they encountered the satire of Molière and Boileau. A similar disorder, spreading into private society, formed the ground of the affected dialogue of the *Precieuses*, as they were styled, who

formed the coterie of the Hotel de Rambouillet, and afforded Molière matter for his admirable comedy, *Les Précieuses Ridicules*. In England, the humour does not seem to have long survived the accession of James I.

The Author had the vanity to think that a character whose peculiarities should turn on extravagances which were once universally fashionable, might be read in a fictitious story with a good chance of affording amusement to the existing generation, who, fond as they are of looking back on the actions and manners of their ancestors, might be also supposed to be sensible of their absurdities. He must fairly acknowledge that he was disappointed, and that the Lufhuist, far from being accounted a well-drawn and humorous character of the period, was condemned as unnatural and absurd.

It would be easy to account for this failure, by supposing the defect to arise from the Author's want of skill, and, probably, many readers may not be inclined to look farther. But, as the Author himself can scarcely be supposed willing to acquiesce in this final cause, if any other can be alleged, he has been led to suspect, that, contrary to what he originally supposed, his subject was injudiciously chosen, in which, and not in his mode

of treating it, lay the source of the want of success.

The manners of a rude people are always founded on nature, and therefore the feelings of a more polished generation immediately sympathize with them. We need no numerous notes, no antiquarian dissertations, to enable the most ignorant to recognize the sentiments and diction of the characters of Homer ; we have but, as Lear says, to strip off our lendings—to set aside the factitious principles and adornments which we have received from our comparatively artificial system of society, and our natural feelings are in unison with those of the bard of Chios and the heroes who live in his verses. It is the same with a great part of the narratives of my friend Mr Cooper. We sympathize with his Indian chiefs and back-woodsmen, and acknowledge, in the characters which he presents to us, the same truth of human nature by which we should feel ourselves influenced if placed in the same condition. So much is this the case, that though it is difficult, or almost impossible, to reclaim a savage, bred from his youth to war and the chase, to the restraints and the duties of civilized life, nothing is more easy or common than to find men who have been educated in

all the habits and comforts of improved society, willing to exchange them for the wild labours of the hunter and the fisher. The very amusements most pursued and relished by men of all ranks, whose constitutions permit active exercise, are hunting, fishing, and in some instances, war, the natural and necessary business of the savage of Dryden, where his hero talks of being

—As free as nature first made man,  
When wild in woods the noble savage ran.

But although the occupations, and even the sentiments, of human beings in a primitive state, find access and interest in the minds of the more civilized part of the species, it does not therefore follow, that the national tastes, opinions, and follies, of one civilized period, should afford either the same interest or the same amusement to those of another. These generally, when driven to extravagance, are founded not upon any natural taste proper to the species, but upon the growth of some peculiar cast of affectation, with which mankind in general, and succeeding generations in particular, feel no common interest or sympathy. The extravagances of coxcombry in manners and apparel are indeed the legitimate, and often the successful objects of satire, during the time when they exist. In evidence of this,

theatrical critics may observe how many dramatic *jeux d'esprit* are well received every season, because the satirist levels at some well-known or fashionable absurdity : or, in the dramatic phrase, "shoots folly as it flies." But when the peculiar kind of folly keeps the wing no longer, it is reckoned but waste of powder to pour a discharge of ridicule on what has ceased to exist ; and the pieces in which such forgotten absurdities are made the subject of ridicule, fall quietly into oblivion with the follies which gave them fashion, or only continue to exist on the scene, because they contain some other more permanent interest than that which connects them with manners and follies of a temporary character.

This, perhaps, affords a reason why the comedies of Ben Jonson, founded upon system, or what the age termed humours,—by which was meant factitious and affected characters, superinduced on that which was common to the rest of their race,—in spite of acute satire, deep scholarship, and strong sense, do not now afford general pleasure, but are confined to the closet of the antiquary, whose studies have assured him that the personages of the dramatist were once, though they are now no longer, portraits of existing nature.

Let us take another example of our hypothesis from Shakespeare himself, who, of all authors, drew his portraits for all ages. With the whole sum of the idolatry which affects us at his name, the mass of readers peruse, without amusement, the characters formed on the extravagances of temporary fashion; and the Euphuist Don Armado, the pedant Holofernes, even Nym and Pistol, are read with little pleasure by the mass of the public, being portraits of which we cannot recognize the humour, because the originals no longer exist. In like manner, while the distresses of Romeo and Juliet continue to interest every bosom, Mercutio, drawn as an accurate representation of the finished fine gentleman of the period, and as such received by the unanimous approbation of contemporaries, has so little to interest the present age, that, stripped of all his puns and quirks of verbal wit, he only retains his place in the scene, in virtue of his fine and fanciful speech upon dreaming, which belongs to no particular age, and because he is a personage whose presence is indispensable to the plot.

We have already prosecuted, perhaps too far, an argument the tendency of which is to prove, that the introduction of a humorist, acting, like Sir Pierce Shafton, upon some forgotten and obsolete model of folly, once

fashionable, is rather likely to awaken the disgust of the reader, as unnatural, than find him food for laughter. Whether owing to this theory, or whether to the more simple and probable cause of the author's failure in the delineation of the subject he had proposed to himself, the formidable objection of *incredulus odi* was applied to the Laphurst, as well as to the White Lady of Avenel, and the one was denounced as unnatural, while the other was rejected as impossible.

There was little in the story to atone for these failures in two principal points. The incidents were maritificially huddled together, there was no part of the intrigue to which deep interest was found to apply, and the conclusion was brought about not by incidents arising out of the story itself, but in consequence of public transactions, with which the narrative has little connection, and which the reader had little opportunity to become acquainted with.

This, if not a positive fault, was yet a great defect in the Romance. It is true, that not only the practice of some great authors in this department, but even the actual course of human life itself may be quoted in favour of this more obvious, and less artificial practice, of arranging a narrative. It is seldom that the same crotch of personages

who have surrounded an individual at his first outset in life, continue to have an interest in his career till his fate comes to a crisis. On the contrary, and more especially if the events of his life be of a varied character, and worth communicating to others, or to the world, the hero's later connections are usually totally separated from those with whom he began the voyage, but whom the individual has outsailed, or who have drifted astray, or foundered on the passage. This hackneyed comparison holds good in another point. The numerous vessels of so many different sorts, and destined for such different purposes, which are launched in the same mighty ocean, although each endeavours to pursue its own course, are in every case more influenced by the winds and tides, which are common to the element which they all navigate, than by their own separate exertions. And it is thus in the world, that, when human prudence has done its best, some general, perhaps national event, destroys the schemes of the individual, as the casual touch of a more powerful being sweeps away the web of the spider.

Many excellent romances have been composed in this view of human life, where the hero is conducted through a variety of detached scenes. in which various agents



appear and disappear, without, perhaps, having any permanent influence on the progress of the story. Such is the structure of *Gil Blas*, *Roderick Random*, and the lives and adventures of many other heroes, who are described as running through different stations of life, and encountering various adventures, which are only connected with each other by having happened to be witnessed by the same individual, whose identity unites them together, as the string of a necklace links the beads, which are otherwise detached.

But though such an unconnected course of adventures is what most frequently occurs in nature, yet the province of the romance writer being artificial, there is more required from him than a mere compliance with the simplicity of reality,—just as we demand from the scientific gardener, that he shall arrange, in curious knots and artificial parterres, the flowers which ‘nature’s boon’ distributes freely on hill and dale. Fielding, accordingly, in most of his novel—but especially in *Tom Jones*, his *chef-d’œuvre*—has set the distinguished example of a story regularly built and consistent in all its parts in which nothing occurs, and scarce a personage is introduced, that has not some share in tending to advance the catastrophe.

To demand equal correctness and felicity in those who may follow in the track of that illustrious novelist, would be to fetter too much the power of giving pleasure, by surrounding it with penal rules; since of this sort of light literature it may be especially said—*tout genre est permis, hors le genre ennuyeux*. Still, however, the more closely and happily the story is combined, and the more natural and felicitous the catastrophe, the nearer such a composition will approach the perfection of the novelist's art: nor can an author neglect this branch of his profession, without incurring proportional censure.

For such censure the Monastery gave but too much occasion. The intrigue of the Romance, neither very interesting in itself, nor very happily detailed, is at length finally disentangled by the breaking out of national hostilities between England and Scotland, and the as sudden renewal of the truce. Instances of this kind, it is true, cannot in reality have been uncommon; but the resorting to such, in order to accomplish the catastrophe, as by a *tour de force*, was objected to as inartificial, and not perfectly intelligible to the general reader.

Still the Monastery, though exposed to severe and just criticism, did not fail, judging from the extent of its circulation, to have

some interest for the public. And this, too, was according to the ordinary course of such matters; for it very seldom happens that literary reputation is gained by a single effort, and still more rarely is it lost by a solitary miscarriage.

The Author, therefore, had his days of grace allowed him, and time if he pleased to comfort himself with the burden of the old Scots song,

If it isna weel bobbit,  
We'll bob it again.

ABBOTSLORD,  
1st November, 1830.

## NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

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### HISTORICAL ROMANCES. VOL. II.

#### THE MONASTERY.

INTRODUCTORY EPISTLE. — LANDLORD OF THE  
GEORGE. — P. 249, l. 7.

THE George was, and is, the principal inn in the village of Kenmaquhair, or Melrose. But the landlord of the period was not the same civil and quiet person by whom the inn is now kept. David Kyle, a Melrose proprietor of no little importance, a first-rate person of consequence in whatever belonged to the business of the town, was the original owner and landlord of the inn. Poor David ! like many other busy men, took so much care of public affairs, as in some degree to neglect his own. There are persons still alive at Kenmaquhair who can recognize him and his peculiarities in the following sketch of mine Host of the George.

MY LORD'S BOATS. — P. 253, l. 11.

The nobleman whose boats are mentioned in the text, is the late kind and amiable Lord Sommerville,

an intimate friend of the author. David Kyle was a constant and privileged attendant when Lord Sommerville had a party for spearing salmon, on such occasions. eighty or a hundred fish were often killed between Gleamer and Landerfoot

MR DEPUY REGISTER OF SCOTLAND — P 255, l 16.

Thomas Thomson, Esq whose well-deserved panegyric ought to be found on another page than one written by an intimate friend of thirty years' standing.

DE HAGA — P 236 l 4 from bottom

The family of De Haga, modernized into Haig, of Bernerside, is of the highest antiquity and is the subject of one of the prophecies of Thomas the Rhymer —

Betide, betide, what'er betide,  
Haig shall be Haig of Bernerside

ANCIENT FABULAE. — P 258, l 9

It is curious to remark at how little expense of invention successive ages are content to receive amusement. The same story which Ramsay and Dunbar have successively handled for us also the subject of the modern fable, No Son — no Supper

MICHAEL SCOTT — P 271 l 4 from bottom

This is one of those passages which must now read awkwardly, since every one knows that the Novelist and the author of the Lay of the Minstrel is the same person. But before the avowal was made, the author was forced into this and similar offences against good taste, to meet an argument often repeated that there was something very mysterious

in the Author of Waverley's reserve concerning Sir Walter Scott, an author sufficiently voluminous at least. I had a great mind to remove the passages from this edition, but the more candid way is to explain how they came there.

NOTE. — MR CLEISHBOOTHAM. — P. 295.

This note, and the passages in the text, were occasioned by a London bookseller having printed, as a speculation, an additional collection of *Tales of My Landlord*, which was not so fortunate as to succeed in passing on the world as genuine.

MR JOHN BALLANTYNE. — P. 297, l. 7.

In consequence of the pseudo *Tales of My Landlord* printed in London as already mentioned, the late Mr John Ballantyne, the author's publisher, had a controversy with the interloping bibliopolist, each insisting that his Jedediah Cleishbotham was the real Simon Pure.

NOTE TO CHAP. II. — P. 315, l. 19.

*"Stawarth Bolton took his embroidered red cross from his banner cap, and putting it into the loop of the boy's bonnet, said, 'By this token, which all my people will respect, you will be freed from any importunity on the part of our forayers.'"*

As gallantry of all times and nations has the same mode of thinking and acting, so it often expresses itself by the same symbol. In the civil war 1745-6, a party of Highlanders under a Chieftain of rank, came to Rose Castle, the seat of the Bishop of Carlisle, but then occupied by the family of Squire Dacre of Cumberland. They demanded quarters,

which of course were not to be refused to armed men of a strange attire and unknown language. But the domestic represented to the captain of the mountaineers, that the lady of the mansion had been just delivered of a daughter, and expressed her hope, that, under these circumstances, his party would give as little trouble as possible. "God forbid," said the gallant chief, "that I or mine should be the means of adding to a lady's inconvenience at such a time. May I request to see the infant?" The child was brought, and the Highlander, taking his cockade out of his bonnet, and pinning it on the child's breast, "That will be a token," he said, "to any of our people who may come hither, that Donald McDonald of Kinloch-Moidart has taken the family of Rose Castle under his protection." The lady who received in infancy this gage of Highland protection, is now Mary, Lady Clerk of Pennycuik; and on the 10th of June still wears the cockade which was pinned on her breast, with a white rose as a kindred decoration.

NOTE TO CHAP. III. — P. 323, l. 5 from bottom.

*"It was deemed highly imprudent to speak of the fairies when about to pass the places which they were supposed to haunt."*

This superstition continues to prevail, though one would suppose it must now be antiquated. It is only a year or two since an itinerant puppet showman, who, disdaining to acknowledge the profession of Gines de Passamonte, called himself an artist from Vauxhall, brought a complaint of a singular nature before the author, as Sheriff of Selkirkshire. The remarkable dexterity with which the showman had exhibited the machinery of his little stage, had, upon

a Selkirk fair day, excited the eager curiosity of some mechanics of Galashiels. These men, from no worse motive that could be discovered than a thirst after knowledge beyond their sphere, committed a burglary upon the barn in which the puppets had been consigned to repose, and carried them off in the nook of their plaids, when returning from Selkirk to their own village.

But with the morning cool reflection came.

The party found, however, they could not make Punch dance, and that the whole troop were equally intractable; they had also, perhaps, some apprehensions of the Rhadamanth of the district; and, willing to be quit of their booty, they left the puppets seated in a grove by the side of the Ettrick, where they were sure to be touched by the first beams of the rising sun. Here a shepherd, who was on foot with sunrise to pen his master's sheep on a field of turnips, to his utter astonishment, saw this train, profusely gay, sitting in the little grotto. His examination proceeded thus:—

*Sheriff.* You saw these gay-looking things? What did you think they were?

*Shepherd.* Ou, I am no that free to say what I might think they were.

*Sheriff.* Come, lad, I must have a direct answer—whom did you think they were?

*Shepherd.* Ou, sir, troth I am no that free to say that I mind wha I might think they were.

*Sheriff.* Come, come, sir! I ask you distinctly, did you think they were the fairies you saw?

*Shepherd.* Indeed, sir, and I winna say but I might think it was the Gude Neighbours.

Thus unwillingly he was brought to allude to the irritable and captious inhabitants of fairy land.



## DRAWBRIDGE AT BRIDGE-END. — P. 350, l. 8.

A bridge of the very peculiar construction described in the text, actually existed at a small hamlet about a mile and a half above Melrose, called from the circumstance Bridge-end. It is thus noticed in Gordon's *Iter Septentrionale* :—

“ In another journey through the South parts of Scotland, about a mile and a half from Melrose, in the shire of Teviotdale, I saw the remains of a curious bridge over the river Tweed, consisting of three octangular pillars, or rather towers, standing within the water, without any arches to join them. The middle one, which is the most entire, has a door towards the north, and, I suppose, another opposite one towards the south, which I could not see without crossing the water. In the middle of this tower is a projection or cornice surrounding it : the whole is hollow from the door upwards, and now open at the top, near which was a small window. I was informed that not long ago a countryman and his family lived in this tower—and got his livelihood by laying out planks from pillar to pillar, and conveying passengers over the river. Whether this be ancient or modern, I know not ; but as it is singular in its kind, I have thought fit to exhibit it.”

The vestiges of this uncommon species of bridge still exist, and the author has often seen the foundations of the columns when drifting down the Tweed at night for the purpose of killing salmon by torch-light. Mr John Mercer of Bridge-end recollects, that about fifty years ago the pillars were visible above water ; and the late Mr David Kyle of the George Inn, Melrose, told the author that he saw a stone taken from the river bearing this inscription :—

I, Sir John Pringle of Palmer stede,  
Give an hundred merkis of gowd sæ reid,  
To help to bigg my brigg o'er Tweed.

Pringle of Galashiels, afterwards of Whytbank,  
was the Baron to whom the bridge belonged.

A QUARTER OF A YARD OF ROAST-BEEF. — P. 403,  
l. 3 from bottom.

It was one of the few reminiscences of Old Parr,  
or Henry Jenkins, I forget which, that, at some  
convent in the veteran's neighbourhood, the commu-  
nity, before the dissolution, used to dole out roast-  
beef by the measure of feet and yards.

## HISTORICAL ROMANCES. VOL. III.

### THE MONASTERY.

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MACFARLANE'S GEESE.—P. 36, first line.

A BROOD of wild-geese, which long frequented one of the uppermost islands in Loch-Lomond, called Inch-Tavoe, were supposed to have some mysterious connection with the ancient family of MacFarlane of that ilk, and it is said were never seen after the ruin and extinction of that house. The MacFarlanes had a house and garden upon that same island of Inch-Tavoe. Here James VI. was, on one occasion, regaled by the chieftain. His majesty had been previously much amused by the geese pursuing each other on the loch. But, when one which was brought to table was found to be tough and ill fed, James observed,—“that MacFarlane's geese liked their play better than their meat,” a proverb which has been current ever since.

ROWLAND YORKE, AND STUKELY.—P. 86, l. 3.

“Yorke,” says Camden, “was a Londoner, a man of loose and dissolute behaviour, and desperately

audacious — famous in his time amongst the common bullies and swaggerers, as being the first that, to the great admiration of many at his boldness, brought into England the bold and dangerous way of fencing with the rapier in duelling. Whereas, till that time, the English used to fight with long swords and bucklers, striking with the edge, and thought it no part of man either to push or strike beneath the girdle."

Having a command in the Low Countries, Yorke revolted to the Spaniards, and died miserably, poisoned, as was supposed, by his new allies. Three years afterwards, his bones were dug up and gibbeted by the command of the States of Holland.

Thomas Stukely, another distinguished gallant of the time, was bred a merchant, being the son of a rich clothier in the west. He wedded the daughter and heiress of a wealthy alderman of London, named Curtis, after whose death he squandered the riches he thus acquired in all manner of extravagance. His wife, whose fortune supplied his waste, represented to him that he ought to make more of her. Stukely replied, "I will make as much of thee, believe me, as it is possible for any to do;" and he kept his word in one sense, having stripped her even of her wearing apparel, before he finally ran away from her.

Having fled to Italy, he contrived to impose upon the Pope, with a plan of invading Ireland, for which he levied soldiers, and made some preparations; but ended by engaging himself and his troops in the service of King Sebastian of Portugal. He sailed with that Prince on his fatal voyage to Barbary, and fell with him at the battle of Alcazar.

Stukely, as one of the first gallants of the time, has had the honour to be chronicled in song, in

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Evans's Old Ballads, vol. iii. edition 1810 His fate is also introduced in a tragedy, by George Peel, as has been supposed, called the Battle of Alcazar, from which play Dryden is alleged to have taken the idea of Don Sebastian, if so, it is surprising he omitted a character so congenial to King Charles the Second's time, as the witty, brave, and profligate Thomas Stulcly

GREENSWARD PATH — P. 169, l. 16

This sort of path visible when looked at from a distance, but not to be seen when you are upon it, is called on the Borders by the significant name of a Blind-road

AVENEL CASTLE — P. 168, l. 2 from bottom

It is in vain to search round Melrose for any such castle as is here described. The lakes at the head of the Yarrow and those at the use of the water of Ale, present no object of the kind. But in Yetholm Loch, (a romantic sheet of water, in the dry marsh, as it is called,) there are the remains of a fortress called Lochside Tower, which like the supposed Castle of Avenel, is built upon an island, and connected with the land by a causeway. It is much smaller than the Castle of Avenel is described, consisting only of a single ruinous tower

"HE WHO BUILT IT WAS A THIEF IN HIS HEART

P. 172, l. 5

It was of Lochwood, the hereditary fortress of the Johnstones of Annandale, a strong castle situated in the centre of a quaking bog that James VI. made this remark

## OLD MISER. — P. 182, l. 8.

MISER, used in the sense in which it often occurs in Spenser, and which is indeed its literal import, — ‘ wretched old man ’

## HANDFASTING — P. 190, l. 12

This custom of handfasting actually prevailed in the upland days. It arose partly from the want of priests. While the convents subsisted, monks were detached on regular circuits through the wilder districts, to marry those who had lived in this species of connection. A practice of the same kind existed in the Isle of Portland.

## CHAP. XIV — JULIAN AVENUE — P. 188—195.

If it were necessary to name a prototype for this brutal, licentious, and cruel Border thief, in an age which shewed but too many such, the Lord of Black Osmiston might be selected for that purpose. He was a friend and confidant of Bothwell, and an agent in Henry Dunley's murder. At his last stage, he was, like other great offenders, a seeming penitent, and, as his confession bore witness, gentlemen and servants being in the chamber, he said, “ For God's sake, sit down and pray for me, for I have been a great sinner otherwise — (that is, besides his share in Dunley's death) — for the which God is this day punishing me — for of all men on the earth, I have been one of the proudest, and most high-minded, and most unclean of my body. But specially I have shed the innocent blood of one Michael Hunter with my own hands. Alas! therefore, because the said Michael, having me lying on my back, having a fork in his hand, might have slun me if he had pleased,

and did it not, which of all things grieves me most in conscience. Also, in a rage, I hanged a poor man for a horse; with many other wicked deeds, for whilk I ask my God mercy. It is not marvel I have been wicked, considering the wicked company that ever I have been in, but specially within the seven years bypast, in which I never saw two good men or one good deed, but all kind of wickedness, and yet God would not suffer me to be lost."—See the whole confession in the State Trials.

Another worthy of the Borders, called Geordy Bourne, of somewhat subordinate rank, was a similar picture of profligacy. He had fallen into the hands of Sir Robert Carey, then Warden of the English East Marches, who gives the following account of his prisoner's confession —

"When all things were quiet, and the watch set at night, after supper, about ten of the clock, I took one of my men's liveries and put it about me, and took two other of my servants with me in their liveries; and we three, as the Warden's men, came to the Provost Marshal's, where Bourne was, and were let into his chamber. We sate down by him, and told him that we were desirous to see him, because we heard he was stout and valiant, and true to his friend, and that we were sorry our master could not be moved to save his life. He voluntarily of himself said, that he had lived long enough to do so many villanies as he had done; and withal told us, that he had lain with above forty men's wives, what in England, what in Scotland; and that he had killed seven Englishmen with his own hands, cruelly murdering them; and that he had spent his whole time in whoring, drinking, stealing, and taking deep revenge for slight offences. He seemed to be very

penitent, and much desired a minister for the comfort of his soul. We promised him to let our master know his desire, who, we knew, would promptly grant it. We took leave of him; and presently I took order that Mr Selby, a very honest preacher, should go to him, and not stir from him till his execution the next morning; for after I had heard his own confession, I was resolved no conditions should save his life, and so took order, that at the gates' opening the next morning, he should be carried to execution, which accordingly was performed."—*Memoirs of Sir Robert Carey, Earl of Monmouth.*

## FOPPERY OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

P. 231, l. 11.

Sir Piercie Shafton's extreme love of dress was an attribute of the coxcombs of this period. The display made by their forefathers was in the numbers of their retinue; but as the actual influence of the nobility began to be restrained both in France and England by the increasing power of the crown, the indulgence of vanity in personal display became more inordinate. There are many allusions to this change of custom in Shakespeare and other dramatic writers, where the reader may find mention made of

Bonds enter'd into  
For gay apparel against the triumph day.

Jonson informs us, that for the first entrance of a gallant, " 'twere good you turned four or five hundred acres of your best land into two or three trunks of apparel."—*Every Man out of his Humour.*

In the *Memorie of the Somerville Family*, a curious instance occurs of this fashionable species of extra-



gance. In the year 1537, when James V. brought over his short-lived bride from France, the Lord Somerville of the day was so profuse in the expense of his apparel, that the money which he borrowed on the occasion was compensated by a perpetual annuity of three-score pounds Scottish, payable out of the barony of Carnwath till doomsday, which was assigned by the creditor to Saint Magdalen's Chapel. By this deep expense the Lord Somerville had rendered himself so glorious in apparel, that the King, who saw so brave a gallant enter the gate of Holyrood followed by only two pages, called upon several of the courtiers to ascertain who it could be who was so richly dressed, and so slightly attended, and he was not recognized until he entered the presence-chamber. "You are very brave, my lord," said the King, as he received his homage, "but where are all your men and attendants?" The Lord Somerville readily answered, "If it please your Majesty, here they are," pointing to the fact that it was on his own and his pages' clothes; whereat the King laughed heartily, and having surveyed the finery more nearly, bade him have away with it all, and let him have his stout bund of spears again.

There is a scene in Jonson's 'Every man out of his Humour,' (Act IV. Scene 6,) in which a Euphuist of the time gives an account of the effects of a duel on the clothes of himself and his opponent, and never departs a syllable from the catalogue of his wardrobe. We shall insert it, in evidence that the toppery of our ancestors was not inferior to that of our own time.

"*Fastidius.* Good faith, signior, now you speak of a quarrel, I'll acquaint you with a difference that

happened between a gallant and myself, Sir Puntarvolo. You know him if I should name him,—Signior Luculento.

“*Punt.* Luculento! What inauspicious chance interposed itself to your two loves?

“*Fast.* Faith, sir, the same that sundered Agamemnon and great Thetis’ son; but let the cause escape, sir. He sent me a challenge, mixt with some few bravcs, which I restored; and, in fine, we met. Now indeed, sir, I must tell you, he did offer at first very desperately, but without judgment; for look you, sir, I cast myself into this figure; now he came violently on, and withal advancing his rapier to strike, I thought to have took his arm, for he had left his body to my election, and I was sure he could not recover his guard. Sir, I mist my purpose in his arm, rashed his doublet sleeves, ran him close by the left cheek and through his hair. He, again, hight me here—I had on a gold cable hat-band, then new come up, about a murrey French hat I had, cuts my hat-band, and yet it was massy goldsmith’s work; cuts my brim, which, by good fortune, being thuck embroidered with gold twist and spangles, disappointed the force of the blow; nevertheless, it grazed on my shoulder, takes me away six purls of an Italian cut-work band I wore, cost me three pounds in the Exchange but three days before——.

“*Punt.* This was a strange encounter.

“*Fast.* Nay, you shall hear, sir. With this, we both fell out and breathed. Now upon the second sign of his assault, I betook me to my former manner of defence; he, on the other side, abandoned his body to the same danger as before, and follows me still with blows; but I, being loth to take the deadly advantage that lay before me of his left side, made a kind of

stramazoun, ran him up to the hilt through the doublet, through the shirt, and yet missed the skin. He, making a reverse blow, falls upon my embossed girdle, — I had thrown off the hangers a little before, — strikes off a skirt of a thick-laced satin doublet I had, lined with four taffatas, cuts off two panes embroidered with pearl, rends through the drawings-out of tissue, enters the linings, and skips the flesh.

“ *Car.* I wonder he speaks not of his wrought shirt.

“ *Fast.* Here, in the opinion of mutual damage, we paused. But, ere I proceed, I must tell you, signior, that in the last encounter, not having leisure to put off my silver spurs, one of the rowels caught hold of the ruffles of my boot, and, being Spanish leather and subject to tear, overthrows me, rends me two pair of silk stockings that I put on, being somewhat of a raw morning, a peach colour and another, and strikes me some half-inch deep into the side of the calf: He seeing the blood come, presently takes horse and away: I having bound up my wound with a piece of my wrought shirt —

“ *Car.* O, comes it in there?

“ *Fast.* Ride after him, and, lighting at the court gate both together, embraced, and marched hand in hand up into the presence. Was not this business well carried?

“ *Mach.* Well! yes; and by this we can guess what apparel the gentlemen wore.

“ *Punt.* 'Fore valour' it was a designment begun with much resolution, maintained with as much prowess, and ended with more humanity.”

THE LORD JAMES. — P. 313, first line.

Lord James Stewart, afterwards the Regent Murray.

## GOOD FAITH OF THE BORDERERS. — P. 315, l. 19.

As some atonement for their laxity of morals on most occasions, the Borderers were severe observers of the faith which they had pledged, even to an enemy. If any person broke his word so plighted, the individual to whom faith had not been observed, used to bring to the next Border-meeting a glove hung on the point of a spear, and proclaim to Scot and English the name of the defaulter. This was accounted so great a disgrace to all connected with him, that his own clansmen sometimes destroyed him, to escape the infamy he had brought on them.

Constable, a spy engaged by Sir Ralph Sadler, talks of two Border thieves, whom he used as his guides, — “ That they would not care to steal, and yet that they would not betray any man that trusts in them, for all the gold in Scotland or in France. They are my guides and outlaws. If they would betray me they might get their pardons, and cause me to be hanged, but I have tried them ere this. — *Sadler's Letters during the Northern Insurrection*

## INDULGENCES OF THE MONKS — P. 319, l. 14

The *bibers*, *caruta*, and boiled almonds of which Abbot Boniface speaks, were special occasions for enjoying luxuries, afforded to the monks by grants from different sovereigns, or from other benefactors to the convent. There is one of these charters called *De Pitavina Centum Libratum*. By this charter, which is very curious, our Robert Bruce, on the 10th January, and in the twelfth year of his reign, assigns, out of the customs of Berwick, and failing them, out of the customs of Edinburgh or Haddington, the sum of one hundred pounds, at the

half-yearly terms of Pentecost and St Martin's in winter, to the abbot and community of the monks of Melrose. The precise purpose of this annuity is to furnish to each of the monks of the said monastery, while placed at food in the refectory, an extra mess of rice boiled with milk, or of almonds, or pease, or other pulse of that kind which could be procured in the country. This addition to their commons is to be entitled the King's Mess. And it is declared, that although any monk should, from some honest apology want appetite or inclination to eat of the King's Mess, his share should, nevertheless, be placed on the table with those of his brethren, and afterwards carried to the gate, and given to the poor. 'Neither is it our pleasure,' continues the bountiful sovereign, 'that the dinner, which is, or ought to be, served up to the said monks according to their ancient rule, should be diminished in quantity, or rendered inferior in quality, on account of this our mess so furnished is intended. It is, moreover, provided, that the abbot, with the consent of the most sage of his brethren shall name a prudent and decent monk for receiving, directing, and expending, all matters concerning this annuity for the benefit of the community, accessible to the royal desire and intention, rendering a faithful account thereof to the abbot and superiors of the same convent. And the same charter declares the king's father pleasure, that the said men of religion should be bound yearly and for ever, in acknowledgment of the above donation to clothe fifteen poor men at the feast of Saint Martin in winter, and to feed them on the same day, delivering to each of them four ells of large or broad, or six ells of narrow, cloth, and to ~~each~~ also a new pair of shoes or sandals, accordi

to their order; and if the said monks shall fail in their engagements, or any of them, it is the king's will that the fault shall be redeemed by a double performance of what has been omitted, to be executed at the sight of the chief forester of Fftrick for the time being, and before the return of Saint Martin's day succeeding that on which the omission has taken place.

Of this charter, respecting the pittance of £100, assigned to furnish the monks of Melrose with a daily mess of boiled rice, almonds, or other pulse, to mend their commons, the antiquarian reader will be pleased, doubtless, to see the original.

CARTA REGIS ROBERTI I. ABBATI LI CONVINTUI  
DI MELROSS.

*Carta de Pitancia Centum Librarum.*

“ Robertus Dei gratia Rex Scottorum omnibus probis hominibus totius terre sue salutem. Sciatis nos pro salute anime nostre et pro salute animarum antecessorum et successorum nostrorum Regum Scocie Deditisse Concessisse et hac presenti Carta nostra confirmasse Deo et Beate Marie Virgini et Religiosis viri Abbati et Convintui de Melross et eorum successoribus in perpetuum Centum Libras Sterlingorum Annuu Redditus singulis annis percipiendas de firmis nostris Burgi Berwici super Twedam ad terminos Pentecostis et Sancti Martini in hyeme pro equali portione vel de nova Custuma nostra Burgi predicti si firme nostre predictae ad dictam summam pecunie sufficere non poterant vel de nova Custuma nostra Burgorum nostrorum de Edenburg et de Haddington Si firme nostre et Custuma nostra ville Berwici aliquo casu contingente ad hoc forte non sufficiant. Ita quod dicta summa

pecunie Centum Librarum eis annuatim integre et absque contradictione aliqua plenarie persolvatur pre cunctis aliis quibuscunque assignacionibus per nos factis seu faciendis ad inveniendum in perpetuum singulis diebus cuilibet monacho monasterii predicti comedenti in Refectorio unum sufficiens ferculum risarum factarum cum lacte, amigdalarum vel pisarum sive aliorum ciborum consimilis condicionis inventorum in patria et illud ferculum ferculum Regis vocabitur in eternum. Et si aliquis monachus ex aliqua causa honesta de dicto ferculo comedere noluerit vel refici non poterit non minus attamen sibi de dicto ferculo ministretur et ad portam pro pauperibus deportetur. Nec volumus quod occasione ferculi nostri predicti prandium dicti Conventus de quo antiquitus communiter eis deserviri sive ministrari solebat in aliquo preioretur seu diminuatur. Volumus insuper et ordinamus quod Abbas ejusdem monasterii qui pro tempore fuerit de consensu saniorum de Conventu specialiter constituat unum monachum providum et discretum ad recipiendum ordinandum et expendendum totam summam pecunie memorate pro utilitate conventus secundum votum et intencionem mentis nostre superius annotatum et ad reddendum fidele computum coram Abbate et Maioribus de Conventu singulis annis de pecunia sic recepta. Et volumus quod dicti religiosi teneantur annuatim in perpetuum pro predicta donacione nostra ad perpetuam nostri memoriam vestire quindecim pauperes ad festum Sancti Martini in hieme et eodem cibare eodem die liberando eorum cuilibet quatuor ulnas panis grossi et lati vel sex ulnas panis stricti et eorum cuilibet unum novum par sotularium de ordine sui. Et si dicti religiosi in premissis vel aliquo premissorum aliquo anno defecerint volumus

quod illud quod minus perimpletum fuerit duplicetur diebus magis necessariis per visum capitalis forestarii nostri de Selkirk, qui pro tempore fuerit. Et quod dicta duplicatio fiat ante natale domini proximo sequens festum Sancti Martini predictum. In cujus rei testimonium presenti Carte nostre sigillum nostrum precipimus apponi. Testibus venerabilibus in Christo patribus Willielmo, Johanne, Willielmo et David Sancti Andree, Glasguensis, Dunkeldensis et Moraviensis ecclesiarum dei gracia episcopis Bernardus Abbate de Abirbrothock Cancellario, Duncano, Malisio, et Hugone de Fyf de Struthin et de Ross, Comitibus Waltero Senescallo Scocie. Jacobo domini de Douglas et Alexandro Fraser Camerario nostro Socie militibus. Apud Abirbrothock, decimo die Januarij. Anno Regni nostri vicesimo."

PEDIGREE OF THE DOUGLAS FAMILY. — P. 374, l. 8  
from bottom.

The late excellent and laborious antiquary, Mr George Chalmers, has rebuked the vaunt of the House of Douglas, or rather of Hume of Godscroft, **their** historian, but with less than his wonted accuracy. In the first volume of his Caledonia, he quotes the passage in Godscroft for the purpose of confuting it.

The historian (of the Douglasses) cries out, "We do not know them in the fountain, but in the stream; not in the root, but in the stem; for we know not which is the mean man that did rise above the vulgar." This assumption Mr Chalmers conceives ill-timed, and alleges, that if the historian had attended more to research than to declamation, he might easily have seen the first mean man of this renowned family. **This he alleges to have been one Theobaldus Flam-maticus; or Theobald the Fleming, to whom Arnold,**



Abbot of Kelso, between the year 1147 and 1160, granted certain lands on Douglas water, by a deed which Mr Chalmers conceives to be the first link of the chain of title-deeds to Douglasdale. Hence, he says, the family must renounce their family domain, or acknowledge this obscure Fleming as their ancestor. Theobald the Fleming, it is acknowledged, did not himself assume the name of Douglas; "but," says the antiquary, "his son William, who inherited his estate, called himself, and was named by others, De Douglas;" and he refers to the deeds in which he is so designed. Mr Chalmers's full argument may be found in the first volume of his *Caledonia*, p. 579.

This proposition is one which a Scotsman will admit unwillingly, and only upon undeniable testimony; and as it is liable to strong grounds of challenge, the present author, with all the respect to Mr Chalmers which his zealous and effectual researches merit, is not unwilling to take this opportunity to state some plausible grounds for doubting that Theobaldus Flammaricus was either the father of the first William de Douglas, or in the slightest degree connected with the Douglas family.

It must first be observed, that there is no reason whatever for concluding Theobaldus Flammaricus to be the father of William de Douglas, except that they both held lands upon the small river of Douglas; and that there are two strong presumptions to the contrary. For, first, the father being named Fleming, there seems no good reason why the son should have assumed a different designation; secondly, there does not occur a single instance of the name of Theobald during the long line of the Douglas pedigree—an omission very unlikely to take place, had the original father of the race been so called. These

are secondary considerations indeed; but they are important, in so far as they exclude any support of Mr Chalmers's system, except from the point which he has rather assumed than proved, namely, that the lands granted to Theobald the Fleming were the same which were granted to William de Douglas, and which constituted the original domain of which we find this powerful family lords.

Now, it happens, singularly enough, that the lands granted by the Abbot of Kelso to Theobaldus Flammaticus are not the same of which William de Douglas was in possession. Nay, it would appear, from comparing the charter granted to Theobaldus Flammaticus, that, though situated on the water of Douglas, they never made a part of the barony of that name, and therefore cannot be the same with those held by William de Douglas in the succeeding generation. But if William de Douglas did not succeed Theobaldus Flammaticus, there is no more reason for holding these two persons to be father and son than if they had lived in different provinces; and we are still as far from having discovered the first mean man of the Douglas family as Hume of Godscroft was in the 16th century. We leave the question to antiquaries and genealogists.

PEDIGREE OF THE STEWART FAMILY. — P. 375,  
first line.

To atone to the memory of the learned and indefatigable Chalmers for having ventured to impeach his genealogical proposition concerning the descent of the Douglasses, we are bound to render him our grateful thanks for the felicitous light which he has thrown on that of the House of Stewart, still more important to Scottish history.

The acute pen of Lord Hailes, which, like the spear of Ithuriel, conjured so many shadows from Scottish history, had dismissed among the rest those of Banquo and Fleance, the rejection of which fables left the illustrious family of Stewart without an ancestor beyond Walter the son of Allan, who is alluded to in the text. The researches of our late learned antiquary detected in this Walter, the descendant of Allan, the son of Flaald, who obtained from William the Conqueror the Castle of Oswestry, in Shropshire, and was the father of an illustrious line of English nobles, by his first son, William, and by his second son, Walter, the progenitor of the royal family of Stewart.

THE WHITE SPIRIT. — P. 380.

The contrivance of provoking the irritable vanity of Sir Piercie Shafton, by presenting him with a bodkin, indicative of his descent from a tailor, is borrowed from a German romance by the celebrated Tieck, called *Das Peter Manchen*, i. e. *The Dwarf Peter*. The being who gives name to the tale, is the *Burg-geist*, or castle spectre, of a German family, whom he aids with his counsel, as he defends their castle by his supernatural power. But the Dwarf Peter is so unfortunate an adviser, that all his counsels, though producing success in the immediate results, are in the issue attended with mishap and with guilt. The youthful baron, the owner of the haunted castle, falls in love with a maiden, the daughter of a neighbouring count, a man of great pride, who refuses him the hand of the young lady, on account of his own superiority of descent. The lover, repulsed and affronted, returns to take counsel with the Dwarf Peter, how he may silence the count

and obtain the victory in the argument, the next time they enter on the topic of pedigree. The dwarf gives his patron or pupil a horseshoe, instructing him to present it to the count when he is next giving himself superior airs on the subject of his family. It has the effect accordingly; the count, understanding it as an allusion to a misalliance of one of his ancestors with the daughter of a blacksmith, is thrown into a dreadful passion with the young lover, the consequences of which are the seduction of the young lady, and the slaughter of her father.

If we suppose the dwarf to represent the corrupt part of human nature—that “law in our members which wars against the law of our minds”—the work forms an ingenious allegory.



**INTRODUCTION AND NOTES**

**TO**

**THE ABBOT.**

**VOL. XV.**



## INTRODUCTION

TO

## THE ABBOT.



FROM what is said in the Introduction to the Monastery, it must necessarily be inferred, that the Author considered that romance as something very like a failure. It is true, the booksellers did not complain of the sale, because, unless on very felicitous occasions, or on those which are equally the reverse, literary popularity is not gained or lost by a single publication. Leisure must be allowed for the tide both to flow and ebb. But I was conscious that, in my situation, not to advance was in some degree to recede, and being naturally unwilling to think that the principle of decay lay in myself, I was at least desirous to know of a certainty, whether the degree of discountenance which I had incurred, was now owing to an ill managed story, or an ill chosen subject.



I was never, I confess, one of those who are willing to suppose the brains of an author to be a kind of milk, which will not stand above a single creaming, and who are eternally harping to young authors to husband their efforts, and to be chary of their reputation, lest it grow hackneyed in the eyes of men. Perhaps I was, and have always been, the more indifferent to the degree of estimation in which I might be held as an author, because I did not put so high a value as many others upon what is termed literary reputation in the abstract, or at least upon the species of popularity which had fallen to my share ; for though it were worse than affectation to deny that my vanity was satisfied at my success in the department in which chance had in some measure enlisted me, I was, nevertheless, far from thinking that the novelist or romance writer stands high in the ranks of literature. But I spare the reader farther egotism on this subject, as I have expressed my opinion very fully in the Introductory Epistle to the *Fortunes of Nigel*, first edition ; and, although it be composed in an imaginary character, it is as sincere and candid as if it had been written "without my gown and band."

In a word, when I considered myself as having been unsuccessful in the Monastery,

I was tempted to try whether I could not restore, even at the risk of totally losing, my so called reputation, by a new hazard. I looked round my library, and could not but observe, that, from the time of Chaucer to that of Byron, the most popular authors had been the most prolific. Even the aristarch Johnson allowed that the quality of readiness and profusion had a merit in itself, independent of the intrinsic value of the composition. Talking of Churchill, I believe, who had little merit in his prejudiced eyes, he allowed him that of fertility, with some such qualification as this, "A crab apple can bear but crabs after all ; but there is a great difference in favour of that which bears a large quantity of fruit, however indifferent, and that which produces only a few."

Looking more attentively at the patriarchs of literature, whose career was as long as it was brilliant, I thought I perceived that in the busy and prolonged course of exertion, there were, no doubt, occasional failures, but that still those who were favourites of their age, triumphed over these miscarriages. By the new efforts which they made, their errors were obliterated, they became identified with the literature of their country, and after having long received law from the critics, came in some degree to impose it :

and when such a writer was at length called from the scene, his death first made the public sensible what a large share he had occupied in their attention. I recollected a passage in Grimm's Correspondence, that while the unexhausted Voltaire sent forth tract after tract, to the very close of a long life, the first impression made by each, as it appeared, was, that it was inferior to its predecessors — an opinion adopted from the general idea, that the Patriarch of Ferney must at last find the point from which he was to decline. But the opinion of the public finally ranked in succession the last of Voltaire's Essays on the same footing with those which had formerly charmed the French nation. The inference from this and similar facts seemed to me to be, that new works were often judged of by the public, not so much for their own intrinsic merit, as from extrinsic ideas which readers had previously formed with regard to them, and over which a writer might hope to triumph by patience and by exertion. There is a risk in the attempt;

✱ If he fall in, good night, or sink or swim.

But this is a chance incident to every literary attempt, and by which men of a sanguine temper are little moved.

I may illustrate what I mean, by the feelings of most men in travelling. If we have found any stage particularly tedious, or in an especial degree interesting, particularly short, or much longer than we expected, our imaginations are so apt to exaggerate the original impression, that on repeating the journey, we usually find, that we have considerably overrated the predominating quality, and the road appears to be duller or more pleasant, shorter or more tedious, than what we expected, and, consequently, than what is actually the case. It requires a third or fourth journey to enable us to form an accurate judgment of its beauty, its length, or its other attributes.

In the same manner, the public, judging of a new work, which it receives perhaps with little expectation, if surprised into applause, becomes very often ecstatic, gives a great deal more approbation than is due, and elevates the child of its immediate favour to a rank which, as it affects the author, it is equally difficult to keep, and painful to lose. If, on this occasion, the author trembles at the height to which he is raised, and becomes afraid of the shadow of his own renown; he may indeed retire from the lottery with the prize which he has drawn, but, in future

ages, his honour will be only in proportion to his labours. If, on the contrary, he rushes again into the lists, he is sure to be judged with severity proportioned to the former favour of the public. If he be daunted by a bad reception on this second occasion, he may again become a stranger to the arena. If, on the contrary, he can keep his ground, and stand the shuttlecock's fate, of being struck up and down, he will probably, at length, hold, with some certainty, the level in public opinion which he may be found to deserve; and he may perhaps boast of arresting the general attention, in the same manner as the Bachelor Samson Carrasco, of fixing the weathercock La Giralda of Seville for weeks, months, or years, that is, for as long as the wind shall uniformly blow from one quarter. To this degree of popularity the Author had the hardihood to aspire, while, in order to attain it, he assumed the daring resolution to keep himself in the view of the public by frequent appearances before them.

It must be added, that the Author's incognito gave him the greater courage to renew his attempts to please the public, and an advantage similar to that which Jack the Giant-killer received from his coat of darkness. In sending the Abbot forth so soon

after the Monastery, he had used the well-known practice recommended by Bassanio:

In my school days, when I had lost one shaft,  
I shot another of the self same flight,  
The self same way, with more advised watch,  
To find the other forth.

And, to continue the simile, his shafts, like those of the lesser Ajax, were discharged more readily than the archer was as inaccessible to criticism, personally speaking, as the Grecian archer under his brother's sevenfold shield.

Should the reader desire to know upon what principles the Abbot was expected to amend the fortune of the Monastery, I have first to request his attention to the Introductory Epistle addressed to the imaginary Captain Clutterbuck; a mode by which, like his predecessors in this walk of fiction, the real Author makes one of his *dramatis personæ* the means of communicating his own sentiments to the public, somewhat more artificially than by a direct address to the readers. A pleasing French writer of fairy tales, Monsieur Pajon, author of the *History of Prince Soly*, has set a diverting example of the same machinery, where he introduces the presiding Genius of the land of Romance conversing with one of the personages of the tale.

In this Introductory Epistle, the Author communicates, in confidence, to Captain Clutterbuck, his sense that the White Lady had not met the taste of the times, and his reason for withdrawing her from the scene. The Author did not deem it equally necessary to be candid respecting another alteration. The Monastery was designed, at first, to have contained some supernatural agency, arising out of the fact, that Melrose had been the place of deposit of the great Robert Bruce's heart. The writer shrunk, however, from filling up, in this particular, the sketch as it was originally traced; nor did he venture to resume, in the continuation, the subject which he had left unattempted in the original work. Thus, the incident of the discovery of the heart, which occupies the greater part of the Introduction to the Monastery, is a mystery unnecessarily introduced, and which remains at last very imperfectly explained. In this particular, I was happy to shroud myself by the example of the author of "Caleb Williams," who never condescends to inform us of the actual contents of that Iron Chest which makes such a figure in his interesting work, and gives the name to Mr Colman's drama.

The public had some claim to inquire into this matter, but it seemed indifferent

policy in the Author to give the explanation. For, whatever praise may be due to the ingenuity which brings to a general combination all the loose threads of a narrative, like the knitter at the finishing of her stocking, I am greatly deceived if, in many cases, a superior advantage is not attained, by the air of reality which the deficiency of explanation attaches to a work written on a different system. In life itself, many things befall every mortal, of which the individual never knows the real cause or origin; and were we to point out the most marked distinction between a real and a fictitious narrative, we would say, that the former, in reference to the remote causes of the events it relates, is obscure, doubtful, and mysterious; whereas, in the latter case, it is a part of the author's duty to afford satisfactory details upon the causes of the separate events he has recorded, and, in a word, to account for every thing. The reader, like Mungo in the Padlock, will not be satisfied with hearing what he is not made fully to comprehend.

I omitted, therefore, in the Introduction to the Abbot, any attempt to explain the previous story, or to apologize for unintelligibility.

Neither would it have been prudent to



have endeavoured to proclaim, in the Introduction to the Abbot, the real spring, by which I hoped it might attract a greater degree of interest than its immediate predecessor. A taking title, or the announcement of a popular subject, is a recipe for success much in favour with booksellers, but which authors will not always find efficacious. The cause is worth a moment's examination.

There occur in every country some peculiar historical characters, which are, like a spell or charm, sovereign to excite curiosity and attract attention, since every one in the slightest degree interested in the land which they belong to, has heard much of them, and longs to hear more. A tale turning on the fortunes of Alfred or Elizabeth in England, or of Wallace or Bruce in Scotland, is sure by the very announcement to excite public curiosity to a considerable degree, and ensure the publisher's being relieved of the greater part of an impression, even before the contents of the work are known. This is of the last importance to the bookseller, who is at once, to use a technical phrase, "brought home," all his outlay being repaid. But it is a different case with the author, since it cannot be denied that we are apt to feel least satisfied with the works of which we have been induced, by titles and laudatory advertisements, to

entertain exaggerated expectations. The intention of the work has been anticipated, and misconceived or misrepresented, and although the difficulty of executing the work again reminds us of Hotspur's task of "o'er-walking a current roaring loud," yet the adventurer must look for more ridicule if he fails, than applause if he executes, his undertaking.

Notwithstanding a risk, which should make authors pause ere they adopt a theme which, exciting general interest and curiosity, is often the preparative for disappointment, yet it would be an injudicious regulation which should deter the poet or painter from attempting to introduce historical portraits, merely from the difficulty of executing the task in a satisfactory manner. Something must be trusted to the generous impulse, which often thrusts an artist upon feats of which he knows the difficulty, while he trusts courage and exertion may afford the means of surmounting it.

It is especially when he is sensible of losing ground with the public, that an author may be justified in using with address, such selection of subject or title as is most likely to procure a rehearing. It was with these feelings of hope and apprehension, that I ventured to awaken, in a work of fiction, the memory

of Queen Mary, so interesting by her wit, her beauty, her misfortunes, and the mystery which still does, and probably always will, overhang her history. In doing so, I was aware that failure would be a conclusive disaster, so that my task was something like that of an enchanter who raises a spirit over whom he is uncertain of possessing an effectual control; and I naturally paid attention to such principles of composition, as I conceived were best suited to the historical novel.

Enough has been already said to explain the purpose of composing the Abbot. The historical references are, as usual, explained in the notes. That which relates to Queen Mary's escape from Lochleven Castle, is a more minute account of that romantic adventure, than is to be found in the histories of the period.

ABBOTSFORD, }  
1st *January*, 1831. }

## NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.



### HISTORICAL ROMANCES. VOL. IV.

#### THE ABBOT.

"PRECIOUS IN THE EYES OF BIBLIOGRAPHERS."

P. 12, l. 22.

THE tracts which appeared in the Disputation between the Scottish Reformer and Quentin Kennedy, Abbot of Crosraguel, are amongst the scarcest in Scottish Bibliography. See M'Crie's *Life of Knox* p. 258.

NICOL FOREST. — P. 25, l. 5 from bottom.

A district of Cumberland, lying close to the Scottish Border.

GLENDONWYNE OF GLENDONWYNE. — P. 43, l. 21.

This was a house of ancient descent and superior consequence, including persons who fought at Bannockburn and Otterburn, and closely connected by alliance and friendship with the great Earls of Douglas. The Knight in the story argues as most Scotsmen would do in his situation, for all of the

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same clan are popularly considered as descended from the same stock, and as having a right to the ancestral honour of the chief branch. This opinion, though sometimes ideal, is so strong, even at this day of innovation, that it may be observed as a national difference between my countrymen and the English. If you ask an Englishman of good birth, whether a person of the same name be connected with him, he answers, (if in *dubio*,) "No — he is a mere namesake." Ask a similar question of a Scot, (I mean a Scotsman,) he replies — "He is one of our clan; I daresay there is a relationship, though I do not know how distant." The Englishman thinks of discountenancing a species of rivalry in society; the Scotsman's answer is grounded on the ancient idea of strengthening the clan.

## A JEDDART-STAFF. — P. 57, l. 21.

A species of battle-ax, so called as being in especial use in that ancient burgh, whose armorial bearings still represent an armed horseman brandishing such a weapon.

"I WEAR A POUCH FOR MY HAWK'S MEAT."

P. 94, l. 15.

This same bag, like every thing belonging to falconry, was esteemed an honourable distinction, and worn often by the nobility and gentry. One of the Somervilles of Camnethan was called *Sir John with the red bag*, because it was his wont to wear his hawking pouch covered with satin of that colour.

## CELL OF SAINT CUTHBERT. — P. 95–100.

I may here observe, that this is entirely an ideal scene. Saint Cuthbert, a person of established

sanctity, had no doubt several places of worship on the Borders, where he flourished whilst living; but Tillmouth Chapel is the only one which bears some resemblance to the hermitage described in the text. It has, indeed, a well, famous for gratifying three wishes for every worshipper who shall quaff the fountain with sufficient belief in its efficacy. At this spot the Saint is said to have landed in his stone coffin, in which he sailed down the Tweed from Melrose, and here the stone coffin long lay, in evidence of the fact. The late Sir Francis Blake Delaval is said to have taken the exact measure of the coffin, and to have ascertained, by hydrostatic principles, that it might have actually swum. A profane farmer in the neighbourhood announced his intention of converting this last bed of the Saint into a trough for his swine; but the profanation was rendered impossible, either by the Saint, or by some pious votary on his behalf, for on the following morning the stone sarcophagus was found broken in two fragments.

Tillmouth Chapel, with these points of resemblance, lies, however, in exactly the opposite direction as regards Melrose, which the supposed cell of Saint Cuthbert is said to have borne towards Kenningburgh.

“THE BIRD IN THY BOSOM.” — P. 101, l. 24.

An expression used by Sir Ralph Percy, slain in the battle of Hedgely-moor, in 1464, when dying, to express his having preserved unstained his fidelity to the House of Lancaster.

Goss-Hawk. — P. 117, l. 17.

The comparison is taken from some beautiful verses in an old ballad, entitled *Fause Foodrage*,

published in the "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border."  
 A deposed queen, to preserve her infant son from the traitors who have slain his father, exchanges him with the female off-spring of a faithful friend, and goes on to direct the education of the children, and the private signals by which the parents are to hear news each of her own offspring :

And you shall learn my gay goss-hawk  
 Right well to breast a steed ;  
 And so will I your turtle dow,  
 As well to write and read.

And ye shall learn my gay goss-hawk  
 To wield both bow and brand ;  
 And so will I your turtle dow,  
 To lay gowd with hei hand.

At kirk or market when we meet,  
 We'll dare make no avow,  
 But " Dame, how does my gay goss-hawk ? "  
 " Madame, how does my dow ? "

#### NUNNERY OF SAINT BRIDGET. — P. 145, l. 5.

This, like the cell of Saint Cuthbert, is an imaginary scene, but I took one or two ideas of the desolation of the interior from a story told me by my father. In his youth—it may be near eighty years since, as he was born in 1729—he had occasion to visit an old lady who resided in a Border castle of considerable renown. Only one very limited portion of the extensive ruins sufficed for the accommodation of the inmates, and my father amused himself by wandering through the part that was untenanted. In a dining apartment, having a roof richly adorned with arches and drops, there was deposited a large stack

of hay, to which calves were helping themselves from opposite sides. As my father was scaling a dark ruinous turnpike staircase, his greyhound ran up before him, and probably was the means of saving his life, for the animal fell through a trap-door or aperture in the stair, thus warning the owner of the danger of the ascent. As the dog continued howling from a great depth, my father got the old butler, who alone knew most of the localities about the castle, to unlock a sort of stable, in which Kill-buck was found safe and sound, the place being filled with the same commodity which littered the stalls of Augas, and which had rendered the dog's fall an easy one.

NUN OF KENT. — P. 151, l. 13.

A fanatic nun, called the Holy Maid of Kent, who pretended to the gift of prophecy and power of miracles. Having denounced the doom of speedy death against Henry VIII. for his marriage with Anne Boleyn, the prophetess was attainted in Parliament, and executed with her accomplices. Her imposture was for a time so successful, that even Sir Thomas More was disposed to be a believer.

MASS ABRIDGED. — P. 162, l. 4 from bottom.

In Catholic countries, in order to reconcile the pleasures of the great with the observances of religion, it was common, when a party was bent for the chase, to celebrate mass, abridged and maimed of its rites, called a hunting-mass, the brevity of which was designed to correspond with the impatience of the audience.



## ABBOT OF UNREASON. — P. 165, l. 7.

We learn, from no less authority than from that of Napoleon Bonaparte, that there is but a single step between the sublime and ridiculous, and it is a transition from one extreme to another, so very easy, that the vulgar of every degree are peculiarly captivated with it. Thus the inclination to laugh becomes uncontrollable, when the solemnity and gravity of time, place, and circumstances, render it peculiarly improper. Some species of general licence, like that which inspired the ancient Saturnalia, or the modern Carnival, has been commonly indulged to the people at all times, and in almost all countries. But it was, I think, peculiar to the Roman Catholic Church, that while they studied how to render their church rites imposing and magnificent, by all that pomp, music, architecture, and external display could add to them, they nevertheless connived, upon special occasions, at the frolics of the rude vulgar, who, in almost all Catholic countries, enjoyed, or at least assumed, the privilege of making some Lord of the revels, who, under the name of the Abbot of Unreason the Boy Bishop, or the President of Fools, occupied the churches, profaned the holy places by a mock imitation of the sacred rites, and sang indecent parodies on hymns of the church. The indifference of the clergy, even when their power was greatest, to the indecent exhibitions, which they always tolerated, and sometimes encouraged, forms a strong contrast to the sensitiveness with which they regarded any serious attempt, by preaching or writing, to impeach any of the doctrines of the church. It could only be compared to the singular apathy with which the

endured, and often admired, the gross novels which Chaucer, Dunbar, Boccacio, Bandello, and others, composed upon the bad morals of the clergy. It seems as if the churchmen in both instances had endeavoured to compromise with the luity, and allowed them occasionally to gratify their coarse humour by indecent satire, provided they would abstain from any grave question concerning the foundation of the doctrines on which was erected such an immense fabric of ecclesiastical power.

But the sports thus licensed assumed a very different appearance, so soon as the Protestant doctrines began to prevail; and the licence which their forefathers had exercised in mere gaiety of heart, and without the least intention of dishonouring religion by their frolics, was now persevered in by the common people as a mode of testifying their utter disregard for the Roman priesthood and its ceremonies.

I may observe, for example, the case of an apparitor sent to Borthwick from the Primate of St Andrews, to cite the lord of that castle, who was opposed by an Abbot of Unreason, at whose command the officer of the spiritual court was appointed to be ducked in a mill-dam, and obliged to eat up his parchment citation.

The reader may be amused with the following whimsical details of this incident, which took place in the castle of Borthwick, in the year 1547. It appears, that in consequence of a process betwixt Master George Hay de Minzeane and the Lord Borthwick, letters of excommunication had passed against the latter, on account of the contumacy of certain witnesses. William Langlands, an apparitor

or macer (*bacularius*) of the See of St Andrews, presented these letters to the curate of the church of Borthwick, requiring him to publish the same at the service of high mass. It seems that the inhabitants of the castle were at this time engaged in the favourite sport of enacting the Abbot of Unreason, a species of high-jinks, in which a mimic prelate was elected, who, like the Lord of Misrule in England, turned all sort of lawful authority, and particularly the church ritual, into ridicule. This frolicsome person, with his retinue, notwithstanding of the apparitor's character, entered the church, seized upon the primate's officer without hesitation, and, dragging him to the mill-dam on the south side of the castle, compelled him to leap into the water. Not contented with this partial immersion, the Abbot of Unreason pronounced, that Mr William Langlands was not yet sufficiently bathed, and therefore caused his assistants to lay him on his back in the stream, and duck him in the most satisfactory and perfect manner. The unfortunate apparitor was then conducted back to the church, where, for his refreshment after his bath, the letters of excommunication were torn to pieces, and steeped in a bowl of wine; the mock abbot being probably of opinion, that a tough parchment was but dry eating, Langlands was compelled to eat the letters, and swallow the wine, and dismissed by the Abbot of Unreason, with the comfortable assurance, that if any more such letters should arrive during the continuance of his office, "they should a' gang the same gate," i. e. go the same road.

A similar scene occurs betwixt a sumner of the Bishop of Rochester, and Harpool, the servant of Lord Cobham, in the old play of Sir John Oldcastle,

when the former compels the church-officer to eat his citation. The dialogue, which may be found in the note, contains most of the jests which may be supposed appropriate on such an extraordinary occasion.

*Harpool.* Marry, sir, is this process parchement ?

*Sumner.* Yes, marry is it.

*Harpool.* And this seal wax ?

*Sumner.* It is so.

*Harpool.* If this be parchement, and this be wax, eat you this parchement and wax, or I will make parchement of your skin, and beat your brains into wax. *Suttah Sumner, despatch — devour, suttah, devour.*

*Sumner.* I am my Lord of Rochester's Sumner ; I came to do my office, and thou shalt answer it.

*Harpool.* *Suttah*, no railing, but betike thyself to thy teeth. Thou shalt eat no worse than thou bringest with thee. Thou bringest it for my lord ; and wilt thou bring my lord worse than thou wilt eat thyself ?

*Sumner.* Sir, I brought it not my lord to eat.

*Harpool.* O, do you *Sir* me now ? All 's one for that ; I 'll make you eat it for bringing it.

*Sumner.* I cannot eat it.

*Harpool.* Can you not ? 'Shlood ! I'll beat you till you have a stomach. (*Beats him.*)

*Sumner.* Oh ! hold, hold, good Mr Seervinginan ; I will eat it.

*Harpool.* Be champing, be chewing, sir, or I will chew you, you rogue. Tough wax is the purest of the honey.

*Sumner.* The purest of the honey ! O Lord ! sir, oh ! oh !

*Harpool.* Feed, feed ; 'tis wholesome, rogue, wholesome. Cannot you, like an honest sumner, walk with the devil your brother, to fetch in your bailiff's rents, but you must come to a nobleman's house with process ? If the seal were broad as the lead which covers Rochester Church, thou shouldst eat it.

## THE HOBBY-HORSE. — P. 167, l. 3.

This exhibition, the play-mare of Scotland, stood high among holyday gambols. It must be carefully separated from the wooden chargers which furnish out our nurseries. It gives rise to Hamlet's ejaculation, —

But oh, but oh, the hobby-horse is forgot !

There is a very comic scene in Beaumont and Fletcher's play of "Women Pleased," where Hope-on-high Bombye, a puritan cobbler, refuses to dance with the hobby-horse. There was much difficulty and great variety in the motions which the hobby-horse was expected to exhibit.

The learned Mr Douce, who has contributed so much to the illustration of our theatrical antiquities, has given us a full account of this pageant, and the burlesque horsemanship which it practised.

"The hobby-horse," says Mr Douce, "was represented by a man equipped with as much pasteboard as was sufficient to form the head and hinder parts of a horse, the quadrupedal defects being concealed by a long mantle, or foot cloth, that nearly touched the ground. The former, on this occasion, exerted all his skill in burlesque horsemanship. In Simpson's

*Sumner.* Oh ! I am almost choked—I am almost choked !

*Harpool.* Who's within there ? Will you shame my lord ? is there no beer in the house ? Butler, I say !

*Enter BUTLER.*

*Butler.* Here, here.

*Harpool.* Give him beer. Tough old sheep-skin's but dry meat.

*First Part of Sir John Oldcastle, Act II. Scene I,*

play of the *Law-breakers*, 1636, a miller personates the hobby-horse, and being angry that the mayor of the city is put in competition with him, exclaims, 'Let the mayor play the hobby-horse among his brethren, an he will; I hope our town lads cannot want a hobby-horse. Have I practised my reins, my careers, my pranckers, my ambles, my false trots, my smooth ambles, and Canterbury paces, and shall muster mayor put me besides the hobby-horse? Have I borrowed the forehorse bells, his plumes, his braveries; nay, had his mane new shorn and frizzled, and shall the mayor put me besides the hobby-horse?' — DOUCE'S *Illustrations*, vol. ii. p. 468.

REPRESENTATION OF ROBIN HOOD AND LITTLE  
JOHN. — P. 167, l. 22.

The representation of Robin Hood was the darling May-game both in England and Scotland, and, doubtless, the favourite personification was often revived, when the Abbot of Unreason, or other pretences of frolic, gave an unusual degree of licence.

The Protestant clergy, who had formerly reaped advantage from the opportunities which these sports afforded them of directing their own satire, and the ridicule of the lower orders, against the Catholic church, began to find that, when these purposes were served, their favourite pastimes deprived them of the wish to attend divine worship, and disturbed the frame of mind in which it can be attended to advantage. The celebrated Bishop Latimer gives a very naïve account of the manner in which, bishop as he was, he found himself compelled to give place to Robin Hood and his followers.

"I came once myselfe riding on a journey homeward from London, and I sent word over night into

the towne that I would preach there in the morning, because it was holiday, and me thought it was a holidayes worke. The church stood in my way, and I tooke my horse and my company, and went thither, (I thought I should have found a great company in the church,) and when I came there the church doore was fast locked. I tarryed there halfe an houre and more. At last the key was found, and one of the parish comes to me, and said,—‘ Sir, this is a busie day with us, we cannot hear you ; it is Robin Hood’s day. The parish are gone abroad to gather for Robin Hood. I pray you let them not.’ I was faine there to give place to Robin Hood. I thought my rochet should have been regarded, though I were not : but it would not serve, it was faine to give place to Robin Hood’s men. It is no laughing matter, my friends ; it is a weeping matter, a heavie matter, a heavie matter. Under the pretence for gathering for Robin Hood, a traytour and a thief, to put out a preacher ; to have his office lesse esteemed ; to preferre Robin Hood before the ministration of God’s word ; and all this hath come of unpreaching prelates. This realme hath been ill provided for that it hath had such corrupt judgements in it, to prefer Robin Hood to God’s word.”—*Bishop Latimer’s sixth Sermon before King Edward.*

While the English Protestants thus preferred the outlaw’s pageant to the preaching of their excellent Bishop, the Scottish Calvinistic clergy, with the celebrated John Knox at their head, and backed by the authority of the magistrates of Edinburgh, who had of late been chosen exclusively from this party, found it impossible to control the rage of the populace. when they attempted to deprive them of the privilege of presenting their pageant of Robin Hood.

(1561.) " Vpon the xxi day of Junij, Archibalde Dowglas of Kilspondie, Provest of Ed<sup>r</sup>., David Symmer and Adame Fullartoun, baillies of the samyne, causit ane cordinare servant, callit James Gillon, takin of befoir, for playing in Ed<sup>r</sup>. with Robene Hude, to wnderly the law, and put him to the knowlege of ane assyze qlk yaij haid electit of yair favoraris, quha with schort deliberatioun condemnit him to be hangit for ye said cryme. And the deaconis of ye craftismen fearing vproare, maide great solistatnis at ye handis of ye said provost and baillies, and als requirit John Knox, minister, for eschewing of tumult, to superceid ye executioun of him, vnto ye tyme yai suld adverteis my Lord Duke yairof. And yan, if it wes his mynd and will yat he should be disponit vpoun, ye said deaconis and craftismen sould convey him yaire; quha answerit, yat yai culd na way stope ye executioun of justice. Quhan ye time of ye said poure man's hanging approcht, and yat ye hangman wes cum to ye jibbat with ye ledder, vpoune ye qlk ye said cordinare should have bene hangit, ane certaine and remanent craftischulder, qha wes put to ye horne with ye said Gillione, ffor ye said Robene Hude's *playes*, and vyris yair assistaris and favoraris, past to wappinis, and yai brak down ye said jibbat, and yan chacit ye said provest, baillies, and Alexr. Guthrie, in ye said Alexander's writing buith, and held yame yairin; and yairefter past to ye tolbuyt, and becaus the samyne was steiket, and onnawayes culd get the keyes thairof, thai brake the said tolbut dore with foure haberis, per force, (the said provest and baillies luckand thairon,) and not onlie put thar the said Gillione to fredome and libertie, and brocht him furth of the said tolbut, but alsua the remanent



personaris being thairintill; and this done, the said craftismen's servands, with the said condemnit cordonar, past down to the Netherbow, to have past furth thairat; bot becaus the samyne on their coming thairto wes closet, thai past vp agane the Hie streit of the said bourghe to the Castellhill; and in this menetye the saidis provest and baillies and thair assistaris being in the writting buith of the said Alexr. Guthrie, past and enterit in the said tolbuyt, and in the said servandes passage vp the Hie streit, then schote furth thair of at thame ane dog, and hurt ane servand of the said childer. This being done, thair wes nathing vthir but the one partie schuteand out and castand stanes furth of the said tolbuyt, and the vther pairtie schuteand hagbuttis in the same agane. And sua the craftismen's servandis, aboue written, held and inclosit the said provest and baillies continewallie in the said tolbuyth, frae three houris efternone, quhill aught houris at even, and na man of the said town prensit to relieve thair said provest and baillies. And than thai send to the maisters of the Castell, to cans tham if thai mycht stay the said servandis, quha maid ane maner to do the same, bot thai could not bring the same to ane finall end, ffor the said servands wold on nowayes stay frae, quhill thai had revengit the hurting of ane of them; and thairefter the constable of the castell come down thairfra, and he with the said maisters treatet betwix the said pties in this maner: — That the said provost and baillies sall remit to the said craftischilder, all actionn, cryme, and offens that thai had committit aganes thame in ary time bygane; and band and oblast thame never to pursuew them thairfor; and als commandit their maisters to resaeue them agane in their services, as thai did befoir. And this being

proclomit at the mercat cross, thai scalit, and the said provest and baillies come furth of the same tolbouyth," &c.

John Knox, who writes at large upon this tumult, informs us it was inflamed by the deacons of crafts, who, resenting the superiority assumed over them by the magistrates, would yield no assistance to put down the tumult. "They will be magistrates alone," said the recusant deacons, "e'en let them rule the populace alone;" and accordingly they passed quietly to take *their four-hours penny*, and left the magistrates to help themselves as they could. Many persons were excommunicated for this outrage, and not admitted to church ordinances till they had made satisfaction.

LINES, "*The Paip, that Pagan full of Pride,*" &c.  
P. 182.

These rude rhymes are taken, with trifling alterations, from a ballad called Trim-go-trix. It occurs in a singular collection, entitled, "A Compendious Book of Godly and Spiritual Songs, collected out of sundrie parts of the Scripture, with sundry of other ballatis changed out of prophane sanges, for avoyding of sin and halotrie, with Augmentation of sundrie Gude and Godly Ballates. Edinburgh, printed by Andro Hart." This curious collection has been reprinted in Mr John Grahame Dalryell's *Scottish Poems of the 16th Century*. Edin. 1801, 2 vols.

"I WOULD HAV' MADE MY FATHER'S OLD FOX FLY  
ABOUT HIS EARS."—P. 185, last line.

*Fox*,—an old-fashioned broadsword was often so called.

**SAINT MARTIN OF BULLIONS.**—P. 186, l. 20.

The Saint Swithin, or weeping saint of Scotland. If his festival (fourth July) prove wet, forty days of rain are expected.

**INABILITY OF EVIL SPIRITS TO ENTER A HOUSE UNINVITED.**—P. 197, l. 18.

There is a popular belief respecting evil spirits, that they cannot enter an inhabited house unless invited, nay, dragged over the threshold. There is an instance of the same superstition in the *Tales of the Genii*, where an enchanter is supposed to have intruded himself into the Divan of the Sultan.

“‘Thus,’ said the illustrious Misnar, ‘let the enemies of Mahomet be dismayed! but inform me, O ye sages! under the semblance of which of your brethren did that foul enchanter gain admittance here?’—‘May the lord of my heart,’ answered Balihu, the hermit of the faithful from Queda, ‘triumph over all his foes! As I travelled on the mountains from Queda, and saw neither the footsteps of beasts, nor the flight of birds, behold I chanced to pass through a cavern, in whose hollow sides I found this accursed sage, to whom I unfolded the invitation of the Sultan of India, and we, joining, journeyed towards the Divan; but ere we entered, he said unto me, ‘Put thy hand forth, and pull me towards thee unto the Divan, calling on the name of Mahomet, for the evil spirits are on me, and vex me.’”

I have understood that many parts of these fine tales, and in particular that of the Sultan Misnar, were taken from genuine Oriental sources by the editor, Mr James Ridley.

But the most picturesque use of this popular

belief occurs in Coleridge's beautiful and tantalizing fragment of *Christabel*. Has not our own imaginative poet cause to fear that future ages will desire to summon him from his place of rest, as Milton longed

To call him up, who left half told  
The story of Cambuscan bold?

The verses I refer to are when *Christabel* conducts into her father's castle a mysterious and malevolent being, under the guise of a distressed female stranger :

They cross'd the moat, and *Christabel*  
Took the key that fitted well ;  
A little door she open'd straight,  
All in the middle of the gate :

The gate that was iron'd within and without,  
Where an army in battle array had march'd out.

The lady sank, belike through pain,  
And *Christabel*, with might and main,  
Lifted her up, a weary weight,  
Over the threshold of the gate :  
Then the lady rose again,  
And moved, as she were not in pain.

So free from danger, free from fear,  
They cross'd the court : right glad they were,  
And *Christabel* devoutly cried  
To the lady by her side,

" Praise we the Virgin, all divine,  
Who hath rescued thee from this distress."

" Alas, alas ! " said *Geraldine*,

" I cannot speak, from weariness."

So free from danger, free from fear,

They cross'd the court . right glad they were

SEYTEN, OR SEYTON. — P. 228, l. 4 from bottom.

George, fifth Lord Seyton, was immoveably faithful to Queen Mary during all the mutabilities of her

fortune. He was grand-master of the household, in which capacity he had a picture painted of himself with his official baton, and the following motto :—

*In adversitate, patiens ;  
In prosperitate, benevolus.  
Hazard, yet forward.*

On various parts of his castle he inscribed, as expressing his religious and political creed, the legend,

UN DIEU, UN FOY, UN ROY, UN LOY.

He declined to be promoted to an earldom, which Queen Mary offered him at the same time when she advanced her natural brother to be Earl of Mar, and afterwards of Murray.

On his refusing this honour, Mary wrote, or caused to be written, the following lines in Latin and French :

*Sunt comites, ducesque alii ; sunt denique reges ;  
Setona dominum sit satis esse mihi.*

*Il y a des comtes, des roys, des ducs : ainsi  
C'est assez pour moy d'estre Scigneur de Seton.*

Which may be thus rendered .—

Earl, duke, or king, be thou that list to be,  
Seton, thy lordship is enough for me.

This distich reminds us of the “ pride which aped humility,” in the motto of the house of Couci :

*Je suis ni roy, ni prince aussi ;  
Je suis le Seigneur de Coucy.*

After the battle of Langside, Lord Seton was obliged to retire abroad for safety, and was an exile for two years, during which he was reduced to the necessity of driving a wagon in Flanders for his subsistence. He rose to favour in James VI.'s reign, and resuming his paternal property, had him-

self painted in his wagoner's dress, and in the act of driving a wain with four horses, on the north end of a stately gallery at Seton Castle. He appears to have been fond of the arts, for there exists a beautiful family piece of him in the centre of his family. Mr Pinkerton, in his *Scottish Iconographia*, published an engraving of this curious portrait. The original is the property of Lord Somerville, nearly connected with the Seton family, and is at present at his Lordship's fishing villa of the Pavilion, near Melrose.

MAIDEN OF MORION — P 237, l 9 from bottom

A species of guillotine which the Regent Morton brought down from Halifax, certainly at a period considerably later than intimated in the tale. He was himself the first that suffered by the engine.

THE RESIGNATION OF QUEEN MARY — P 333, l 17.

The details of this remarkable event are, as given in the preceding chapter, imaginary, but the outline of the events is historical. Sir Robert Lindsey, brother to the author of the *Memoirs*, was at first intrusted with the delicate commission of persuading the imprisoned Queen to resign her crown. As he flatly refused to interfere, they determined to send the Lord Lindsey, one of the rudest and most violent of their own faction, with instructions first to use fair persuasions, and if these did not succeed to enter into harder terms. Known associates Lord Ruthven with Lindsey, in this daring commission. He was the son of that Lord Ruthven who was prime agent in the murder of Rizzio, and little more was to be expected from his conjunction with Lindsey.

The employment of such rude tools argues

resolution on the part of those who had the Queen's person in their power, to proceed to the utmost extremities, should they find Mary obstinate. To avoid this pressing danger, Sir Robert Melville was despatched by them to Lochleven, carrying with him, concealed in the scabbard of his sword, letters to the Queen from the Earl of Athole, Maitland of Lethington, and even from Throgmorton, the English ambassador, who was then favourable to the unfortunate Mary, conjuring her to yield to the necessity of the times, and to subscribe such deeds as Lindesay should lay before her, without being startled by their tenor; and assuring her that her doing so, in the state of captivity under which she was placed, would neither in law, honour, nor conscience, be binding upon her when she should obtain her liberty. Submitting, by the advice of one part of her subjects, to the menace of the others, and learning that Lindesay was arrived in a boasting, that is, threatening humour, the Queen, "with some reluctancy, and with tears," saith Knox, subscribed one deed resigning her crown to her infant son, and another establishing the Earl of Murray regent. It seems agreed by historians, that Lindesay behaved with great brutality on the occasion. The deeds were signed 24th July, 1567.

"THE MOST FAITHLESS SPY SINCE THE DAYS OF GANELON." — P. 364, l. 15.

Gau, Gano, or Ganelon, of Mayence, is, in the Romances on the subject of Charlemagne and his Paladins, always represented as the traitor by whom the Christian champions are betrayed.

"REPRESENTING THE LORD OF THE LAND."

P. 382, l. 15.

At Scottish fairs, the bailie, or magistrate, deputed by the lord in whose name the meeting is held, attends the fair with his guard, decides trifling disputes, and punishes on the spot any petty delinquencies. His attendants are usually armed with halberds, and, sometimes at least, escorted by music.

Thus, in the "Life and Death of Habbie Simpson," we are told of that famous minstrel, —

At fairs he play'd before the spear-men,  
 And gaily gaithed in their gear-men;  
 Steel bonnets, jacks, and swords, shone clear then,  
   Like ony bead.  
 Now wha shall play before sic wier-men,  
   Since Habbie's dead?

MOTHER NICKNEVEN. — P. 392, l. 11 from bottom.

This was the name given to the grand Mother Witch, the very Hecate of Scottish popular superstition. Her name was bestowed, in one or two instances, upon sorceresses, who were held to resemble her, by their superior skill in "Hell's black grammar."



## HISTORICAL ROMANCES. VOL. V.

### THE ABBOT.

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#### THE DARK GRAY MAN — P. 16, l. 23.

By an ancient, though improbable tradition, the Douglasses are said to have derived their name from a champion who had greatly distinguished himself in an action. When the king demanded by whom the battle had been won, the attendants are said to have answered, "Sholto Douglas, sir," which is said to mean, "Yonder dark gray man." But the name is undoubtedly territorial, and taken from Douglas river and dale.

#### SUPPOSED CONSPIRACY AGAINST THE LIFE OF MARY. P. 91.

A romancer, to use a Scottish phrase, wants but a hair to make a tether of. The whole detail of the steward's supposed conspiracy against the life of Mary, is grounded upon an expression in one of her letters, which affirms, that Jasper Dryfesdale, one of the Lord of Lochleven's servants, had threatened to murder William Douglas, (for his share in the

Queen's escape,) and averred that he would plant a dagger in Mary's own heart. — SPALMERS'S *Life of Queen Mary*, vol. i. p. 278.

MUFFLED MAN. — P. 102, l. 8 from bottom.

Generally a disguised man; originally one who wears the cloak or mantle muffled round the lower part of the face to conceal his countenance. I have on an ancient piece of iron the representation of a robber thus accoutred, endeavouring to make his way into a house, and opposed by a mustiff, to whom he in vain offers food. The motto is *Spernit dona fides*. It is part of a fire-grate said to have belonged to Archbishop Sharpe.

A QUARRIL-PANE OF GLASS. — P. 106, l. 8  
from bottom.

Diamond-shaped; literally, formed like the head of a *quarrel*, or arrow for the crossbow.

HOSTILE AND BROKEN CLAN. — P. 114, l. 20.

A broken clan was one who had no chief able to find security for their good behaviour—a clan of outlaws; and the Græmes of the Debateable Land were in that condition.

OLIVER SINCLAIR. — P. 117, l. 3.

A favourite, and said to be an unworthy one, of James V.

LADIES SANDILANDS AND OLIPHAUNT.—P. 117, l. 6.

The names of these ladies, and a third frail favourite of James, are preserved in an epigram too *gaillard* for quotation.

SIR JOHN HOLLAND. — P. 124, l. 8 from bottom.

Sir John Holland's poem of *The Howlet* is known to collectors by the beautiful edition presented to the Bannatyne Club, by Mr David Laing.

DEMEANOUR OF QUEEN MARY. — P. 129, l. 9 from bottom.

In the dangerous expedition to Aberdeenshire, Randolph, the English ambassador, gives Cecil the following account of Queen Mary's demeanour:—

"In all those garbules, I assure your honour, I never saw the Queen merrier, never dismayed; nor never thought I that stomache to be in her that I find. She repented nothing, but when the Lords and others, at Inverness, came in the morning from the watches, that she was not a man to know what life it was to lye all night in the fields, or to walk upon the causeway with a jark and a knapsack, a Glasgow buckler, and a broadsword." — RANDOLPH to CECIL, *September 18, 1562.*

The writer of the above letter seems to have felt the same impression which Catherine Seyton, in the text, considered as proper to the Queen's presence among her armed subjects.

"Though we neither thought nor looked for other than on that day to have fought or never — what desperate blows would not have been given, when every man should have fought in the sight of so noble a Queen, and so many fair ladies, our enemies to have taken them from us, and we to save our honours, not to be reft of them, your honour can easily judge!" — *The Same to the Same, September 24, 1562.*

## ESCAPE OF QUEEN MARY FROM LOCHLEVEN.

P. 134, first line.

It is well known that the escape of Queen Mary from Lochleven was effected by George Douglas, the youngest brother of Sir William Douglas, the lord of the castle ; but the minute circumstances of the event have been a good deal confused, owing to two agents having been concerned in it who bore the same name. It has been always supposed, that George Douglas was induced to abet Mary's escape, by the ambitious hope, that by such service he might merit her hand. But his purpose was discovered by his brother Sir William, and he was expelled from the castle. He continued, notwithstanding, to hover in the neighbourhood, and maintain a correspondence with the royal prisoner and others in the fortress.

If we believe the English ambassador Drury, the Queen was grateful to George Douglas, and even proposed a marriage with him ; a scheme which could hardly be serious, since she was still the wife of Bothwell, but which, if suggested at all, might be with a purpose of gratifying the Regent Murray's ambition, and propitiating his favour ; since he was, it must be remembered, the brother uterine of George Douglas, for whom such high honour was said to be designed.

The proposal, if seriously made, was treated as inadmissible, and Mary again resumed her purpose of escape. Her failure in her first attempt has some picturesque particulars, which might have been advantageously introduced in fictitious narrative. Drury sends Cecil the following account of the matter : —

“ But after, upon the 25th of the last, (April

1567,) she interposed an escape, and was the rather near effect, through her accustomed long lying in bed all the morning. The manner of it was thus. There cometh in to her the laundress early as other times before she was wanted, and the Queen, according to such a secret practice, putteth on her the hood of the laundress, and so with the fardel of clothes, and the muffler upon her face, passeth out and entreth the boat to pass the Loch, which, after some space, one of them that rowed said merrily, 'Let us see what manner of dunc this is, and therewith offered to pull down her muffler, which to defend, she put up her hands, which they espied to be very fair and white, wherewith they entered into suspicion whom she was, beginning to wonder at her enterprise. Whereat she was little dismayed, but charged them, upon danger of their lives, to row her over to the shore, which they nothing regarded, but eftsoons rowed her back again, promising her it should be secreted, and especially from the lord of the house, under whose guard she lyeth. It seemed she knew her refuge, and where to have found it if she had once landed, for there did, and yet do linger, at a little village called Kmross, hard at the Loch side, the same George Douglas, one Scampil, and one Beton, the which two were sometime her trusty servants, and, as yet appeareth, they mind her no less affection.' — BISHOP KRITH'S *History of the Affairs of Church and State in Scotland*, p. 490

Notwithstanding this disappointment little spoke of by historians, Mary renewed her attempts to escape. There was in the Castle of Lochleven a lad, named William Douglas, some relation probably of the baron, and about eighteen years old. His youth proved him accessible to Queen Mary's prayers

and promises, as was the brother of his patron, George Douglas, from whom this William must be carefully kept distinct. It was young William who played the part commonly assigned to his superior, George, stealing the keys of the castle from the table on which they lay, while his lord was at supper. He let the Queen and a waiting woman out of the apartment where they were secured, and out of the door itself, embarked with them in a small skiff, and rowed them to the shore. To prevent instant pursuit, he, for precaution's sake, locked the iron grated door of the tower, and threw the keys into the lake. They found George Douglas and the Queen's servant, Beton, waiting for them, and Lord Seyton and James Hamilton of Orbieston in attendance, at the head of a party of faithful followers, with whom they fled to Niddrie Castle, and from thence to Hamilton.

In relating this romantic story, both history and tradition confuse the two Douglases together, and confer on George the successful execution of the escape from the castle, the merit of which belongs, in reality, to the boy called William, or, more frequently, the Little Douglas, either from his youth or his slight stature. The reader will observe, that in the romance, the part of the Little Douglas has been assigned to Roland Græme. In another case, it would be tedious to point out in a work of amusement, such minute points of historical fact; but the general interest taken in the fate of Queen Mary, renders every thing of consequence which connects itself with her misfortunes.

BATTLE OF LANGSIDE. — P. 173, last line.

I am informed in the most polite manner, by D. MacVean, Esq. of Glasgow, that I have been

incorrect in my locality, in giving an account of the battle of Langside. Crookstone Castle, he observes, lies four miles west from the field of battle, and rather in the rear of Murray's army. The real place from which Mary saw the rout of her last army, was Cathcart Castle, which, being a mile and a half east from Langside, was situated in the rear of the Queen's own army. I was led astray, in the present case, by the authority of my deceased friend, James Grahame, the excellent and amiable author of *The Sabbath*, in his drama on the subject of Queen Mary; and by a traditional report of Mary having seen the battle from the Castle of Crookstone, which seemed so much to increase the interest of the scene, that I have been unwilling to make, in this particular instance, the fiction give way to the fact, which last is undoubtedly in favour of Mr MacVean's system.

It is singular how tradition, which is sometimes a sure guide to truth, is, in other cases, prone to mislead us. In the celebrated field of battle at Killicrankie, the traveller is struck with one of those rugged pillars of rough stone, which indicate the scenes of ancient conflict. A friend of the author, well acquainted with the circumstances of the battle, was standing near this large stone, and looking on the scene around, when a Highland shepherd hurried down from the hill to offer his services as cicerone, and proceeded to inform him, that Dundee was slain at that stone, which was raised to his memory. "Fie, Donald," answered my friend, "how can you tell such a story to a stranger? I am sure you know well enough that Dundee was killed at a considerable distance from this place, near the house of Fossally, and that this stone was here long before the battle, in 1688"—"Oich! oich!" said Donald,

no way abashed, "and your honour's in the right, and I see ye ken a' about it. And he wasna killed on the spot neither, but lived till the next morning; but a' the Saxon gentlemen like best to hear he was killed at the great stane." It is on the same principle of pleasing my readers, that I retain Crookstone Castle instead of Catheart.

If, however, the author has taken a liberty in removing the actual field of battle somewhat to the eastward, he has been tolerably strict in adhering to the incidents of the engagement, as will appear from a comparison of events in the novel, with the following account from an old writer.

"The Regent was out on foot and all his company, except the Laird of Grange, Alexander Hume of Manderston, and some Borderers to the number of two hundred. The Laird of Grange had already viewed the ground, and with all imaginable diligence caused every horseman to take behind him a footman of the Regent's to guard behind them, and rode with speed to the head of the Langside-hill, and set down the footmen with their culverings at the head of a straight lane, where there were some cottage houses and yards of great advantage. Which soldiers with their continual shot killed divers of the vaunt guard, led by the Hamiltons, who, courageously and fiercely ascending up the hill, were already out of breath, when the Regent's vaunt guard joined with them. Where the worthy Lord Hume fought on foot with his pike in his hand very manfully, assisted by the Laird of Cessford, his brother-in-law, who helped him up again when he was stricken to the ground by many strokes upon his face, through the throwing pistols at him after they had been discharged. He was also wounded with staves, and had many strokes



of spears through his legs ; for he and Grange, at the joining, cried to let their adversaries first lay down their spears, to bear up theirs ; which spears were so thick fixed in the others' jacks, that some of the pistols and great staves that were thrown by them which were behind, might be seen lying upon the spears.

“ Upon the Queen's side the Earle of Argyle commanded the battle, and the Lord of Arbroath the vaunt guard. But the Regent committed to the Laird of Grange the special care, as being an experimented captain, to oversee every danger, and to ride to every wing, to encourage and make help where greatest need was. He perceived, at the first joining, the right wing of the Regent's vaunt guard put back, and like to fly whereof the greatest part were commons of the barony of Renfrew ; whereupon he rode to them, and told them that their enemy was already turning their backs, requesting them to stay and debate till he should bring them fresh men forth of the battle. Whither at full speed he did ride alone, and told the Regent that the enemy were shaken and flying away behind the little village, and desired a few number of fresh men to go with him. Where he found enough willing, as the Lord Lindesay, the Laird of Lochleven, Sir James Balfour, and all the Regent's servants, who followed him with diligence, and reinforced that wing which was beginning to fly ; which fresh men with their loose weapons struck the enemies in their flank and faces, which forced them incontinent to give place and turn back after long fighting and pushing others to and fro with their spears. There were not many horsemen to pursue after them, and the Regent cried to save and not to kill, and Grange was never cruel, so

that there were few slain and taken. And the only slaughter was at the first rencounter by the shot of the soldiers, which Grange had planted at the lane-head behind some dikes."

It is remarkable that, while passing through the small town of Renfrew, some partisans, adherents of the House of Lennox, attempting to arrest Queen Mary and her attendants, were obliged to make way for her, not without slaughter.

#### BURIAL OF THE ABBOT'S HEART IN THE AVENEL.

AIST E.—P. 186, l. 10 from bottom.

This was not the explanation of the incident of searching for the heart, mentioned in the introduction to the tale, which the author originally intended. It was designed to refer to the heart of Robert Bruce. It is generally known that that great monarch, being on his death-bed, bequeathed to the good Lord James of Douglas, the task of carrying his heart to the Holy Land, to fulfil in a certain degree his own desire to perform a crusade. Upon Douglas's death, fighting against the Moors in Spain, a sort of military *hors d'œuvre* to which he could have pleaded no regular call of duty, his followers brought back the Bruce's heart, and deposited it in the Abbey church of Melrose, the Kennaquhair of the tale.

This Abbey had been always particularly favoured by the Bruce. We have already seen his extreme anxiety that each of the reverend brethren should be daily supplied with a service of boiled almonds, rice and milk, pease, or the like, to be called the King's mess, and that without the ordinary service of their table being either disturbed in quantity or quality. But this was not the only mark of the benignity of good King Robert towards the monks of Melrose, since,

by a charter of the date 29th May, 1326, he conferred on the Abbot of Melrose the sum of two thousand pounds sterling, for rebuilding the church of St Mary's, ruined by the English; and there is little or no doubt that the principal part of the remains which now display such exquisite specimens of Gothic architecture, at its very purest period, had their origin in this munificent donation. The money was to be paid out of crown lands, estates forfeited to the King, and other property or demesnes of the crown.

A very curious letter written to his son about three weeks before his death, has been pointed out to me by my friend Mr Thomas Thomson, Deputy-Register for Scotland. It enlarges so much on the love of the royal writer to the community of Melrose, that it is well worthy of being inserted in a work connected in some degree with Scottish History.

LITERA DOMINI REGIS ROBERTI AD FILIUM SUUM  
DAVID.

“ Robertus Dei gratia Rex Scottorum, David precordialissimo filio suo, ac ceteris successoribus suis; Salutem, et sic ejus precepta tenere, ut cum sua benedictione possint regnare. Fili carissime, digne censeri videtur filius, qui, paternos in bonis mores imitans, piam ejus mititur exequi voluntatem; nec proprie sibi sumit nomen heredis, qui salubribus predecessoris affectibus non adherit: Cupientes igitur, ut piam affectionem et sinceram dilectionem, quam erga monasterium de Melros, ubi cor nostrum ex speciali devotione disposuimus tumulandum, et erga Religiosos ibidem Deo servientes, ipsorum vita sanctissima nos ad hoc excitante, concepimus. Tu ceterisque successoribus mei pia sinceritate prosequa-

mini, ut, ex vestre dilectionis affectu dictis Religiosis nostri causa post mortem nostram ostenso, ipsi pro nobis ad orandum fervencius et forcius animentur: Vobis precipimus quantum possumus, instanter supplicamus, et ex toto corde injungimus, Quatinus assignacionibus quas eisdem viris Religiosis et fabrica Ecclesie sue de novo fecimus ac eciam omnibus aliis donacionibus nostris, ipsos libere gaudere permittatis, Easdem potius si necesse fuerit augmentantes quam diminuantes, ipsorum petitiones auribus benevolis admittentis, ac ipsos contra suos invasores et emulos pia defensione protegentes. Hanc autem exhortacionem supplicacionem et preceptum tu, fili ceterique successores nostri, prestanti animo complere curetis, si nostram benedictionem habere velitis, una cum benedictione filii summi Regis, qui filios docuit patrum voluntates in bono perficere, asserens in mundam se venisse non ut suam voluntatem faceret sed paternam. In testimonium autem nostre devotionis erga locum predictum sic a nobis dilectum et electum concepte, presentem literam Religiosis predictis dimittimus, nostris successoribus in posterum ostendendam. Data apud Cardros, undecimo die Maij, Anno Regni nostri vicesimo quarto."

If this charter be altogether genuine, and there is no appearance of forgery, it gives rise to a curious doubt in Scottish history. The letter announces, that the King had already destined his heart to be deposited at Melrose. The resolution to send it to Palestine, under the charge of Douglas, must have been adopted betwixt 11th May, 1329, the date of the letter, and 7th June of the same year, when the Bruce died; or else we must suppose that the commission of Douglas extended not only to taking the

Bruce's heart to Palestine, but to bring it safe back to its final place of deposit in the Abbey of Melrose.

It would not be worth inquiring by what caprice the author was induced to throw the incident of the Bruce's heart entirely out of the story, save merely to say, that he found himself unable to fill up the canvass he had sketched, and indisposed to prosecute the management of the supernatural machinery with which his plan, when it was first rough-hewn, was connected and combined.

**INTRODUCTION AND NOTES**

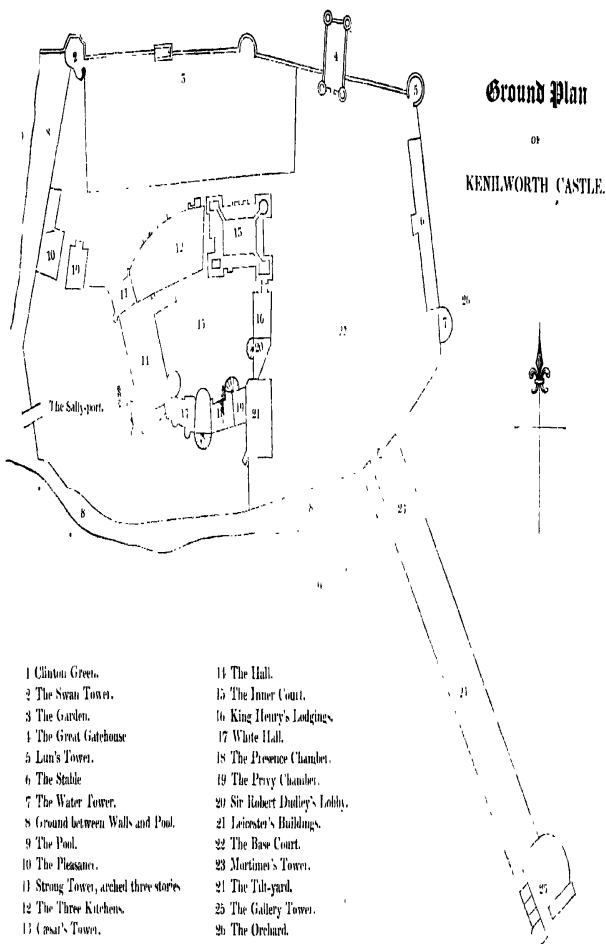
**TO**

**KENILWORTH.**









INTRODUCTION

TO

KENILWORTH.

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A CERTAIN degree of success, real or supposed, in the delineation of Queen Mary, naturally induced the Author to attempt something similar respecting "her sister and her foe," the celebrated Elizabeth. He will not, however, pretend to have approached the task with the same feelings; for the candid Robertson himself confesses having felt the prejudices with which a Scotsman is tempted to regard the subject; and what so liberal a historian avows, a poor romance writer dares not disown. But he hopes the influence of a prejudice, almost as natural to him as his native air, will not be found to have greatly affected the sketch he has attempted of England's Elizabeth. I have endeavoured to describe her as at once a

highminded sovereign, and a female of passionate feelings, hesitating betwixt the sense of her rank and the duty she owed to her subjects on the one hand, and on the other her attachment to a nobleman, who, in external qualifications at least, amply merited her favour. The interest of the story is thrown upon that period when the sudden death of the first Countess of Leicester, seemed to open to the ambition of her husband the opportunity of sharing the crown of his sovereign.

It is possible that slander, which very seldom favours the memories of persons in exalted stations, may have blackened the character of Leicester with darker shades than really belonged to it. But the almost general voice of the times attached the most foul suspicions to the death of the unfortunate Countess, more especially as it took place so very opportunely for the indulgence of her lover's ambition. If we can trust Ashmole's *Antiquities of Berkshire*, there was but too much ground for the traditions which charge Leicester with the murder of his wife. In the following extract of the passage, the reader will find the authority I had for the story of the Romance:—

“ At the west end of the church are the ruins of a manor, anciently belonging (as a

cell, or place of removal, as some report) to the monks of Abington. At the Dissolution, the said manor, or lordship, was conveyed to one — Owen, (I believe,) the possessor of Godstow then.

“ In the hall, over the chimney, I find Abington arms cut in stone, viz. a paton<sup>oe</sup> between four martlets; and also another escutcheon, viz. a lion rampant, and several mitres cut in stone about the house. There is also in the said house a chamber, called Dudley’s chamber, where the Earl of Leicester’s wife was murdered; of which this is the story following :

“ Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, a very goodly personage, and singularly well featured, being a great favourite to Queen Elizabeth, it was thought, and commonly reported, that had he been a bachelor or widower, the Queen would have made him her husband; to this end, to free himself of all obstacles, he commands, or perhaps with fair flattering entreaties desires, his wife to repose herself here at his servant Anthony Forster’s house, who then lived in the afore-said manor-house; and also prescribed to Sir Richard Varney, (a prompter to this design,) at his coming hither, that he should first attempt to poison her, and if that did not

take effect, then by any other way whatsoever to despatch her. This, it seems, was proved by the report of Dr Walter Bayly, some time fellow of New College, then living in Oxford, and professor of physic in that university; whom, because he would not consent to take away her life by poison, the Earl endeavoured to displace him the court. This man, it seems, reported for most certain, that there was a practice in Cumnor among the conspirators, to have poisoned this poor innocent lady, a little before she was killed, which was attempted after this manner:—They seeing the good lady sad and heavy, (as one that well knew, by her other handling, that her death was not far off,) began to persuade her that her present disease was abundance of melancholy and other humours, &c. and therefore would needs counsel her to take some potion, which she absolutely refusing to do, as still suspecting the worst: whereupon they sent a messenger on a day (unawares to her) for Dr Bayly, and entreated him to persuade her to take some little potion by his direction, and they would fetch the same at Oxford; meaning to have added something of their own for her comfort, as the doctor upon just cause and consideration did suspect, seeing their great importunity, and the small need

the lady had of physic, and therefore he, peremptorily denied their request; mis-doubting, (as he afterwards reported,) lest, if they had poisoned her under the name of his potion, he might after have been hanged for a colour of their sin, and the doctor remained still well assured, that this way, taking no effect, she would not long escape their violence, which afterwards happened thus. For Sir Richard Varney above-said, (the chief projector in this design,) who, by the Earl's order, remained that day of her death alone with her, with one man only and Forster, who had that day forcibly sent away all her servants from her to Abington market, about three miles distant from this place; they (I say, whether first stifling her, or else strangling her) afterwards flung her down a pair of stairs and broke her neck, using much violence upon her; but, however, though it was vulgarly reported that she by chance fell down stairs, (but still without hurting her hood that was upon her head,) yet the inhabitants will tell you there, that she was conveyed from her usual chamber where she lay, to another where the bed's head of the chamber stood close to a privy postern door, where they in the night came and stifled her in her bed, bruised her head very much, broke her neck, and at length

flung her down stairs, thereby believing the world would have thought it a mischance and so have blinded their villainy. But behold the mercy and justice of God in revenging and discovering this lady's murder ! For one of the persons that was a coadjutor in this murder, was afterwards taken for a felony in the marches of Wales, and offering to publish the manner of the aforesaid murder, was privately made away in the prison by the Earl's appointment ; and Sir Richard Varney, the other, dying about the same time in London, cried miserably, and blasphemed God, and said to a person of note, (who hath related the same to others since,) not long before his death, that all the devils in hell did tear him in pieces. Forster, likewise, after this fact, being a man formerly addicted to hospitality, company, mirth, and music, was afterwards observed to forsake all this, and, with much melancholy and pensiveness, (some say with madness,) pined and drooped away. The wife also of Bald Butter, kinsman to the Earl, gave out the whole fact a little before her death. Neither are these following passages to be forgotten, that as soon as ever she was murdered, they made great haste to bury her, before the coroner had given in his inquest, (which the Earl himself condemn-

as not done advisedly,) which her father, or Sir John Robertsett, (as I suppose,) hearing of, came with all speed hither, caused her corpse to be taken up, the coroner to sit upon her, and further inquiry to be made concerning this business to the full; but it was generally thought that the Earl stopped his mouth, and made up the business betwixt them; and the good Earl, to make plain to the world the great love he bare to her while alive, and what a grief the loss of so virtuous a lady was to his tender heart, caused (though the thing, by these and other means, was beaten into the heads of the principal men of the University of Oxford) her body to be re-buried in St Mary's Church in Oxford, with great pomp and solemnity. It is remarkable, when Dr Babington, the Earl's chaplain, did preach the funeral sermon, he tript once or twice in his speech, by recommending to their memories that virtuous lady so pitifully *murdered*, instead of saying pitifully slain. This Earl, after all his murders and poisonings, was himself poisoned by that which was prepared for others, (some say by his wife at Cornbury Lodge before mentioned,) though Baker in his Chronicle would have it at Killingworth, anno 1588."

ASHMOL's *Antiquities of Berkshire*, vol. i. p. 149. The tradition as to Leicester's death was thus



The same accusation has been adopted and circulated by the author of *Leicester's Commonwealth*, a satire written directly against the Earl of Leicester, which loaded him with the most horrid crimes, and, among the rest, with the murder of his first wife. It was alluded to in the *Yorkshire Tragedy*, a play erroneously ascribed to Shakespeare, where a baker, who determines to destroy all his family, throws his wife down stairs, with this allusion to the supposed murder of Leicester's lady, —

The only way to charm a woman's tongue  
Is, break her neck—a politician did it.

The reader will find I have borrowed several incidents as well as names from Ashmole, and the more early authorities; but my first acquaintance with the history was through the more pleasing medium of verse. There is a period in youth when the mere power of numbers has a more strong effect on ear and imagination, than in more

communicated by Ben Jonson to Drummond of Hawthornden — “The Earl of Leicester gave a bottle of liquor to his Lady, which he willed her to use in any faintness, which she, after his returne from court, not knowing it was poison, gave him, and so he died.” — BEN JONSON'S *Information to DRUMMOND of Hawthornden*, MS. — SIR ROBERT SIBBALD'S *Cop*”

advanced life. At this season of immature taste, the Author was greatly delighted with the poems of Mickle and Langhorn, poets who, though by no means deficient in the higher branches of their art, were eminent for their powers of verbal melody above most who have practised this department of poetry. One of those pieces of Mickle, which the Author was particularly pleased with, is a ballad, or rather a species of elegy, on the subject of Cumnor Hall, which, with others by the same author, were to be found in Evans's *Ancient Ballads*, (volume iv, page 130,) to which work Mickle made liberal contributions. The first stanza especially had a peculiar species of enchantment for the youthful ear of the Author, the force of which is not even now entirely spent; some others are sufficiently prosaic.

## CUMNOR HALL.

THE dew of summer night did fall ;  
The moon, sweet regent of the sky,  
Silver'd the walls of Cumnor Hall,  
And many an oak that grew thereby.

Now nought was heard beneath the skies.  
The sounds of busy life were still,  
Save an unhappy lady's sighs,  
That issued from that lonely pile.

"Leicester," she cried, "is this thy love  
That thou so oft has sworn to me,  
To leave me in this lonely grove,  
Immured in shameful privy?"

"No more thou com'st, with lover's speed,  
Thy once beloved bride to see;  
But be she alive, or be she dead,  
I fear, stern Earl, 's the same to thee.

"Not so the usage I received  
When happy in my father's hall;  
No faithless husband then me grieved,  
No chilling fears did me appal.

"I rose up with the cheerful morn,  
No lark more blithe, no flower more gay;  
And like the bird that haunts the thorn,  
So merrily sung the livelong day.

"If that my beauty is but small,  
Among court ladies all despised,  
Why didst thou rend it from that hall,  
Where, scornful Earl, it well was prized?"

"And when you first to me made suit,  
How fair I was you oft would say!  
And, proud of conquest, pluck'd the fruit,  
Then left the blossom to decay.

"Yes! now neglected and despised,  
The rose is pale, the lily's dead;  
But he that once their charms so prized,  
Is sure the cause those charms are fled."

" For know, when sick'ning grief doth prey,  
And tender love's repaid with scorn,  
The sweetest beauty will decay, —  
What floweret can endure the storm ?

" At court, I'm told, is beauty's throne,  
Where every lady's passing rare,  
That Eastern flowers, that shame the sun,  
Are not so glowing, not so fair.

" Then, Earl, why didst thou leave the beds  
Where roses and where lilies vie,  
To seek a primrose, whose pale shades  
Must sicken when those gauds are by ?

" 'Mong rural beauties I was one,  
Among the fields wild flowers are fair ;  
Some country swain might me have won,  
And thought my beauty passing rare.

" But, Leicester, (or I much am wrong,)  
Or 'tis not beauty lures thy vows ;  
Rather ambition's gilded crown  
Makes thee forget thy humble spouse.

" Then, Leicester, why, again I plead,  
(The injured surely may repine,)  
Why didst thou wed a country maid,  
When some fair princess might be thine ?

" Why didst thou praise my humble charms,  
And, oh ! then leave them to decay ?  
Why didst thou win me to thy arms,  
Then leave to mourn the livelong day ?

" The village maidens of the plain  
Salute me lowly as they go ;  
Envious they mark my silken train,  
Nor think a Countess can have wo.

" The simple nymphs ! they little know  
How far more happy's their estate ;  
To smile for joy than sigh for woe —  
To be content than to be great.

" How far less blest am I than them ?  
Daily to pine and waste with care !  
Like the poor plant, that, from its stem  
Divided, feels the chilling air.

" Nor, cruel Earl, can I enjoy  
The humble charms of solitude ;  
Your minions proud my peace destroy,  
By sullen frowns or pratings rude.

" Last night, as sad I chanced to stray,  
The village death-bell smote my ear ;  
They wink'd aside, and seem'd to say,  
' Countess, prepare, thy end is near !'

" And now, while happy peasants sleep,  
Here I sit lonely and forlorn ;  
No one to soothe me as I weep,  
Save Philomel on yonder thorn.

" My spirits flag — my hopes decay —  
Still that dread death-bell smites my ear  
And many a boding seems to say,  
' Countess, prepare, thy end is near !'

Thus sore and sad that lady grieved,  
In Cumnor Hall, so lone and drear,  
And many a heartfelt sigh she heaved,  
And let fall many a bitter tear.

And ere the dawn of day appear'd,  
In Cumnor Hall, so lone and drear,  
Full many a piercing scream was heard,  
And many a cry of mortal fear.

The death-bell thrice was heard to ring,  
An aerial voice was heard to call,  
And thrice the raven flapp'd its wing  
Around the towers of Cumnor Hall.

The mastiff howl'd at village door,  
\* The oaks were shatter'd on the green;  
Wo was the hour — for never more  
That hapless Countess e'er was seen !

And in that Manor now no more  
Is cheerful feast and sprightly ball;  
For ever since that dreary hour  
Have spirits haunted Cumnor Hall.

The village maids, with fearful glance,  
Avoid the ancient moss-grown wall;  
Nor ever lead the merry dance,  
Among the groves of Cumnor Hall.

Full many a traveller oft hath sigh'd,  
And pensive wept the Countess' fall,  
As wand'ring onwards they've espied  
The haunted towers of Cumnor Hall.

## NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

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### HISTORICAL ROMANCES. VOL. V.

#### KENILWORTH.

FOSTER, LAMBOURNE, AND THE BLACK BEAR.

CHAP. III. — P. 231-2.

If faith is to be put in epitaphs, Anthony Foster was something the very reverse of the character represented in the novel. Ashmole gives this description of his tomb. I copy from the *Antiquities of Berkshire*, vol. i. p. 143.

“ In the north wall of the chancel at Cumner Church, is a monument of gray marble, whercon, in brass plates, are engraved a man in armour, and his wife in the habit of her times, both kneeling before a bald-stoole, together with the figures of three sons, kneeling behind their mother. Under the figure of the man is this inscription :

ANTONIUS FORSTER, generis generosa propago,

Cumneræ Dominus, Bercheriensis erat.

Armiger, Armigero prognatus patre Ricardo,

Qui quondam Iphlethæ Salopiensis erat.

Quatuor ex isto fluxerunt stemmate nati,  
 Ex isto Antonius stemmate quartus erat.  
 Mentis sagax, animo picillens, corpore promptus;  
 Eloqui dulcis, ore discitus erat.  
 In factis probitas, fuit in sermone venustas,  
 In vultu gravitas, religione fides,  
 In patriam pietas, in egenos grati voluntas,  
 Accedunt reliquis annumeranda bonis  
 Si quod cuncta rapit, rapuit non omnia Lethum,  
 Si quod Mors rapuit, vivida fama dedit.

\* \* \* \*

" These verses following are writ at length two by two, in pruse of him

Arguit resonas Cithare pretendere chelidas  
 Novit, et Anon concipuisse Jydas.  
 Gaudet terre tunc is deligere plantis,  
 Et mira pulchris construere ante domos,  
 Composita varias hinc in formis loquelas  
 Doctus, et edocta scribere multi manu.

" The arms over it thus

Quart. { I. 3 *Hunter's Horns* stringed.  
 { II. 3 *Pennons* with their points upwards.

" The crest is a *Stag* couchant, vulnicated through the neck by a broad arrow, on his side is a *Mantlet* for a difference."

From this monumental inscription it appears, that Anthony Foster, instead of being a vulgar, low bred, puritanical churl, was in fact a gentleman of birth and consideration, distinguished for his skill in the arts of music and horticulture, as also in languages. In so far, therefore, the Anthony Foster of the romance has nothing but the name in common with the real individual. Put notwithstanding the charity, benevolence, and religious faith imputed by the monument of gray marble to its tenant, tradition, as well



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as secret history, name him as the active agent in the death of the Countess, and it is added, that from being a jovial and convivial gallant, as we may infer from some expressions in the epitaph, he sunk, after the fatal deed, into a man of gloomy and retired habits, whose looks and manners indicated that he suffered under the pressure of some atrocious secret.

The name of Lambourne is still known in the vicinity, and it is said some of the clan partake the habits, as well as name, of the Michael Lambourne of the romance. A man of this name lately murdered his wife, outdoing Michael in this respect, who only was concerned in the murder of the wife of another man.

I have only to add, that the jolly Black Bear has been restored to his predominance over bowl and bottle, in the village of Culnoi.

“BLIORI DUDMAN AND R. MHEAD MFT.”

P 244, l. 5.

Two headlands on the Cornish coast. The expressions are proverbial.

“THE BLAR BROOKS NO ONE TO CROSS HIS AWTUL PAIRH.”—P. 296, last line.

The Leicester cognizance was the ancient device adopted by his father, when Earl of Warwick,—the bear and ragged staff.

“NO PLACE BEYOND THE IINL”—P. 303, l. 25.

Sir Francis Drake, Morgan, and many a bold Buccaneer in those days, were, in fact, little better than pirates.

LINES, "*He was the flower of Stoke's red field,*" &c.  
P. 317.

This verse, or something similar, occurs in a long ballad, or poem, on Flodden-field, reprinted by the late Henry Weber.

LINES, "*Martin Swart and his men,*" &c.  
P. 317.

This verse of an old song *actually* occurs in an old play, where the singer boasts, —

Courteously I can both counter and knock  
Of Martin Swart and all his merry men.

LEGEND OF WAYLAND SMITH. — P. 390, l. 22.

The great defeat given by Alfred to the Danish invaders, is said, by Mr Gough, to have taken place near Ashdown, in Berkshire. "The burial place of **Baereg**, the Danish chief, who was slain in this fight, is distinguished by a parcel of stones, less than a mile from the hill, set on edge, enclosing a piece of ground somewhat raised. On the east side of the southern extremity, stand three squarish flat stones, of about four or five feet over either way, supporting a fourth, and now called by the vulgar **WAYLAND SMITH**, from an idle tradition about an invisible smith replacing lost horse-shoes there."—GOUGH'S *edition of CAMDEN'S Britannia*, vol. i. p. 221.

The popular belief still retains memory of this wild legend, which, connected as it is with the site of a Danish sepulchre, may have arisen from some legend concerning the northern Dwarfs, who resided in the rocks, and were cunning workers in steel and iron. It was believed that Wayland Smith's fee was

silence, and that, unlike other workmen, he was offended if more was offered. Of late his offices have again been called to memory; but fiction has in this, as in other cases, taken the liberty to pillage the stores of oral tradition. This monument must be very ancient, for it has been kindly pointed out to me that it is referred to in an ancient Saxon charter, as a landmark. The monument has been of late cleared out, and made considerably more conspicuous.

"THE TILL ORVIETAN" — P. 397, l. 20

Orvietan, or V nice treacle, as it was sometimes called, was understood to be a sovereign remedy against poison and the reader must be contented, for the time he peruses these pages, to hold the same opinion, which was once universally received by the learned as well as the vulgar.

"LEICESTER AND SUSSEX. — P. 400, l. 7  
from bottom.

Naunton gives us numerous and curious particulars of the jealous struggle which took place between Ratchef, Earl of Sussex, and the rising favourite Leicester. The former, when on his deathbed, predicted to his followers, that, after his death, the gipsy (so he called Leicester, from his dark complexion) would prove too many for them.

SIR WALTER RATHGIL — P. 404, l. 11.

Among the attendants and adherents of Sussex, we have ventured to introduce the celebrated Raleigh, in the dawn of his court favour.

In Aubrey's correspondence there are some curious particulars of Sir Walter Raleigh. "He was a tall handsome old man, but his name was, that he was

damnably proud. Old Sir Robert Harlcy of Brampton Brian Castle, who knew him, would say, it was a great question who was the proudest, Sir Walter, or Sir Thomas Overbūry; but the difference that was, was judged in Sir Thomas's side. In the great parlour at Downton, at Mr Raleigh's, is a good piece, an original of Sir Walter, in a white satin doublet, all embroidered with rich pearls, and a mighty rich chain of great pearls about his neck. The old servants have told me that the real pearls were near as big as the painted ones. He had a most remarkable aspect, an exceeding high forehead, long-faced, and four-eyelid." A rebus is added, to this purpose;

The enemy to the stomach, and the word of disgrace,  
Is the name of the gentleman with the bold face.

Sir Walter Raleigh's beard turned up naturally, which gave him an advantage over the gallants of the time, whose mustaches received a touch of the barber's art to give them the air then most admired. — See AUBREY'S *Correspondence*, vol. ii. part ii. p. 500.

## HISTORICAL ROMANCES. VOL. VI.

### KENILWORTH.

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COURT FAVOUR OF SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

P. 19, l. 24.

THE gallant incident of the cloak is the traditional account of this celebrated statesman's rise at court. None of Elizabeth's courtiers knew better than he how to make his court to her personal vanity, or could more justly estimate the quantity of flattery which she could condescend to swallow. Being confined in the Tower for some offence, and understanding the Queen was about to pass to Greenwich in her barge, he insisted on approaching the window, that he might see, at whatever distance, the Queen of his Affections, the most beautiful object which the earth bore on its surface. The Lieutenant of the Tower (his own particular friend) threw himself between his prisoner and the window; while Sir Walter, apparently influenced by a fit of unrestrainable passion, swore he would not be debarred from seeing his light, his life, his goddess! A scuffle ensued, *got up* for effect's sake, in which the Lieutenant and his captive grappled and struggled with fury, tore each other's hair, and at length drew

daggers, and were only separated by force. The Queen, being informed of this scene exhibited by her frantic adorer, it wrought, as was to be expected, much in favour of the captive Paladin. There is little doubt that this quarrel with the Lieutenant was entirely contrived for the purpose which it produced.

ROBERT LANEHAM — P. 57, l 9.

Little is known of Robert Laneham, save in his curious letter to a friend in London, giving in account of Queen Elizabeth's entertainments at Kenilworth, written in a style of the most intolerable affectation, both in point of composition and orthography. He describes himself as a *bon vivant*, who was wont to be jolly and dry in the morning, and by his good-will would be chiefly in the company of the ladies. He was, by the interest of Lord Leicester, Clerk of the Council Chamber door, and also keeper of the same. "When council sits," says he, "I am at hand. If any makes a bibbling, *Peace*, says I. If I see a listener or a pryer in at the chinks or lockhole, I am presently on the bones of him. If a friend comes, I make him sit down by me on a form or chest. The rest may walk, a God's name." There has been seldom a better portrait of the pragmatic conceit and self-importance of a small man in office.

SCOTTISH WILD CATTLE — P. 76, l 12.

A remnant of the wild cattle of Scotland are preserved at Chillingham Castle, near Wooler, in Northumberland, the seat of Lord Tankerville. They fly before strangers, but if disturbed and followed, they turn with fury on those who persist in annoying them.

## DR JULIO. — P. 94.

The Earl of Leicester's Italian physician, Julio, was affirmed, by his contemporaries to be a skilful compounder of poisons, which he applied with such frequency, that the Jesuit Parsons extols ironically the marvellous good luck of this great favourite in the opportune deaths of those who stood in the way of his wishes. There is a curious passage on the subject :

“ Long after this, he fell in love with the Lady Sheffield, whom I signified before, and then also had he the same fortune, to have her husband dye quickly, with an extreme rheume in his head, (as it was given out,) but as others say, of an artificiall catarre, that stopped his breath.

“ The like good chance had he in the death of my Lord of Essex, (as I have said before,) and that at a time most fortunate for his purpose ; for when he was coming home from Ireland, with intent to revenge himselfe upon my Lord of Leicester for begetting his wife with childe in his absence, (the childe was a daughter, and brought up by the Lady Shandoes, W. Knooles his wife,) my Lord of Leicester hearing thereof, wanted not a friend or two to accompany the deputy, as among other a couple of the Earle's own servants, Crompton, (if I misse not his name,) yeoman of his bottles, and Lloid his secretary, entertained afterward by my Lord of Leicester, and so he dyed in the way, of an extreme fluxe, caused by an Italian recipe, as all his friends are well assured, the maker whereof was a chyrurgeon (as it is beleevd) that then was newly come to my Lord from Italy, — a cunning man, and sure in operation, with whom, if the good luck had been sooner acquainted, and used

his help, she should not have needed to sit so pensive at home, and fearfull of her husband's former returne out of the same country.....

Neither must you marvelle though all these died in divers manner of outward diseases, for this is the excellency of the Italian art, for which this chyrurgian and Dr Julio were entertained so carefully, who can make a man dye in what manner or show of sickness you will—by whose instructions, no doubt; but his lordship is now cunning, especially adding also to these the counsell of his Doctor Bayly, a man also not a little studied (as he seemeth) in his art; for I heard him once myselfe, in a publique act in Oxford, and that in presence of my Lord of Leicester, (if I be not deceived,) maintain, that poyson might be so tempered and given as it should not appear presently, and yet should kill the party afterward, at what time should be appointed; which argument belike pleased well his lordship, and therefore was chosen to be discussed in his audience, if I be not deceived of his being that day present. So, though one dye of a flux, and another of a catarre, yet this importeth little to the matter, but sheweth rather the great cunning and skill of the artificer."—PORSON'S *Leicester's Commonwealth*, p. 23.

It is unnecessary to state the numerous reasons why the Earl is represented in the tale as being rather the dupe of villains, than the unprincipled author of their atrocities. In the latter capacity, which a part at least of his contemporaries imputed to him, he would have made a character too disgustingly wicked to be useful for the purposes of fiction.

I have only to add, that the union of the poisoner, the quacksalver, the alchymist, and the astrologer, in



the same person was familiar to the pretenders to the mystic sciences.

LENES, "*What stir, what turmoil have we for the nones,*" &c. — P. 245.

This is an imitation of Gascoigne's verses spoken by the Herculean porter, as mentioned in the text. The original may be found in the republication of the *Princely Pleasures of Kenilworth*, by the same author, in the *History of Kenilworth*, already quoted. Chiswick, 1821.

ELIZABETH AND LEICESTER. — P. 251, l. 3.

To justify what may be considered as a high-coloured picture, the author quotes the original of the courtly and shrewd Sir James Melville, being then Queen Mary's envoy at the Court of London.

"I was required," says Sir James, "to stay till I had seen him made Earl of Leicester, and Baron of Denbigh, with great solemnity; herself (Elizabeth) helping to put on his ceremonial, he sitting on his knees before her, keeping a great gravity and a discreet behaviour; but she could not refrain from putting her hand to his neck to kittle (*i. e.* tickle) him, smilingly, the French Ambassador and I standing beside her." — MELVILLE'S *Memoirs*, Bannatyne Edition, p. 120.

ELIZABETH. — "*I have read in some Italian rhymes.*" — P. 263, l. 19.

The incident alluded to occurs in the poem of *Orlando Innamorato* of Boiardo, libro ii. canto 4, stanza 25.

Non era per ventura, &c.

It may be rendered thus: —

As then, perchance, unguarded was the tower,  
 So enter'd free Anglanté's dauntless knight :  
 No monster and no giant guard the bower  
 In whose recess reclined the fairy light ;  
 Robed in a loose cymar of lily white,  
 And on her lap a sword of breadth and might,  
 In whose broad blade, as in a mirror bright,  
 Like maid that trimm'd her for a festal night,  
 The fairy deck'd her hair, and placed her coronet aright.

Elizabeth's attachment to the Italian school of poetry was singularly manifested on a well-known occasion. Her godson, Sir John Harrington, having offended her delicacy by translating some of the licentious passages of the *Orlando Furioso*, she imposed on him, as a penance, the task of rendering the *whole* poem into English.

FURNITURE OF KENILWORTH. — END OF CHAP.  
 XVIII. — P. 276.

In revising this work for the present edition, I have had the means of making some accurate additions to my attempt to describe the princely pleasures of Kenilworth, by the kindness of my friend William Hamper, Esq. who had the goodness to communicate to me an inventory of the furniture of Kenilworth in the days of the magnificent Earl of Leicester. I have adorned the text with some of the splendid articles mentioned in the inventory, but antiquaries, especially, will be desirous to see a more full specimen than the story leaves room for.

EXTRACTS FROM KENILWORTH INVENTORY,  
 A. D. 1584.

A Salte, ship-fashion, of the mother of perle,  
 garnished with silver and divers workes, warlike-

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ensignes, and ornaments, with xvj peeces of ordnance, whereof ij on wheles, two anckers on the foreparte, and on the stearne the image of Dame Fortune standing on a globe with a flag in her hand. Pois xxxij oz.

A gilt salte like a swann, mother of perle. Pois xxx oz. iij quarters.

A George on horseback, of wood, painted and gilt, with a case for knives in the taylor of the horse, and a case for oyster knives in the brest of the Dragon.

A green barge-cloth, embrother'd with white lions, and beares.

A perfuming pann, of silver. Pois xix oz.

In the halle. Tabells long and short, vj. Forms, long and short, xiiij.

### HANGINGS.

(These are minutely specified, and consisted of the following subjects, in tapestry, and gilt and red leather.)

Flowers, beasts, and pillars arched. Forest worke. Historie. Storye of Susanna, the Prodigal Childe, Saule, Tobie, Hercules, Lady Fame, Hawking and Hunting, Isebell, Judith and Holfornes, David, Abraham, Sampson, Hippolitus, Alexander the Great, Naaman the Assyrian, Jacob, &c.

### BEDSTEADS WITH THEIR FURNITURE.

(These are magnificent and numerous. I shall copy, *verbatim*, the description of what appears to have been one of the best.)

A bedstead of wallnut-tree, toppe fashion, the pillars redd and varnished, the ceelor, tester, and single vallance of crimson satin, paned with a broad border of bone lace of golde and silver. The tester

richlie embrothered with my Lo. armes in a garland of hoppes, roses, and pomegranetts, and lyned with buckerom. Fyve curteins of crimson sattin to the same bedsted, striped downe with a bone lace of gold and silver, garnished with buttons and loops of crimson silk and golde, containing xiiij bredths of sattin, and one yarde iij quarters deepe. The ceelor, vallance, and curteins lyned with crymson taffata sarsenet.

A crymson sattin counterpointe, quilted and emb. with a golde twiste, and lyned with redd sarsenet, being in length iij yards good, and in breadth iij scant.

A chaise of crymson sattin, suteable.

A fayre quilte of crymson sattin, vj bredths, iij yardes 3 quarters naile deepe, all lozenged over with silver twiste, in the midst a cinquefoile within a garland of ragged staves, fringed round aboute with a small fringe of crymson silke, lyned throughe with white fustain.

Fyve plumes of cooled feathers, garnished with bone lace and spangells of goulde and silver, standing in cups \* knitt all over with goulde, silver, and crymson silk.

A carpett for a cupboarde of crymson sattin, embrothered with a border of goulde twiste, about iij parts of it fringed with silk and goulde, lyned with bridges † sattin, in length ij yards, and ij bredths of sattin.

(There were eleven down beds and ninety feather beds, besides thirty-seven mattresses.)

\* Probably on the centie and four corners of the bedstead. Four bears and ragged staves occupied a similar position on another of these sumptuous pieces of furniture.

† i. e. Bridges

## CHAYRES, STOOLES, AND CUSHENS.

(These were equally splendid with the beds, &c. I shall here copy that which stands at the head of the list.)

A chaier of crimson velvet, the seate and backe partlie embrothered, with R. L. in cloth of goulde, the beare and ragged staffe in clothe of silver, garnished with lace and fringe of goulde, silver, and crimson silck. The frame covered with velvet, bounde aboute the edge with goulde lace, and studded with gilt nailes.

A square stoole and a foot stoole, of crimson velvet, fringed and garnished suteable.

A long cushion of crimson velvet, embr. with the ragged staffe in a wreath of goulde, with my Lo. posie "*Droyte et Loyall*" written in the same, and the letters R. L. in cloth of goulde, being garnished with lace, fringe, buttons, and tassels, of gold, silver, and crimson silck, lyned with crimson taff. being in length 1 yard quarter.

A square cushion, of the like velvet, embr. suteable to the long cushion.

## CARPETS.

(There were 10 velvet carpets for tables and windows, 49 Turkey carpets for floors, and 32 cloth carpets. One of each I will now specify.)

A carpett of crimson velvet, richly embr. with my Lo. posie, beares and ragged staves, &c. of cloth of goulde and silver, garnished upon the seames and aboute with golde lace, fringed accordinglie, lyned with crimson taffata sarsenett, being 3 breadths of velvet, one yard 3 quarters long.

A great Turquoy carpett, the ground blew, with

a list of yelloe at each end, being in length x yards, in bredthe iij yards and quarter.

A long carpett of blew clothe, lyned with bridges sattin, fringed with blew silck and goulde, in length vj yards lack a quarter, the whole bredthe of the clothe.

#### PICTURES.

(Chiefly described as having curtains.)

The Queenes Majestie, (2 great tables,) 3 c<sup>o</sup> my Lord. St Jerome. Lo. of Arundell. Lord Mathevers. Lord of Pembroke. Counte Egmond. The Queene of Scotts. King Philip. The Baker's Daughters. The Duke of Ferrara. Alexander Magnus. Two Yonge Ladies Pompe Sabina. Fried. D. of Saxony, Lmp Charles. K. Philip's Wife. Prince of Orange, and his Wife. Marq. of Bergea and his Wife. Counte de Horne. Count Holstrate. Monsr. Biederode. Duke Alva. Cardinal Grandville. Duches of Parma. Henrie E. of Pembroke and his young Countess. Countis of Essex. Occasion and Repentance. Lord Mowntacute. Sir Jas. Crofts. Sir Wi. Mildmay. Sir Wm. Pickering. Blain Abp. of York.

A tabell of an l storie of men, women, and children, molden in wax

A litle louding table of ebony, garnished with white bone, wherein are written verses with lres. of goulde.

A table of my Lord's armie.

Fyve of the planetts, painted in frames.

Twentic-three cards,\* or maps of countries.

INSTRUMENTS.

(I shall give two specimens.)

An instrument of organs, regalls, and virginalls, covered with crimson velvet, and garnished with goulde lace.

A fair pair of double virginalls.

CABONETTS.

A cabonett of crimson sattin, richlie embr. with a device of hunting the stagge, in goulde, silver and silck, with iij glasses in the topp thereof, xvj cupps of flowers made of goulde, silver, and silck, in a case of leather, lyned with grene sattin of bridges.

(Another of purple velvet. A desk of red leather.)

A CHESS BOARD of ebanic, with checkers of christall and other stones, layed with silver, garnished with beates and ragged staves, and cinque-foiles of silver. The xxxij men likewyse of chrystall, and other stones sett, the one sett in silver white, and other gilte, in a case gilded and lyned with green cotton.

(Another of bone and ebanic. A pair of tabells of bone.)

A GREAT BRASS CANDLISTICK to hang in the roofof the howse, verie fayer and curiouslye wrought with xxiiij branches, xij greater and xij of lesaer size, 6 iowlers, and ij wings for the spreade eagle, xxiiij socketts for candells, xij greater and xij of a lesser sorte, xxiiij sawcers, or candle-cupps, of like proportion to put under the socketts, iij images of men and threes of women, of brass, vey finely and artifice allie done.

These specimens of Leicester's magnificence may serve to assure the reader that it scarce lay in the power of a modern author to exaggerate the lavish style of expense displayed in the princely pleasures of Kenilworth.

**DEATH OF THE EARL OF LEICESTER.—P. 411, l. 21.**

In a curious manuscript copy of the information given by Ben Jonson to Drummond of Hawthornden, as abridged by Sir Robert Sibbald, Leicester's death is ascribed to poison administered as a cordial by his Countess, to whom he had given it, representing it to be a restorative in any faintness, in the hope that she herself might be cut off by using it. We have already quoted Jonson's account of this merited stroke of retribution in a note, p. 225 of Introduction to the present work. It may be here added, that the following satirical epitaph on Leicester occurs in Drummond's Collections, but is evidently not of his composition :

**EPITAPH ON THE ERLE OF LEICESTER.**

Here lies a valiant warriour,  
 Who never drew a sword ;  
 Here lies a noble courtier,  
 Who never kept his word ;  
 Here lies the Earle of Leicester,  
 Who govern'd the estates,  
 Whom the earth could never living love,  
 And the just Heaven now hates.





**INTRODUCTION AND NOTES**

**TO**

**THE PIRATE.**



## INTRODUCTION

TO

## THE PIRATE.



Quoth he, there was a ship.

**THIS** brief preface may begin like the tale of the **Ancient** Mariner, since it was on shipboard that the Author acquired a very moderate degree of local knowledge and information, both of people and scenery, which he has endeavoured to embody in the romance of the **Pirate**.

In the summer and autumn of 1814, the Author was invited to join a party of Commissioners for the Northern Lighthouse Service, who proposed making a voyage round the coast of Scotland, and through its various groups of islands, chiefly for the purpose of seeing the condition of the many lighthouses under their direction,—edifices so important, whether regarding them as

benevolent or political institutions. Among the commissioners who manage this important public concern, the sheriff of each county of Scotland which borders on the sea, holds ex-officio a place at the Board. These gentlemen act in every respect gratuitously, but have the use of an armed yacht, well found and fitted up, when they choose to visit the lighthouses. An excellent engineer, Mr Robert Stevenson, is attached to the Board, to afford the benefit of his professional advice. The Author accompanied this expedition as a guest : for Selkirkshire, though it calls him Sheriff, has not, like the kingdom of Bohemia in Corporal Trim's story, a seaport in its circuit, nor its magistrate, of course, any place at the Board of Commissioners,—a circumstance of little consequence where all were old and intimate friends bred to the same profession, and disposed to accommodate each other in every possible manner.

The nature of the important business which was the principal purpose of the voyage was connected with the amusement of visiting the leading objects of a traveller's curiosity ; for the wild cape, or formidable shelve, which requires to be marked out by a lighthouse, is generally at no great distance from the most magnificent scenery of rocks, caves, and billows. Our time, too, was at our own

disposal, and, as most of us were freshwater sailors, we could at any time make a fair wind out of a foul one, and run before the gale in quest of some object of curiosity which lay under our lee.

With these purposes of public utility and some personal amusement in view, we left the port of Leith on the 26th July, 1814, ran along the east coast of Scotland, viewing its different curiosities, stood over to Zetland and Orkney, where we were some time detained by the wonders of a country which displayed so much that was new to us; and having seen what was curious in the Ultima Thule of the ancients, where the sun hardly thought it worth while to go to bed, since his rising was at this season so early, we doubled the extreme northern termination of Scotland, and took a rapid survey of the Hebrides, where we found many kind friends. There, that our little expedition might not want the dignity of danger, we were favoured with a distant glimpse of what was said to be an American cruiser, and had opportunity to consider what a pretty figure we should have made had the voyage ended in our being carried captive to the United States. After visiting the romantic shores of Morven, and the vicinity of Oban, we made a run to the coast of Ireland, and visited the Giant's

Causeway, that we might compare it with Staffa, which we had surveyed in our course. At length, about the middle of September, we ended our voyage in the Clyde, at the port of Greenock.

And thus terminated our pleasant tour, to which our equipment gave unusual facilities, as the ship's company could form a strong boat's crew, independent of those who might be left on board the vessel, which permitted us the freedom to land wherever our curiosity carried us. Let me add, while reviewing for a moment a sunny portion of my life, that among the six or seven friends who performed this voyage together, some of them doubtless of different tastes and pursuits, and remaining for several weeks on board a small vessel, there never occurred the slightest dispute or disagreement, each seeming anxious to submit his own particular wishes to those of his friends. By this mutual accommodation all the purposes of our little expedition were obtained, while for a time we might have adopted the lines of Allan Cunningham's fine sea-song, —

The world of waters was our home,  
And merry men were we !

But sorrow mixes her memorials with the purest remembrances of pleasure. On returning from the voyage which had proved so

satisfactory, I found that fate had deprived her country most unexpectedly of a lady, qualified to adorn the high rank which she held, and who had long admitted me to a share of her friendship. The subsequent loss of one of those comrades who made up the party, and he the most intimate friend I had in the world, casts also its shade or recollections which, but for these embitterments, would be otherwise so pleasing.

I may here briefly observe, that my business in this voyage, so far as I could be said to have any, was to endeavour to discover some localities which might be useful in the "Lord of the Isles," a poem with which I was then threatening the public, and which was afterwards printed without attaining remarkable success. But as at the same time the anonymous novel of "Waverley" was making its way to popularity, I already augured the possibility of a second effort in this department of literature, and I saw much in the wild islands of the Orkneys and Zetland which I judged might be made in the highest degree interesting, should these isles ever become the scene of a narrative of fictitious events. I learned the history of Gow the pirate from an old sibyl, (the subject of a note, p. 268 of this volume,) whose principal subsistence was by a trade in favourable



winds, which she sold to mariners at Stromness. Nothing could be more interesting than the kindness and hospitality of the gentlemen of Zetland, which was to me the more affecting, as several of them had been friends and correspondents of my father.

I was induced to go a generation or two farther back, to find materials from which I might trace the features of the old Norwegian Udaller, the Scottish gentry having in general occupied the place of that primitive race, and their language and peculiarities of manner having entirely disappeared. The only difference now to be observed betwixt the gentry of these islands, and those of Scotland in general, is, that the wealth and property is more equally divided among our more northern countrymen; and that there exists among the resident proprietors no men of very great wealth, whose display of its luxuries might render the others discontented with their own lot. From the same cause of general equality of fortunes, and the cheapness of living, which is its natural consequence, I found the officers of a veteran regiment who had maintained the garrison at Fort Charlotte, in Lerwick, discomposed at the idea of being recalled from a country where their pay, however inadequate to the expenses of capital, was fully adequate to their wants;

and it was singular to hear natives of merry England herself regretting their approaching departure from the melancholy isles of the Ultima Thule.

Such are the trivial particulars attending the origin of that publication, which took place several years later than the agreeable journey from which it took its rise.

The state of manners which I have introduced in the Romance, was necessarily in a great degree imaginary, though founded in some measure on slight hints, which, shewing what was, seemed to give reasonable indication of what must once have been, the tone of the society in these sequestered but interesting islands.

In one respect I was judged somewhat hastily, perhaps, when the character of Norna was pronounced by the critics a mere copy of Meg Merrilees. That I had fallen short of what I wished and desired to express is unquestionable, otherwise my object could not have been so widely mistaken; nor can I yet think that any person who will take the trouble of reading the Pirate with some attention, can fail to trace in Norna,—the victim of remorse and insanity, and the dupe of her own imposture, her mind, too, flooded with all the wild literature and extravagant superstitions of the north,—something distinct from the Dumfriesshire gipsy, whose

pretensions to supernatural powers are not beyond those of a Norwood prophetess. The foundations of such a character may be perhaps traced, though it be too true that the necessary superstructure cannot have been raised upon them, otherwise these remarks would have been unnecessary. There is also great improbability in the statement of Norna's possessing power and opportunity to impress on others that belief in her supernatural gifts which distracted her own mind. Yet, amid a very credulous and ignorant population, it is astonishing what success may be attained by an impostor, who is, at the same time, an enthusiast. It is such as to remind us of the couplet which assures us that

*The pleasure is as great  
In being cheated as to cheat.*

Indeed, as I have observed elsewhere, the professed explanation of a tale, where appearances or incidents of a supernatural character are referred to natural causes, has often, in the winding up of the story, a degree of improbability almost equal to an absolute goblin narrative. Even the genius of Mrs Radcliffe could not always surmount this difficulty.

ABBOTSFORD, 1st May, 1831.

## NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

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### NOVELS AND ROMANCES. VOL. I.

#### THE PIRATE.

"THE BIT OF PLANTIE CRUIVE."—P. 19, l. 3.  
from bottom.

PATCH of ground for vegetables. The usual custom of the country permits any person, who has occasion for such a convenience, to select out of the unenclosed moorland a small patch, which he surrounds with a dry stone wall, and cultivates as a kail-yard, till he exhausts the soil with cropping, and then he deserts it, and encloses another. This liberty is so far from inferring an invasion of the right of proprietor and tenant, that the last degree of contempt is inferred of an avaricious man, when the Zetlander says he would not hold a *plantie cruive* of him.

EIGHT LISPUNDS OF BUTTER. — P. 20, first line.

A lispund is about thirty pounds English, and the value is averaged by Dr Edmonston at ten shillings sterling.

## THE BERSERKARS. — P. 25, l. 11.

The sagas of the Scalds are full of descriptions of these champions, and do not permit us to doubt that the Berserkars, so called from fighting without armour, used some physical means of working themselves into a frenzy, during which they possessed the strength and energy of madness. The Indian warriors are well known to do the same by dint of opium and bang.

## SAPHIRE GATHERER.—P. 28, l. 18.

Fatal accidents, however, sometimes occur. When I visited the Fair Isle in 1814, a poor lad of fourteen had been killed by a fall from the rocks about a fortnight before our arrival. The accident happened almost within sight of his mother, who was casting peats at no great distance. The body fell into the sea, and was seen no more. But the islanders account this an honourable mode of death; and as the children begin the practice of climbing very early, fewer accidents occur than might be expected.

## NORSE FRAGMENTS. — P. 31, first line.

Near the conclusion of this chapter, it is noticed that the old Norwegian sagas were preserved and often repeated by the fishermen of Orkney and Zetland, while that language was not yet quite forgotten. Mr Baikie of Tankerness, a most respectable inhabitant of Kirkwall, and an Orkney proprietor, assured me of the following curious fact:

A clergyman, who was not long deceased, remembered well when some remnants of the Norse were still spoken in the island called North Ronaldshaw.

When Gray's Ode, entitled the "Fatal Sisters,"

was first published, or at least first reached that remote island, the reverend gentleman had the well judged curiosity to read it to some of the old persons of the isle, as a poem which regarded the history of their own country. They listened with great attention to the preliminary stanzas, —

Now the storm begins to lour,  
Haste the loom of hell prepare,  
Iron sleet of arrowy shower  
Hurles in the darken'd air.

But when they had heard a verse or two more, they interrupted the reader, telling him they knew the song well in the Norse language, and had often sung it to him when he asked them for an old song. They called it the *Magicians*, or the *Enchantresses*. It would have been singular news to the elegant translator, when executing his version from the text of Bartholine, to have learned that the Norse original was still preserved by tradition in a remote corner of the British dominions. The circumstances will probably justify what is said in the text concerning the traditions of the inhabitants of those remote isles at the beginning of the eighteenth century.

Even yet, though the Norse language is entirely disused, except in so far as particular words and phrases are still retained, these fishers of the Ultima Thule are a generation much attached to these ancient legends. Of this the author learned a singular instance.

About twenty years ago, a missionary clergyman had taken the resolution of traversing those wild islands, where he supposed there might be a lack of religious instruction, which he believed himself capable of supplying. After being some days at

sea in an open boat, he arrived at North Ronaldshaw; where his appearance excited great speculation. He was a very little man, dark-complexioned, and from the fatigue he had sustained in removing from one island to another, appeared before them ill-dressed and unshaved; so that the inhabitants set him down as one of the Ancient Picts, or, as they call them with the usual strong guttural, Peghts. How they might have received the poor preacher in this character, was at least dubious; and the school-master of the parish, who had given quarters to the fatigued traveller, set off to consult with Mr S——, the able and ingenious engineer of the Scottish Lighthouse Service, who chanced to be on the island. As his skill and knowledge were in the highest repute, it was conceived that Mr S—— could decide at once whether the stranger was a Peght, or ought to be treated as such. Mr S—— was so good-natured as to attend the summons, with the view of rendering the preacher some service. The poor missionary, who had watched for three nights, was now fast asleep, little dreaming what odious suspicions were current respecting him. The inhabitants were assembled round the door. Mr S——, understanding the traveller's condition, declined disturbing him, upon which the islanders produced a pair of very little uncouth-looking boots, with prodigiously thick soles, and appealed to him whether it was possible such articles of raiment could belong to any one but a Peght. Mr S——, finding the prejudices of the natives so strong, was induced to enter the sleeping apartment of the traveller, and was surprised to recognize in the supposed Peght a person whom he had known in his worldly profession of an Edinburgh shopkeeper, before he had assumed his present vocation;

of course he was enabled to refute all suspicions of Pegatism.

MONSTERS OF THE NORTHERN SEAS. — P. 30, l. 11.

I have said, in the text, that the wondrous tales told by Pontoppidan, the Archbishop of Upsal, still find believers in the Northern Archipelago. It is in vain they are cancelled even in the later editions of Guthrie's Grammar, of which instructive work they used to form the chapter far most attractive to juvenile readers. But the same causes which probably gave birth to the legends concerning mermaids, sea-snakes, krakens, and other marvellous inhabitants of the Northern Ocean, are still afloat in those climates where they took their rise. They had their origin probably from the eagerness of curiosity manifested by our elegant poetess, Mrs Hemans:

What hidest thou in thy treasure-caves and clefts,  
Thou ever-sounding and mysterious Sea?

The additional mystic gloom which rests on these northern billows for half the year, joined to the imperfect glance obtained of occasional objects, encourage the timid or the fanciful to give way to imagination, and frequently to shape out a distinct story from some object half seen and imperfectly examined. Thus, some years since, a large object was observed in the beautiful Bay of Scalloway in Zetland, so much in vulgar opinion resembling the kraken, that though it might be distinguished for several days, if the exchange of darkness to twilight can be termed so, yet the hardy boatmen shuddered to approach it, for fear of being drawn down by the suction supposed to attend its sinking. It was probably the hull of some vessel which had foundered at sea.



The belief in mermaids, so fanciful and pleasing in itself, is ever and anon refreshed by a strange tale from the remote shores of some solitary islet.

The author heard a mariner of some reputation in his class vouch for having seen the celebrated sea-serpent. It appeared, so far as could be guessed, to be about a hundred feet long, with the wild mane and fiery eyes which old writers ascribe to the monster; but it is not unlikely the spectator might, in the doubtful light, be deceived by the appearance of a good Norway log floating on the waves. I have only to add, that the remains of an animal, supposed to belong to this latter species, were driven on shore in the Zetland Isles, within the recollection of man. Part of the bones were sent to London, and pronounced by Sir Joseph Banks to be those of a basking shark; yet it would seem that an animal so well known ought to have been immediately distinguished by the northern fishermen.

THE SCART. — P. 43, l. 2.

The cormorant; which may be seen frequently dashing in wild flight along the roosts and tides of Zetland, and yet more often drawn up in ranks on some ledge of rock, like a body of the Black Brunswickers in 1815.

TUSSER'S HUNDRED POINTS OF GOOD HUSBANDRY,—  
*"useful to others of his day, were never to himself  
 worth as many pennies."*—P. 58, l. 14.

This is admitted by the English agriculturist :—

My music since has been the plough,  
 Entangled with some care among;  
 The gain not great, the pain enough,  
 Hath made me sing another song.

**GOVERNMENT OF ZETLAND.**—P. 60, first line.

At the period supposed, the Earls of Morton held the islands of Orkney and Zetland, originally granted in 1643, confirmed in 1707, and rendered absolute in 1742. This gave the family much property and influence, which they usually exercised by factors named chamberlains. In 1766 this property was sold by the then Earl of Morton to Sir Lawrence Dundas, by whose son, Lord Dundas, it is now held.

**"I'LL TAKE THE BITTLE TO YOU."**—P. 85, l. 15.

The beetle with which the Scottish housewives used to perform the office of the modern mangle, by beating newly washed linen on a smooth stone for the purpose, called the beetling stone.

**THE CHAPMAN'S DROUTH.**—P. 93, l. 5.

The chapman's drouth, that is, the pedlar's thirst, is proverbial in Scotland, because these pedestrian traders were in the use of modestly asking only for a drink of water, when, in fact, they were desirous of food.

**"I WILL LEAVE UPON IT AT MY DEATH."**—P. 94, l. 3.

Test upon it, i. e. leave it in my will, a mode of bestowing charity, to which many are partial as well as the good dame in the text.

**AN ORAMUS TO SAINT RONALD.**—P. 94, l. 8.

Although the Zetlanders were early reconciled to the reformed faith, some ancient practices of Catholic superstition survived long among them. In very stormy weather, a fisher would vow an *oramus* to Saint Ronald, and acquitted himself of the obligation by

throwing a small piece of money in at the window of a ruinous chapel.

SALE OF WINDS. — P. 103, l. 5 from bottom.

The King of Sweden, the same Eric quoted by Mordaunt, "was," says Olus Magnus, "in his time held second to none in the magical art, and he was so familiar with the evil spirits whom he worshipped, that what way soever he turned his cap, the wind would presently blow that way. For this he was called Windycap." *Historia de Gentibus Septentrionalibus*. Roma, 1555. It is well known that the Laplanders drive a profitable trade in selling winds, but it is perhaps less notorious, that within these few years such a commodity might be purchased on British ground, where it was likely to be in great request. At the village of Stromness, on the Orkney main island, called Pomona, lived, in 1814, an aged dame, called Bessie Millic, who helped out her subsistence by selling favourable winds to mariners. He was a venturesome master of a vessel who left the roadstead of Stromness without paying his offering to propitiate Bessie Millic, her fee was extremely moderate, being exactly sixpence, for which, as she explained herself, she boiled her kettle, and gave the bark advantage of her prayers, for she disclaimed all unlawful arts. The wind thus petitioned for was sure, she said, to arrive, though occasionally the mariners had to wait some time for it. The woman's dwelling and appearance were not unbecoming her pretensions, her house, which was on the brow of the steep hill on which Stromness is founded, was only accessible by a series of dirty and precipitous lanes, and for exposure might have been the abode of *Eolus*, himself, in whose commodities the inhabitant

dealt. She herself was, as she told us, nearly one hundred years old, withered and dried up like a mummy. A clay-coloured kerchief, folded round her head, corresponded in colour to her corpse-like complexion. Two light blue eyes that gleamed with a lustre like that of insanity, an utterance of astonishing rapidity, a nose and chin that almost met together, and a ghastly expression of cunning, gave her the effect of Hecate. She remembered how the pirate, who had been a native of these islands, in which he closed his career, as mentioned in the preface. Such was Bessie Millie, to whom the mariners paid a sort of tribute, with a feeling betwixt jest and earnest.

#### REFUSANCE TO SAVE A DROWNING MAN.

P. 112, l. 10 from bottom.

It is remarkable, that in an archipelago where so many persons must be necessarily endangered by the waves, so strange and inhuman a maxim should have ingrafted itself upon the minds of a people otherwise kind, moral, and hospitable. But all with whom I have spoken agree, that it was almost general in the beginning of the eighteenth century, and was with difficulty weeded out by the sedulous instructions of the clergy, and the vigorous injunctions of the proprietors. There is little doubt it had been originally introduced as an excuse for suffering those who attempted to escape from the wreck to perish unassisted, so that, there being no survivor, she might be considered as lawful plunder. A story was told me, I hope an untrue one, that a vessel having got ashore among the breakers on one of the remote Zetland islands, five or six men, the whole or greater part of the unfortunate crew, endeavoured to land by

assistance of a hawser, which they had secured to a rock ; the inhabitants were assembled, and looked on with some uncertainty, till an old man said, " Sirs, if these men come ashore, the additional mouths will eat all the meal we have in store for winter ; and how are we to get more ? " A young fellow, moved with this argument, struck the rope asunder with his axe, and all the poor wretches were immersed among the breakers, and perished.

MAIR WRECKERS ERE WINTER. — P. 119, last line.

The ancient Zetlander looked upon the sea as the provider of his living, not only by the plenty produced by the fishings, but by the spoil of wrecks. Some particular islands have fallen off very considerably in their rent, since the commissioners of the lighthouses have ordered lights on the Isle of Sanda and the Pentland Skerries. A gentleman, familiar with those seas, expressed surprise at seeing the farmer of one of the isles in a boat with a pair of very old sails. " Had it been His will " — said the man, with an affected deference to Providence, very inconsistent with the sentiment of his speech — " Had it been *His* will that light had not been placed yonder, I would have had enough of new sails last winter."

ZETLAND CORN-MILLS. — P. 166, l. 7 from bottom.

There is certainly something very extraordinary to a stranger in Zetland corn-mills. They are of the smallest possible size ; the wheel which drives them is horizontal, and the cogs are turned diagonally to the water. The beam itself stands upright, and is inserted in a stone quern of the old-fashioned construction, which it turns round, and thus performs its duty. Had Robinson Crusoe ever been in Zetland,

he would have had no difficulty in contriving a machine for grinding corn in his desert island. These mills are thatched over in a little hovel, which has much the air of a pig-sty. There may be five hundred such mills on one island, not capable, any one of them, of grinding above a sackful of corn at a time.

KITCHEN. — P. 170, l. 2.

What is eat by way of relish to dry bread is called *kitchen* in Scotland, as cheese, dried fish, or the like relishing morsels.

"I WAS PRESSED," ANSWERED THE OLD TRITON, "TO SERVE UNDER MONTROSE." — P. 220, l. 14.

Montrose, in his last and ill-advised attempt to invade Scotland, augmented his small army of Danes and Scottish royalists, by some bands of raw troops hastily levied, or rather pressed into his service, in the Orkney and Zetland Isles, who, having little heart, either to the cause or manner of service, behaved but indifferently when they came into action.

SIR JOHN URRY. — P. 220, l. 5 from bottom.

Here, as afterwards remarked in the text, the Zetlander's memory deceived him grossly. Sir John Urry, a brave soldier of fortune, was at that time in Montrose's army, and made prisoner along with him. He had changed so often that the mistake is pardonable. After the action, he was executed by the Covenanters; and

Wind-changing Warwick then could change no more.

Strachan commanded the body by which Montrose was routed.

## THE SWORD DANCE.—P. 222, l. 8.

The Sword-Dance is celebrated in general terms by Olaus Magnus. He seems to have considered it as peculiar to the Norwegians, from whom it may have passed to the Orkney-men and Zetlanders, with other northern customs.

## “ OF THEIR DANCING IN ARMS.

“ Moreover, the northern Goths and Swedes had another sport to exercise youth withal, that they will dance and skip amongst naked swords and dangerous weapons. And this they do after the manner of masters of defence, as they are taught from their youth by skilful teachers, that dance before them, and sing to it. And this play is shewed especially about Shrovetide, called in Italian *Macchariarum*. For, before carnivals, all the youth dance for eight days together, holding their swords up, but within the scabbards, for three times turning about, and then they do it with their naked swords lifted up. After this, turning more moderately, taking the points and pummels one of the other, they change ranks, and place themselves in an triangular figure, and this they called *Rosam*, and presently they dissolve it by drawing back their swords and lifting them up, that upon every one's head there may be made a square Rosa, and then by a most numbly whisking their swords about collaterally, they quickly leap back, and end the sport, which they guide with pipes or songs, or both together, first by a more heavy, then by a more vehement, and lastly, by a most vehement dancing. But this speculation is scarce to be understood but by those who look on, how comely and decent it is, when at one word, or one commanding, the whole armed multitude is directed to fall to fight, and

clergymen may exercise themselves, and mingle themselves amongst others at this sport, because ~~it~~ <sup>it</sup> is all guided by most wise reason."

To the Primate's account of the sword-dance, I am able to add the words sung or chanted, on occasion of this dance, as it is still performed in Papa Stour, a remote island of Zetland, where alone the custom keeps its ground. It is, it will be observed by antiquaries, a species of play or mystery, in which the Seven Champions of Christendom make their appearance, as in the interlude presented in "All's Well that Ends Well." This dramatic curiosity was most kindly procured for my use by Dr Scott of Hazlar Hospital, son of my friend Mr Scott of Mcwbie, Zetland. Mr Hibbert has, in his Description of the Zetland Islands, given an account of the sword-dance, but somewhat less full than the following

"WORDS USED AS A INTRODUCTION TO THE SWORD DANCE, A DANISH OR NORWICIAN BALITT, COMPOSED SOME CENTURIES AGO, AND PRESERVED IN PAPA STOUR, ZETLAND.

PERSON DRAMATIC.\*

(Enter MAJOR, in the character of ST GEORGE)

Brave gentles all within this boor, †  
If ye delight in my sport,  
Come see me dance upon this floor,  
Which to you all shall yield comfort  
I her shall I dance in such a sort,  
As possible I may or can,  
You, minstrel men, ply me a Poire, ‡  
That I on this floor may prove a man.

(He bows, and dances *à la hère*.)

\* So placed in the old MS

† *Bom*, — so spelt, to accord with the vulgar pronunciation of the word *lower*

‡ *Poire*, — so spelt in the MS. The word is known as



Now have I danced with heart and hand,  
 Brave gentles all, as you may see,  
 For I have been tried in many a land,  
 As yet the truth can testify,  
 In England, Scotland, Ireland, France, Italy and  
 Spain.

Have I been tried with that good sword of steel.

(*Draws and flourishes* )

Yet I deny that ever a man did make me yield,  
 For in my body there is strength,  
 As by my manhood may be seen,  
 And I with that good sword of length  
 Have oftentimes in perils been,  
 And over champions I was king  
 And by the strength of this right hand,  
 Once on a day I kill'd fifteen,  
 And left them dead upon the land  
 Therefore, brave minstrel, do not care,  
 But play to me a lute most light,  
 That I no longer do I care,  
 But dance in all this gentles sight,  
 Although my strength makes you abased  
 Brave gentles all be not afraid,  
 For I am no six champion, with me, stand,  
 All by my music I have danced ( *He dances* )  
 Since I have danced, I think it best  
 To call my brethren in your sight,  
 That I may have a little rest,  
 And they may dance with all their might  
 With heart and hand as they are knights,  
 And shake their swords of steel so bright,  
 And shew their man strength on this floor,  
 I or we shall have another bout  
 Before we pass out of this door

indicating a piece of music on the lute pipe, to which ancient instrument, which is of Scandinavian origin, the sword-dance may have been originally composed

Therefore, brave minstrel, do not care  
To play to me a Poet most light,  
That I no longer do forbear,  
But dance in all these gentles' sight.

(*He dances, and then introduces his knights, as under* )

Stout James of Spain, both tried and stout,\*  
Thine acts are known full well indeed,  
And Champion Dennis, a French knight,  
Who stout and bold is to be seen,  
And David, a Welshman in horn,  
Who is come of nobly blood,  
And Patrick also, who blew the horn,  
An Irish knight, amongst the wood,  
Of Italy, brave Anthony the good,  
And Andrew of Scotland King,  
St George of England, brave indeed,  
Who to the Jews wrought muckle tinte †  
Away with this! — Let us come to sport,  
Since that ye have a mind to war,  
Since that ye have this bugun sought,  
Come let us fight and do not fear  
Therefore, brave minstrel, do not care  
To play to me a Poet most light,  
That I no longer do forbear,  
But dance in all these gentles' sight

(*He dances, and advances to JAMES of Spain* )

Stout James of Spain both tried and stout,  
Thine acts are known full well indeed,  
Present thyself within our sight,  
Without either fear or dread  
Count not for favour or for feud,  
Since of thy acts thou hast been sure,  
Brave James of Spain, I will thee lead,  
To prove thy manhood on this floor

(*JAMES dances* )

Brave champion Dennis, a French knight,  
Who stout and bold is to be seen,

\* Stout, great

† Muckle tinte, much loss or harm so in MS.

Present thyself here in our sight,  
 Thou brave French knight,  
 Who bold hast been ;  
 Since thou such valiant acts hast done,  
 Come let us see some of them now  
 With courtesy, thou brave French knight,  
 Draw out thy sword of noble hue.  
 (*DAVID dances, while the others retire to a side.*)  
 Brave David a bow must string, and with awe  
 Set up a wand upon a stand,  
 And that brave David will cleave in twa.

(*DAVID dances solus.*)

Here is, I think, an Irish knight,  
 Who does not fear, or does not fight,  
 To prove thyself a valiant man,  
 As thou hast done full often bright ;  
 Brave Patrick, dance, if that thou can.

(*He dances.*)

Thou stout Italian, come thou here ;  
 Thy name is Anthony, most stout ;  
 Draw out thy sword that is most clear,  
 And do thou fight without any doubt ;  
 Thy leg thou shake, thy neck thou lout,†  
 And shew some courtesy on this floor,  
 For we shall have another bout,  
 Before we pass out of this boor.  
 Thou kindly Scotsman, come thou here ;  
 Thy name is Andrew of Fair Scotland ;  
 Draw out thy sword that is most clear,  
 Fight for thy king with thy right hand ;  
 And aye as long as thou canst stand,  
 Fight for thy king with all thy heart ;  
 And then, for to confirm his band,  
 Make all his enemies for to smart. — (*He dances.*)

(*Music begins.*)

\* Something is evidently amiss or omitted here. David probably exhibited some feat of archery.

† *Lout* to bend or bow down, pronounced *lout* and *do*.

## FIGURE.

"The six stand in rank with their swords reclining on their shoulders. The master (St George) dances, and then strikes the sword of James of Spain, who follows George, then dances, strikes the sword of Dennis, who follows behind James. In like manner the rest—the music playing—swords as before. After the six are brought out of rank, they and the master form a circle, and hold the swords point and hilt. This circle is danced round twice. The whole, headed by the master, pass under the swords held in a vaulted manner. They jump over the swords. This naturally places the swords across, which they disentangle by passing under their right sword. They take up the seven swords, and form a circle, in which they dance round.

"The master runs under the sword opposite, which he jumps over backwards. The others do the same. He then passes under the right-hand sword, which the others follow, in which position they dance, until commanded by the master, when they form into a circle, and dance round as before. They then jump over the right-hand sword, by which means, their backs are to the circle, and their hands across their backs. They dance round in that form until the master calls 'Loose,' when they pass under the right sword, and are in a perfect circle.

"The master lays down his sword, and lays hold of the point of James's sword. He then turns himself, James, and the others, into a clew. When so formed, he passes under out of the midst of the circle; the others follow, they vault as before. After several other evolutions, they throw themselves into a circle, with their arms across the breast. They

~~Figure, — no spelt in MS.~~

afterwards form such figures as to form a shield of their swords, and the shield is so compact that the master and his knights dance alternately with this shield upon their heads. It is then laid down upon the floor. Each knight lays hold of their former points and hilts with their hands across, which disentangle by figures directly contrary to those that formed the shield. This finishes the ballet.

“EPILOGUE.

Mars does rule, he bends his brows,  
He makes us all agast ;\*  
After the few hours that we stay here  
Venus will rule at last.

Farewell, farewell, brave gentles all,  
That herein do remain,  
I wish you health and happiness,  
Till we return again.

*Exeunt.*”

The manuscript from which the above was copied was transcribed from *a very old one*, by Mr William Henderson, Jun. of Papa Stour, in Zetland. Mr Henderson's copy is not dated, but bears his own signature, and, from various circumstances, it is known to have been written about the year 1788.

THE DWARFIE STONE. — P. 282, l. 9.

This is one of the wonders of the Orkney Islands, though it has been rather undervalued by their late historian, Mr Barry. The island of Hoy rises abruptly, starting as it were out of the sea, which is contrary to the gentle and flat character of the other Isles of Orkney. It consists of ~~a~~ mountain, ~~having~~ different eminences, or peaks. ~~It is very steep,~~

*Agast*, — so ~~spelt in MS.~~

furrowed with ravines, and placed so as to catch the mists of the Western Ocean, and has a noble and picturesque effect from all points of view. The highest peak is divided from another eminence, called the Waid-hill, by a long swampy valley full of peat-bogs. Upon the slope of this last hill, and just where the principal mountain of Hoy opens in a hollow swamp, or corrie, lies what is called the Dwarfic Stone. It is a great fragment of sandstone, composing one solid mass, which has long since been detached from a belt of the same materials, cresting the eminence above the spot where it now lies, and which has slid down till it reached its present situation. The rock is about seven feet high, twenty-two feet long, and seventeen feet broad. The upper end of it is hollowed by iron tools, of which the marks are evident, into a sort of apartment, containing two beds of stone, with a passage between them. The uppermost and largest bed is five feet eight inches long, by two feet broad, which was supposed to be used by the dwarf himself; the lower couch is shorter, and rounded off, instead of being squared at the corners. There is an entrance of about three feet and a half square, and a stone lies before it calculated to fit the opening. A sort of skylight window gives light to the apartment. We can only guess at the purpose of this monument, and different ideas have been suggested. Some have supposed it the work of some travelling mason; but the *cui bono* would remain to be accounted for. The Rev. Mr Barry conjectures it to be a hermit's cell; but it displays no symbol of Christianity, and the door opens to the westward. The Orcadian traditions allege the work to be that of a dwarf, to whom they ascribe supernatural powers, and a malevolent disposition.

the attributes of that race in Norse mythology. Whoever inhabited this singular den certainly enjoyed

Pillow cold, and sheets not warm.

I observed, that commencing just opposite to the Dwarfie Stone, and extending in a line to the sea-beach, there are a number of small barrows, or cairns, which seem to connect the stone with a very large cairn where we landed. This curious monument may therefore have been intended as a temple of some kind to the Northern Dii Manes, to which the cairns might direct worshippers.

CARBUNCLE ON THE WARD-HILL. — P. 283, l. 14.

“At the west end of this stone, (*i. e.* the Dwarf Stone,) stands an exceeding high mountain of a steep ascent, called the Ward-hill of Hoy, near the top of which, in the months of May, June, and July, about midnight, is seen something that shines and sparkles admirably, and which is often seen a great way off. It hath shined more brightly before than it does now, and though many have climbed up the hill, and attempted to search for it, yet they could find nothing. The vulgar talk of it as some enchanting carbuncle, but I take it rather to be some water sliding down the face of a smooth rock, which, when the sun at such a time shines upon, the reflection causeth the admirable splendour.” — DR WALLACE'S *Description of the Islands of Orkney*, 12mo, 1700, p. 52.

CRUELTY TO THE DOG-FISH. — P. 291, l. 21.

This cruelty is practised by some fishermen, out of a vindictive hatred to these ravenous fishes.

" I HATE ALL SPANIARDS SINCE THEY CAME HERE  
AND LEFT THE FAIR ISLE MEN OF THEIR VIVERS  
IN 1558 " — P. 315, l. 3

The Admiral of the Spanish Armada was wrecked on the Fair Isle, half-way betwixt the Orkney and Zetland archipelago. The Duke of Medina Sidonia landed with some of his people, and pillaged the islanders of their winter stores. These strangers are remembered as having remained on the island by force, and on bad terms with the inhabitants, till spring returned, when they effected their escape.

OLD GAI DRAGON — P. 318, l. 5.

*Galdra-Kinna*, — the Norse for a sorceress.

#### FORTUNE-TELLING RHYMS. CHAP. XXI.

P. 304—20.

The author has in the preceding chapter supposed that a very ancient northern custom, used by those who were accounted soothsaying women, might have survived, though in jest rather than earnest, among the Zetlanders, their descendants. The following original account of such a scene will shew the ancient importance and consequence of such a prophetic character as was assumed by Norna —

" They lived in the same territory (Greenland) a woman named Thorbiorg, who was a prophetess, and called the little Vola, (or fatal sister,) the only one of nine sisters who survived. Thorbiorg during the winter used to frequent the festivities of the season, invited by those who were desirous of learning their ~~own~~ fortune, and the future events which impended. Torquil being a man of consequence in the country, it fell to his lot to inquire how long the



dearth was to endure with which the country was then afflicted; he therefore invited the propheticess to his house, having made liberal preparation, as was the custom, for receiving a guest of such consequence. The seat of the soothsayer was placed in an eminent situation, and covered with pillows filled with the softest eider down. In the evening she arrived, together with a person who had been sent to meet her, and shew her the way to Torquil's habitation. She was attired as follows: She had a sky-blue tunick, having the front ornamented with gems from the top to the bottom, and wore around her throat a necklace of glass beads.\* Her head-gear was of black lambskin, the lining being the fur of a white wild-cat. She leant on a staff, having a ball at the top.† The staff was ornamented with brass, and the ball, or globe, with gems or pebbles. She wore a Hunland (or Hungarian) girdle, to which was attached a large pouch, in which she kept her magical implements. Her shoes were of sealskin, dressed with the hair outside, and secured by long and thick straps, fastened by brazen clasps. She wore gloves of the wild-cat's skin, with the fur inmost. As this venerable person entered the hall, all saluted her with due respect; but she only returned the compliments of such as were agreeable to her. Torquil conducted her with reverence to the seat prepared for her, and requested she would purify the apartment and company assembled, by casting her eyes over them. She was by no means sparing of her words. The table being at length covered, such viands were placed before Thorbiorga

We may suppose the beads to have been of the potent alderstone, to which so many virtues were ascribed. Like those anciently borne by porters at the gates of distinguished persons, as a badge of office.

as suited her character of a soothsayer. These were, a preparation of goat's milk, and a mess composed of the hearts of various animals; the prophetess made use of a brazen spoon, and a pointless knife, the handle of which was composed of a whale's tooth, and ornamented with two rings of brass. The table being removed, Thorbiorg addressed Thorbiorga, requesting her opinion of his house and guests, at the same time intimating the subjects on which he and the company were desirous to consult her.

"Thorbiorg replied, it was impossible for her to answer their inquiries until she had slept a night under his roof. The next morning, therefore, the magical apparatus necessary for her purpose was prepared, and she then inquired, as a necessary part of the ceremony, whether there was any female present who could sing a magical song called '*Vardlokur*.' When no songstress such as she desired could be found, Gudrida, the daughter of Torquil, replied, 'I am no sorceress or soothsayer, but my nurse, Haldisa, taught me, when in Iceland, a song called *Vardlokur*.' — 'Then thou knowest more than I was aware of,' said Torquil. 'But as I am a Christian,' continued Gudrida, 'I consider these rites as matters which it is unlawful to promote, and the song itself is unlawful.' — 'Nevertheless, answered the soothsayer, 'thou mayst help us in this matter without any harm to thy religion, since the task will remain with Torquil to provide every thing necessary for the present purpose.' Torquil also earnestly entreated Gudrida, till she consented to grant his request. The females then surrounded Thorbiorga, who took her place on a sort of elevated stage, Gudrida then sung the magic song, with a voice so sweet and tuneful, as to excel any thing that had been heard by any present. The

soothsayer, delighted with the melody, returned thanks to the singer, and then said, ' Much I have now learned of dearth and disease approaching the country, and many things are now clear to me which before were hidden as well from me as others. Our present dearth of substance shall not long endure for the present, and plenty will in the spring succeed to scarcity. The contagious diseases also, with which the country has been for some time afflicted, will in a short time take their departure. To thee, Gudrida, I can, in recompense for thy assistance on this occasion, announce a fortune of higher import than any one could have conjectured. You shall be married to a man of name here in Greenland; but you shall not long enjoy that union, for your fate recalls you to Iceland, where you shall become the mother of a numerous and honourable family, which shall be enlightened by a luminous ray of good fortune. So, my daughter, wishing thee health, I bid thee farewell.' The prophetess, having afterwards given answers to all queries which were put to her, either by Torquil or his guests, departed to shew her skill at another festival, to which she had been invited for that purpose. But all which she had presaged, either concerning the public or individuals, came truly to pass."

The above narrative is taken from the Saga of Erick Randa, as quoted by the learned Bartholine in his curious work. He mentions similar instances, particularly of one Heida, celebrated for her predictions, who attended festivals for the purpose, as a modern Scotsman might say, of *spacing* fortunes, with a gallant *tail*, or retinue, of thirty male and fifteen female attendants. — See *De Causis Contemptæ æternis adhuc gentilibus Mortis*, lib. III. cap. 4.

## PROMISE OF ODIN — P 333, l. 20.

Although the father of Scandinavian mythology has been, as a deity, long forgotten in the archipelago, which was once a very small part of his realm, yet even at this day his name continues to be occasionally attested as security for a promise.

It is curious to observe, that the rites with which such attestations are still made in Orkney, correspond to those of the ancient Northmen. It appears from several authorities, that in the Norse ritual, when an oath was imposed, he by whom it was pledged, passed his hand, while pronouncing it, through a massive ring of silver kept for that purpose \*. In like manner, two persons, generally lovers, desirous to take the promise of Odin, which they considered as peculiarly binding, joined hands through a circular hole in a sacrificial stone, which lies in the Orcadian Stonehenge, called the Circle of Stenm, of which we shall speak more hereafter. The ceremony is now confined to the troth-plighting of the lower classes, but at an earlier period may be supposed to have influenced a character like Minna in the higher ranks.

## HAUNTED ISLES — P 335—7

An elder brother, now no more, who was educated in the navy, and had been a midshipman in Rodney's squadron in the West Indies, used to astonish the author's boyhood with tales of those haunted islets. On one of them called, I believe, Coffin-key, the seamen positively refused to pass the night, and came off every evening while they were engaged in completing the watering of the vessel returning the following sunrise.

See the Fyris-ggia Saga

LINES, "*Farewell ! farewell ! ' the voice you hear,*" &c.  
P 346-7

I cannot suppress the pride of saying, that these lines have been beautifully set to original music, by Mrs Arkwright, of Derbyshire.

"A LINE OF VIRGIL, TURNED UP CASTLY, WAS RECEIVED IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY, AND IN THE COURT OF ENGLAND, AS AN IMITATION OF FUTURE LINES — P 350, 18

The celebrated Sortes Virgilianæ were resorted to by Charles I. and his courtiers, as a mode of prying into futurity

MOTTO CHAP XXVI p 352

"*Not langer she wept — her tears were all spent,* &c.

It is worth while saying, that this motto, and the ascription of the beautiful ballad from which it is taken to the Right Honourable Lady Ann Lindsay, occasioned the anonymous authoress's acknowledgment of the ballad, of which the Editor, by her permission, published a small impression, inscribed to the Banatync Club

## NOVELS AND ROMANCES. VOL. II.

### THE PIRATE

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#### THE PICTISH BURG — P 3-5

THE Pictish Burg, a fort which Nornia is supposed to have converted into her dwelling-house, has been fully described in the Notes upon *Ivanhoe*, p. 106 of the present volume. An account of the celebrated Castle of Mousais there given, to afford an opportunity of comparing it with the Saxon Castle of Coningsburgh. It should, however, have been mentioned, that the Castle of Mousa underwent considerable repairs at a comparatively recent period. Accordingly, Torfaus assures us, that even this ancient pigeon-house, composed of dry stones, was fortification enough, not indeed to hold out a ten years' siege, like Troy in similar circumstances, but to wear out the patience of the besiegers. Erlend, the son of Harold the Godspoken, had carried off a beautiful woman, the mother of a Norwegian earl, also called Harold, and sheltered himself with his fair prize in the Castle of Mousa. Earl Harold followed with an army, and finding the place too strong for assault, endeavoured to reduce it by famine, but such was

the length of the siege, that the offended Earl found it necessary to listen to a treaty of accommodation, and agreed that his mother's honour should be restored by marriage. This transaction took place in the beginning of the thirteenth century, in the reign of William the Lion of Scotland.\* It is probable that the improvements adopted by Erland on this occasion, were those which finished the parapet of the castle, by making it project outwards, so that the tower of Mousa rather resembles the figure of a dice-box, whereas others of the same kind have the form of a truncated cone. It is easy to see how the projection of the highest parapet would render the defence more easy and effectual.

PETER MACRAW, THE OLD PIPER OF STORNOWAY.  
P. 13, l. 18.

The MacRaws were followers of the MacKenzies, whose chief has the name of Caberfae, or Buckshead, from the cognizance borne on his standards. Unquestionably the worthy piper trained the seal on the same principle of respect to the clan term which I have heard has been taught to dogs, who, unused to any other air, dance after their fashion to the tune of Caberfae.

NOTE, END OF CHAP. II. — P. 24.

The spells described in this chapter are not altogether imaginary. By this mode of pouring lead into water, and selecting the part which chanced to assume a resemblance to the human heart, which must be worn by the patient around her or his neck, the sage persons of Zetland pretend to cure the fatal disorder called the loss of a heart.

\* See *Torfae Orcadus*, p. 131.

INTERPOLATED PASSAGE. — P. 38, l. 6  
from bottom.—AFTER,

"*Jokul, jokul!*" \* was Laurence's joyful answer ; and he hastened for the basket.

"By the bicker of Saint Magnus !" † said Halero, "and the burliest Bishop that ever quaffed it for luck's sake, there is no finding your locker empty, Magnus ! I believe sincerely, that, ere a fire d wanted, you could, like old Luggie the warlock, fish up boiled and roasted out of the pool of Kibster." ‡

"You are wrong there, Jarto Claud," said Magnus Troil, "for far from helping me to a supper, the foul fiend, I believe, has carried off great part of mine this blessed evening, but you are welcome to share and share of what is left." This was said while the party entered the hut.

\* *Jokul*, — yes, sir, a Norse expression still in common use.

† The Bicker of Saint Magnus, a vessel of enormous dimensions, was preserved at Kirkwall, and presented to each bishop of the Orkneys. If the new incumbent was able to quaff it out at one draught, which was a task for the Hercule or Rorie Mhoi of Dunvegan, the omen boded a crop of unusual fertility.

‡ Luggie, a famous conjurer, was wont, when storms prevented him from going to his usual employment of fishing, to angle over a steep rock, at the place called, from his name, Luggie's Knoll. At other times he drew up dressed food while they were out at sea, of which his comrades partook boldly from natural courage, without caring who stood cook. The poor man was finally condemned and burnt at Scalloway.



**ANTIQUÉ COINS FOUND IN ZETLAND.—P. 42, l. 12.**

While these sheets were passing through the press, I received a letter from an honourable and learned friend, containing the following passage, relating to a discovery in Zetland :—" Within a few weeks, the workmen taking up the foundation of an old wall, came on a hearth-stone, under which they found a horn, surrounded with massive silver rings, like bracelets, and filled with coins of the Heptarchy, in perfect preservation. The place of finding is within a very short distance of the [supposed] residence of Norna of the Fitful-head."—Thus one of the very improbable fictions of the tale is verified by a singular coincidence.

**ORANLY GROUSE.—P. 60, l. 18.**

It is very curious that the grouse, plenty in Orkney as the text declares, should be totally unknown in the neighbouring archipelago of Zetland, which is only about sixty miles distance, with the Fair Isle as a step between.

**CHARACTER OF NORNA. — P. 92, l. 9.**

The character of Norna is meant to be an instance of that singular kind of insanity, during which the patient, while she or he retains much subtlety and address for the power of imposing upon others, is still more ingenious in endeavouring to impose upon themselves. Indeed, maniacs of this kind may be often observed to possess a sort of double character, in one of which they are the being whom their distempered imagination shapes out, and in the other, the ~~known~~ own natural self, as seen to exist by other

people. This species of double consciousness makes wild work with the patient's imagination, and, judiciously used, is perhaps a frequent means of restoring sanity of intellect. Exterior circumstances striking the senses, often have a powerful effect in undermining or battering the airy castles which the disorder has excited.

A late medical gentleman, my particular friend, told me the case of a lunatic patient confined in the Edinburgh Infirmary. He was so far happy that his mental alienation was of a gay and pleasant character, giving a kind of joyous explanation to all that came in contact with him. He considered the large house, numerous servants, &c. of the hospital, as all matters of state and consequence belonging to his own personal establishment, and had no doubt of his own wealth and grandeur. One thing alone puzzled this man of wealth. Although he was provided with a first-rate cook and proper assistants, although his table was regularly supplied with every delicacy of the season, yet he confessed to my friend, that by some uncommon depravity of the palate, every thing which he ate *tasted of porridge*. This peculiarity, of course, arose from the poor man being fed upon nothing else, and because his stomach was not so easily deceived as his other senses.

#### BIRDS OF PREY. — P. 94, l. 13.

So favourable a retreat does the island of Hoy afford for birds of prey, that instances of their ravages, which seldom occur in other parts of the country, are not unusual there. An individual was living in Orkney not long since, whom, while a child in its swaddling clothes, an eagle actually transported to

its nest in the bill of Hoy. Happily the covey being known, and the bird instantly pursued, the child was found unharmed, playing with the young eagles. A story of a more ludicrous transportation was told me by the reverend clergyman who is minister of the island. Hearing one day a strange grunting, he suspected his servants had permitted a sow and pigs, which were tenants of his farm-yard, to get among his barley crop. Having in vain looked for the transgressors upon solid earth, he at length cast his eyes upward, when he discovered one of the litter in the talons of a large eagle, which was soaring away with the unfortunate pig (squeaking all the while with terror) towards her nest in the cleft of Hoy.

"I FIRED OFF HIS PISTOL UNDER THE TABLE

P 100, l 2 from bottom

This was really an exploit of the celebrated Avery the pirate, who suddenly, and without provocation, fired his pistols under the table where he sat drinking with his messmates, wounded one man severely, and thought the matter a good jest. What is still more extraordinary, his crew regarded it in the same light.

THE STANDING STONES OF STENNIS — P 168, l 25.

The Standing Stones of Stennis, as by a little pleonasm this remarkable monument is termed, furnishes an irresistible refutation of the opinion of such antiquaries as hold that the circles usually called Druids, were peculiar to that race of priests. There is every reason to believe, that the custom was as prevalent in Scandinavia as in Gaul or Britain.

as common to the mythology of Odin as to Druidical superstition. There is even reason to think, that the Druids never occupied any part of the Orkneys, and tradition, as well as history, ascribes the Stones of Stennis to the Scandinavians. Two large sheets of water, communicating with the sea, are connected by a causeway, with openings permitting the tide to rise and recede, which is called the Bridge of Broisgar. Upon the eastern tongue of land appear the Standing Stones, arranged in the form of a half circle, or rather a horse-shoe, the height of the pillars being fifteen feet and upwards. Within this circle lies a stone, probably sacrificial. One of the pillars, a little to the westward, is perforated with a circular hole, through which loving couples are wont to join hands when they take the *Promise of Odin*, as has been repeatedly mentioned in the text. The enclosure is surrounded by barrows, and on the opposite isthmus, advancing towards the Bridge of Broisgar, there is another monument of Standing Stones, which, in this case, is completely circular. They are less in size than those on the eastern side of the lake, their height running only from ten or twelve to fourteen feet. This western circle is surrounded by a deep trench drawn on the outside of the pillars, and I remarked four tumuli, or mounds of earth, regularly disposed around it. Stonehenge excels this Orcadian monument, but that of Stennis is, I conceive, the only one in Britain which can be said to approach it in consequence. All the northern nations marked by those huge enclosures the places of popular meeting, either for religious worship or the transaction of public business of a temporal nature. The *Northern Popular Antiquities* contain, in an abstract of the *Byrbyggja Saga*, a particular account of the practice

in which the Helga Fels, or Holy Rock, was set apart by the Pontiff Thorolf for solemn occasions.

I need only add, that, different from the monument on the Salisbury Plain, the stones which were used in the Orcadian circle seem to have been raised from a quarry upon the spot, of which the marks are visible.

**INTRODUCTION AND NOTES**

**TO**

**THE FORTUNES OF NIGEL**



INTRODUCTION

TO

THE FORTUNES OF NIGEL.

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But why should lordlings all our praise engross ?  
Rise, honest man, and sing the Man of Ross.  
POPE.

HAVING, in the tale of the Heart of Mid-Lothian, succeeded in some degree in awakening an interest in behalf of one devoid of those accomplishments which belong to a heroine almost by right, I was next tempted to choose a hero upon the same unpromising plan; and as worth of character, goodness of heart, and rectitude of principle, were necessary to one who laid no claim to high birth, romantic sensibility, or any of the usual accomplishments of those who strut through the pages of this sort of composition, I made free with the name of a person who has left the most magnificent proofs of his benevolence



charity that the capital of Scotland has to display.

To the Scottish reader little more need be said, than that the man alluded to is George Heriot. But for those south of the Tweed, it may be necessary to add, that the person so named was a wealthy citizen of Edinburgh, and the King's goldsmith, who followed James to the English capital, and was so successful in his profession, as to die, in 1624, extremely wealthy for that period. He had no children; and after making a full provision for such relations as might have claims upon him, he left the residue of his fortune to establish an hospital, in which the sons of Edinburgh freemen are gratuitously brought up and educated for the station to which their talents may recommend them, and are finally enabled to enter life under respectable auspices. The Hospital in which this charity is maintained is a noble quadrangle of the Gothic order, and as ornamental to the city as a building, as the manner in which the youths are provided for and educated, renders it useful to the community as an institution. To the honour of those who have the management, (the Magistrates and Clergy of Edinburgh,) the funds of the Hospital have increased so much under their care, that it now supports and educates one hundred and thirty youths

annually, many of whom have done honour to their country in different situations.

The founder of such a charity as this may be reasonably supposed to have walked through life with a steady pace, and an observant eye, neglecting no opportunity of assisting those who were not possessed of the experience necessary for their own guidance. In supposing his efforts directed to the benefit of a young nobleman, misguided by the aristocratic haughtiness of his own time, and the prevailing tone of selfish luxury which seems more peculiar to ours, as well as the seductions of pleasure which are predominant in all, some amusement, or even some advantage, might, I thought, be derived from the manner in which I might bring the exertions of this civic Mentor to bear in his pupil's behalf. I am, I own, no great believer in the moral utility to be derived from fictitious compositions ; yet, if in any case a word spoken in season may be of advantage to a young person, it must surely be when it calls upon him to attend to the voice of principle and self-denial, instead of that of precipitate passion. I could not, indeed, hope or expect to represent my prudent and benevolent citizen in a point of view so interesting as that of the peasant girl, who nobly sacrificed her family affections to the integrity of her

moral character. Still, however, something I hoped might be done not altogether unworthy the fame which George Heriot has secured by the lasting benefits he has bestowed on his country.

It appeared likely, that out of this simple plot I might weave something attractive ; because the reign of James I, in which George Heriot flourished, gave unbounded scope to invention in the fable, while at the same time it afforded greater variety and discrimination of character than could, with historical consistency, have been introduced, if the scene had been laid a century earlier. Lady Mary Wortley Montague has said, with equal truth and taste, that the most romantic region of every country is that where the mountains unite themselves with the plains, or lowlands. For similar reasons, it may be in like manner said, that the most picturesque period of history is that when the ancient rough and wild manners of a barbarous age are just becoming innovated upon and contrasted by the illumination of increased or revived learning, and the instructions of renewed or reformed religion. The strong contrast produced by the opposition of ancient manners to those which are gradually substituting them, affords the lights and shadows necessary to the effect to a fictitious narrative ; and while

such a period entitles the Author to introduce incidents of a marvellous and improbable character, as arising out of the turbulent independence and ferocity, belonging to old habits of violence, still influencing the manners of a people who had been so lately in a barbarous state; yet, on the other hand, the characters and sentiments of many of the actors may, with the utmost probability, be described with great variety of shading and delineation, which belongs to the newer and more improved period, of which the world has but lately received the light.

The reign of James I. of England possessed this advantage in a peculiar degree. Some beams of chivalry, although its planet had been for some time set, continued to animate and gild the horizon, and although probably no one acted precisely on its Quixotic dictates, men and women still talked the chivalrous language of Sir Philip Sydney's *Arcadia*; and the ceremonial of the tilt-yard was yet exhibited, though it now only flourished as a *Place de Carrousel*. Here and there a high-spirited Knight of the Bath—witness the too scrupulous Lord Herbert of Cherbury—was found devoted enough to the vows he had taken to imagine himself obliged to compel, by the sword's point, a fellow-knight or squire to restore the top-knot of ribbon which he

had stolen from a fair counsel ; but yet, while men were taking each other's lives on such punctilios of honour, the hour was already arrived when Bacon was about to teach the world that they were no longer to reason from authority to fact, but to establish truth by advancing from fact to fact, till they fixed an indisputable authority, not from hypothesis, but from experiment.

The state of society in the reign of James I. was also strangely disturbed, and the licence of a part of the community was perpetually giving rise to acts of blood and violence. The bravo of the Queen's day, of whom Shakespeare has given us so many varieties, as Bardolph, Nym, Pistol, Peto, and the other companions of Falstaff, men who had their *humours*, or their particular turn of extravagance, had, since the commencement of the Low Country wars, given way to a race of swordsmen, who used the rapier and dagger, instead of the far less dangerous sword and buckler ; so that a historian says on this subject, " that private quarrels were nourished, but especially between the Scots and the English ; and duels in every street maintained ; divers sects and peculiar titles passed unpunished and unregarded, as the sect of the Roving Boys, Bonaventures, Bravadoes,

See Lord Herbert of Cherbury's *Memoirs*.

Quarterers, and such-like, being persons prodigal, and of great expense, who, having run themselves into debt, were constrained to run next into factions, to defend themselves from danger of the law. These received countenance from divers of the nobility; and the citizens through lasciviousness consuming their estates; it was like that the number [of these desperadoes] would rather increase than diminish; and under these pretences they entered into many desperate enterprises, and scarce any durst walk in the street after nine at night."

The same authority assures us farther, that "ancient gentlemen, who had left their inheritance whole and well furnished with goods and chattels (having thereupon kept good houses) unto their sons, lived to see part consumed in riot and excess, and the rest in possibility to be utterly lost; the holy state of matrimony made but a May-game, by which divers families had been subverted; brothel-houses much frequented, and even great persons, prostituting their persons to the intent to satisfy their lusts, consumed their substance in lascivious appetites. And of all sorts, such knights and gentlemen, as either through

History of the First Fourteen Years of King Henry's Reign. See Somers's Tracts, edited by Scott, vol. II. p. 266.

pride on prodigality had converted their substance, repairing to the city, to the intent to consume their virtues also, lived dissolute lives; many of their ladies and daughters, to the intent to maintain themselves according to their dignity, prostituting their bodies in shameful manner, Alehouses, dining-houses, taverns, and places of iniquity, beyond manner abounding in most places.

Nor is it only in the pages of a puritanical, perhaps a satirical writer, that we find so shocking and disgusting a picture of the coarseness of the beginning of the seventeenth century. On the contrary, in all the comedies of the age, the principal character for gaiety and wit is a young heir, who has totally altered the establishment of the father to whom he has succeeded, and, to use the old simile, who resembles a fountain, which plays off in idleness and extravagance the wealth which its careful parents painfully had assembled in hidden reservoirs.

And yet, while that spirit of general extravagance seemed at work over a whole kingdom, another and very different sort of men were gradually forming the staid and resolved characters, which afterwards displayed themselves during the Civil Wars, and powerfully regulated and affected the character of the whole English nation, until,

nothing less was extreme; for another, they went to a genuine fanaticism the splendid triumph of the reviving fine art.

From the quotations which I have produced, the selfish and disgusting conduct of Lord Elgarth will not perhaps appear overstrained, nor will the scenes in Whitefriars, and places of similar resort, seem too highly coloured. This however is far from being the case. It was in the First's reign that vice first appeared affecting the better classes in its gross and undisguised depravity. The entertainments and amusements of Elizabeth's time had an air of that decent restraint which became the court of a maiden sovereign; and, in that earlier period, to use the words of Burke, vice lost half its evil by being deprived of all its grossness. In James's reign, on the contrary, the coarsest pleasures were publicly and unlimitedly indulged, since, according to Sir John Harrington, the men wallowed in beastly delights, and even ladies abandoned their delicacy, and rolled about in intoxication. After a ludicrous account of a mask, in which the actors had got drunk, and behaved themselves accordingly, he says, "I have much marvelled at these strange pageantries, and they do bring to my recollection what passed of this sort in our Queen's days, in which I was sometimes an assistant



and partaker : but never did I see such lack of good order and sobriety as I have now done. The Gunpowder fright is got out of all our heads, and we are going on hereabout as if the devil was contriving every man should blow up himself by wild riot, excess, and devastation of time, and temperance. The great ladies do go well masqued ; and indeed, it be the only show of their prodesty to conceal their countenance ; but alack, they meet with such countenance to uphold their strange doings that I marvel not at aught that happens."

Such being the state of the court, coarse sensuality brought along with it its ordinary companion, a brutal degree of undisguised

HARRINGTON'S *Nugæ Antiquæ*, vol. II. p. 352, For the gross debauchery of the period, too much encouraged by the example of the monarch, who was, in other respects, neither without talent nor a good-natured disposition, see Winwood's Memorials, Howell's Letters, and other Memorials of the time, but particularly, consult the Private Letters and Correspondence of Steenie, alias Buckingham, with his reverend Dad and Goship, King James, which abound with the grossest as well as the most childish language. The learned Mr D I-rach, in an attempt to vindicate the character of James, has only succeeded in obtaining for himself the character of a skilful and ingenious advocate, without much advantage to his royal client

selfishness, destructive alike of philanthropy and good breeding; both of which, in their several spheres, depend upon the regard paid by each individual to the interest as well as the feelings of others. It is in such a time that the heartless and shameless man of wealth and power may, like the supposed Lord Dalgarno, braven out the shame of his villainies, and affect to triumph in their consequences, so long as they were personally advantageous to his own pleasures or profit.

Alsatia is elsewhere explained as a cant name for Whitefriars, which, possessing certain privileges of sanctuary, became for that reason a nest of those mischievous characters who were generally obnoxious to the law. These privileges were derived from its having been an establishment of the Carmelites, or White Friars, founded, says Stowe, in his *Survey of London*, by Sir Patrick Grey, in 1241. Edward I. gave them a plot of ground in Fleet Street, to build their church upon. The edifice then erected was rebuilt by Geoffrey, Earl of Devonshire, in the reign of Edward. In the time of the Reformation the place retained its immunities as a sanctuary, and James I. confirmed and added, to them, by a charter in 1608. Shadwell was the first author who made some literary use of Whitefriars, in his play of the *Squire of Alsatia*,

which turns upon the plot of the *Adelphi* of Terence.

In this old play, two men of fortune, brothers, educate two young men, (sons to the one and nephews to the other,) each under his own separate system of rigour and indulgence. The elder of the subjects of this experiment, who has been very rigidly brought up, falls at once into all the vices of the town, is debauched by the cheats and bullies of Whitefriars, and, in a word, becomes the Squire of Alsatia. The poet gives, as the natural and congenial inhabitants of the place, such characters as the reader will find in the note.\* The play, as we learn from the

"*Cheatly*, a rascal, who by reason of debts dares not stir out of Whitefriars, but there he inveigles young heirs of entail, and helps them to goods and money upon great disadvantages, is bound for them, and shares with them till he undoes them. A loud, impudent, detached fellow, very expert in the cant about towns.

"*Shamwell*, cousin to the Belfords, who, being ruined by *Cheatly*, is made a decoy-duck for others, not daring to stir out of Alsatia, where he lives. Is bound with *Cheatly* for heirs, and lives upon them a dissolute debauched life.

"*Captain Bullock*, a blockheaded bully of Alsatia, a cowardly, impudent, blustering fellow, formerly a sergeant in Flanders, who has run from his colours, and retreated into Whitefriars for a very small debt, where, like the Alsatians he is dubb'd a captain, marries

dedication to the Earl of Dorset, and Middlesex, was successful above the author's expectations, "no comedy these many years having filled the theatre so long together. And I had the great honour," continues Shadwell, "to find so many friends, that the house was never so full since it was built as upon the third day of this play, and vast numbers went away that could not be admitted."\* From the *Squire of Alsatia* the Author derived some few hints, and learned the footing on which the bullocks and thieves of the Sanctuary stood with their neighbours, the fiery young students of the Temple, of which some intimation is given in the dramatic piece.

Such are the materials to which the Author stands indebted for the composition of the *Fortunes of Nigel*, a novel which may be perhaps one of those that are more amusing on a second perusal, than when read a first

one that lets lodgings, sells cherry ~~fruit~~, and is a bawd.

"*Scrapeall*, a hypocrite, a psalm-singing, precise fellow, pretending to great piety; a godly knave, who joins with Chatterbox, and supplies young hens with good money."—*Dramatis Personæ to the Squire of Alsatia*, SHADWELL'S *Works*, vol. iv.

Dedication to the *Squire of Alsatia*, SHADWELL'S *Works*, vol. iv.

time for the ~~title~~ of the story, the incidents of which are few and meagre.

The Introductory Epistle is written, in Lucio's phrase, "according to the trick," and would never have appeared had the writer meditated making his avowal of the work. As it is the privilege of a masque or incognito to speak in a feigned voice and assumed character, the Author attempted, while in disguise, some liberties of the same sort: and while he continues to plead upon the various excuses which the introduction contains, the present acknowledgment must serve as an apology for a species of "hoity toity, whisky frisky" pertness of manner, which, in his avowed character, the Author should have considered as a departure from the rules of civility and good taste.

ANSONTOWN, ~~Jan~~ July, 1831.

## NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

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### NOVELS AND ROMANCES. VOL. II.

#### THE FORTUNES OF NIGEL.

DAVID RAMSAY, — P. 274, l. 21.

DAVID RAMSAY, watchmaker and horologist to James I. was a real person, though the author has taken the liberty of pressing him into the service of fiction. Although his profession led him to cultivate the exact sciences, like many at this period he mingled them with pursuits which were mystical and fantastic. The truth was, that the boundaries between truth and falsehood in mathematics, astronomy, and similar pursuits, were not exactly known, and thus existed a sort of *terra incognita* between them, in which the wisest men bewildered themselves. David Ramsay risked his money on the success of the vaticinations which his researches led him to form, since he sold clocks and watches under condition that their value should not become payable till King James was crowned in the Pope's chair at Rome. Such wagers were common in that day, as may be seen by looking at Jonson's *Every Man out of his Humour*.

David Ramsay was also an actor in another singular scene in which the notorious astrologer Lilly was a performer, and had no small expectation on the occasion, since he brought with him a half-quartern sack to put the treasure in.

"David Ramsay, his Majesty's clock-maker, had been informed that there was a great quantity of treasure buried in the cloister of Westminster Abbey. He acquaints Dean Withnam therewith, who was also then Bishop of Lincoln. The Dean gave him liberty to search after it, with this proviso, that if any was discovered, his church should have a share of it. Davy Ramsay finds out one John Scott, who pretended the use of the Mosaiical rods, to assist him herein.\* I was desired to join with him, unto which I consented. One winter's night, Davy Ramsay, with several gentlemen, myself, and Scott, entered the cloisters. We played the hazel rods round about the cloisters. Upon the west end of the cloisters the rods jumped one over another, an argument that the treasure was there. The labourers digged at least six feet deep, and then we met with a coffin, but which, in truth, it was not heavy, we did not open, which we afterwards much regretted.

"From the cloisters we went into the abbey church, where, upon a sudden, (there being no wind when we began,) so fierce and so high, so blustering and loud a wind did rise, that we verily believed the west end of the church would have fallen upon us. Our rods would not move at all, the candles and tapers also, but one, were extinguished, or burned very dimly. John Scott, my partner, was amazed, looked pale, knew not what to think or do, until I

The same now called, I believe, the Divining Rod, and applied to the supply of water not obvious to the

gave directions and command to dismiss the demons ; which, when done, all was quiet again, and each man retired unto his lodging late, about twelve o'clock at night. I could never since be induced to join with any such like actions.

"The true miscarriage of the business was by reason of so many people being present at the operation ; for there was about thirty, some laughing, other deriding us ; so that, if we had not dismissed the demons, I believe most part of the abbey church would have been blown down. Secrecy and intelligent operators, with a strong confidence and knowledge of what they are doing, are best for the work." *Lally's Life and Times*, p. 46.

David Ramsay had a son called William Ramsay who appears to have possessed all his father's credulity. He became an astrologer, and in 1651-2 published *Vas Stellarum*, an Introduction to the Prediction of Eclipses and the Annual Revolution of the World. The edition of 1652 is inscribed to himself. It would appear, as indeed it might be supposed from his mode of disposing of his goods, that the old astrologer had omitted to make hay while the sun shone ; for his son, in his dedication, has this exception to the paternal virtues. "It's true your carelessness in laying up while the sun shone, for the tempest of a stormy day, hath given occasion to some inferior minded people not to value you according to what you are by nature and in yourself, for such look not to a man longer than he is in prosperity, esteeming none but for their wealth, not wisdom, power, nor virtue." From these expressions, it is to be apprehended that while old David Ramsay, a follower of the Stewarts, sank under the Parliamentary government, his son, William, had advanced from



being a dupe to astrology to the dignity of being himself a cheat.

GEORGE HERRIOT. — END OF CHAP. II. — P. 291.

This excellent person was but little known by his actions when alive, but we may well use, in this particular, the striking phrase of Scripture, "that being dead he yet speaketh." We have already mentioned, in the Introduction, the splendid charity of which he was the founder; the few notices of his personal history are slight and meagre.

George Heriot was born at Trabroun, in the parish of Gladsmuir; he was the eldest son of a goldsmith in Edinburgh, descended from a family of some consequence in East-Lothian. His father enjoyed the confidence of his fellow-citizens, and was their representative in Parliament. He was, besides, one of the deputies sent by the inhabitants of the city to propitiate the King, when he had left Edinburgh abruptly, after the riot of 17th December, 1596.

George Heriot, the son, pursued his father's occupation of a goldsmith, then peculiarly lucrative, and much connected with that of a money-broker. He enjoyed the favour and protection of James, and of his consort, Anne of Denmark. He married, for his first wife, a maiden of his own rank, named Christian Marjoribanks, daughter of a respectable burgess. This was in 1586. He was afterwards named jeweller to the Queen, whose account to him for a space of ten years amounted to nearly £40,000. George Heriot, having lost his wife, connected himself with the distinguished house of Rosburgh, by marrying a daughter of James Primrose, Clerk to the Privy Council. Of this lady he was deprived by her dying shortly after birth in 1612, before attaining her

twenty-first year. After a life spent in honourable and successful industry, George Heriot died in London, to which city he had followed his royal master, on the 12th February, 1624, at the age of sixty-one years. His picture, (copied by Scougal from a lost original,) in which he is represented in the prime of life, is thus described: "His fair hair, which over-shades the thoughtful brow and calm calculating eye, with the cast of humour on the lower part of the countenance, are all indicative of the genuine Scottish character, and well distinguish a person fitted to move steadily and wisely through the world, with a strength of resolution to ensure success, and a disposition to enjoy it."—*Historical and Descriptive Account of Heriot's Hospital, with a Memoir of the Founder, by Messrs James and John Johnston.* Edinburgh, 1837.

To add, as every thing concerning George Heriot is interesting, that his second wife, Alison Fiddes, was interred in Saint Gregory's Church, from the register of which parish the Rev. Mr Barham, Rector, has, in the kindest manner, sent me the following extract:—"Mrs Alison, the wife of Mr George Heriot, gentleman, 20th April, 1612." Saint Gregory's, before the Great Fire of London which consumed the cathedral, formed one of the corners of old Saint Paul's, and occupied the space of ground now filled by Queen Anne's statue. In the south aisle of the choir Mrs Heriot reposed, under a handsome monument, bearing the following inscription:—

"*Sanctissime et charissima conjugi Alisondæ Heriot, Jacobi Primogeniti, Regiæ Majestatis in Sanctiori Concilio Regni Scotiæ Amanuensis, filia, femina omnibus tum animi tum corporis dotibus, ac pro cultu instructissimæ,*

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monstrum ipius ipse Georgius Harist, aratiger,  
Regis, Regina, Principum Henrici et Caroli Glou-  
ria, bene merenti, non sine acrymulo hoc Monumentum  
pie posuit.

"Obiit Mensis Aprilis die 16, anno salutis 1612,  
etatis 20, in ipso flore juventutis, et mihi, parentibus, et  
amicis tristissimum sui desiderium reliquit.

*Hic Alicia Primosa  
Jacet crudo abrupta fato,  
Intempestivas  
Ut rosa pressa manus  
Nondum hisdenos  
Annorum impleverat orbes,  
Pulchra, pudica,  
Patris delitium atque vultus  
Quam gravida, heu! nunquam  
Mater, decessit, et inde  
Cura dolorq. patri,  
Cura dolorq. viro,  
Non sublata tamen  
Tantum translata recessit;  
Nunc Rosa prima Poll  
Quae fuit antea tota"*

The loss of a young, beautiful, and amiable person,  
at a period so interesting, was the probable reason of  
her husband devoting his fortune to a charitable in-  
stitution. The epitaph occurs in Stryper's edition of  
Srowle's *Survey of London*, Book iii. page 626.

ADVICE.—PETITIONING KING JAMES I.—P. 304.

I am certain this prudential advice is not original  
on Mr Linklater's part, but I am not at present able  
to produce my authority. I think it amounted to this,  
that James flung down a petition presented by some  
suppliant who paid no compliments to his horse,

## THE FORTUNES OF NIGEL. 217

and expressed no admiration at the splendour of his furniture, saying, " Shall a king cumber himself about the petition of a beggar, while the beggar disregards the king's splendour?" It is, I think, Sir John Harrington who recommends, as a sure mode to the king's favour, to praise the paces of the royal palfrey.

### PROCLAMATION AGAINST THE SCOTS COMING TO ENGLAND.—P. 307, l. 15.

The English agreed in nothing more unanimously than in censuring James on account of the beggarly rabble which not only attended the King at his coming first out of Scotland, " but," says Osborne, " which, through his whole reign, like a fluent spring, were found still crossing the Tweed." Yet it is certain, from the number of proclamations published by the Privy Council in Scotland, and bearing marks of the King's own diction, that he was sensible of the whole inconveniences and unpopularity attending the importunate crowd of disrespeccable suitors, and as desirous to get rid of them as his southern subjects could be. But it was in vain that his Majesty argued with his Scottish subjects on the disrespect they were bringing on their native country and sovereign, by causing the English to suppose there were no well-nurtured or independent gentry in Scotland, they who presented themselves being, in the opinion and conceit of all beholders, " but idle rascals, and poor miserable bodies." It was even in vain that the vessels which brought up this unwelcome cargo of petitioners were threatened with fine and confiscation; the undaunted suitors continued to press forward, and, as one of the proclamations says, many of them under pretence of requiring payment of " auld debts due to them by the King," which, it is observed with great

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method, "His of all kinds of importunity, most un-  
pleasing to his Majesty." The expressions in the  
text are selected from these curious proclamations.

"I HAVE KNOWN A LEARNED MAN WRITE A THOU-  
SAND PAGES WITH ONE QUILL."—P. 330, l. 21.

A biblical commentary by Gill, which (if the  
author's memory serves him) occupies between five  
and six hundred printed quarto pages, and must there-  
fore have filled more pages of manuscript than the  
number mentioned in the text, has this quotation at  
the end of the volume,—

With one good pen I wrote this book  
Made of a gaily goose quill;  
A pen it was when it I took,  
And a pen I leave it still.

KING JAMES.—P. 335.

The dress of this monarch, together with his per-  
sonal appearance, is thus described by a contem-  
porary writer.

"He was of a muddled ~~figure~~, more corpulent  
through [i. e. by means of] his clothes than his body,  
yet fat enough. His legs were very weak, having  
had, as was thought, some foul play in his youth, or  
rather before he was born, that he was not able to  
stand at seven years of age. That weakness made  
him ever leaning on other men's shoulders. His walk  
was even irregular; his hands are in that walk ever  
fiddling about—[a part of dress now laid aside]  
He would make a great deal too bold with God in  
meditation, both with cursing and swearing, and a  
little farther verging on blasphemy; but would, in  
his better temper, say, he hoped God would not  
be so severe on him, and lay them to his charge,

## THE FORTUNES OF HIGGINS. 319

seeing they protected from passion. ~~He had heard~~ of great assistance, rather than hope, ~~that would daily~~ make thus bold with God."—*DALRYMPLE'S Sketches of Scottish History*, p. 86.

SIR MUNGO MALAGROWTHER.—P. 362, last line.

It will perhaps be recognised by some of my countrymen, that the caustic Scottish knight, as described in the preceding chapter, borrowed so ~~is~~ of his attributes from a most worthy and respectable baronet, who was to be met with in Edinburgh society about twenty-five or thirty years ago. It is not by any means to be inferred, that the living person resembled the imaginary one in the course of life ascribed to him, or in his personal attributes. But his fortune was little adequate to his rank and the antiquity of his family, and, to avenge themselves of this disparity, the worthy baronet lost no opportunity of making the more favoured sons of fortune feel the edge of his satire. Still he had the art of disguising under the personal infirmity of deafness, and usually introduced his most severe things by an affected insistence of what was said around him. For example, at a public meeting of a certain county, this worthy gentleman had chosen to display a laced coat, of such a pattern as had not been seen in society for the better part of a century. The young men who were present amused themselves with rallying him on his taste, when he suddenly singled out one of the party:—"Auld d'ye think my coat—auld-fashioned?—indeed it canna be new; but it was the work of a braw tailor, and that was your grandfather, who was at the head of the trade in Edinburgh, from the beginning of last century." Upon another occasion, when this type of Sir Mungo Malagrowthier happened

to hear a gentleman, the high chief of one of these Border clans who were accused of paying very little attention in ancient times to the distinctions of *Moon* and *Tuan*, addressing a gentleman of the same name, as if conjecturing there should be some relationship between them, he volunteered to ascertain the nature of the connection by saying that the "*Chief's* ancestors had stolen the cows, and the other gentleman's ancestors had killed them,"—fame ascribing the origin of the latter family to a butcher. It may be well imagined, that among a people that have been always punctilious about genealogy, such a person, who had a general acquaintance with all the flaws and specks, in the shields of the proud, the pretending, and the *nouveaux riches*, must have had the same scope for amusement as a monkey in a china shop.

#### EARLS OF DALHOUSIE, (DALHOUSIE.)

P. 388, *last*.

The head of the ancient ~~and distinguished~~ house of Ramsay, and to whom, as ~~their chief~~, the individuals of that name look as ~~their origin and source~~ of gentry Allan Ramsay, the pastoral poet, in the same manner, makes

Dalhousie of an wild descent,  
My chief, my stoup, my ornament.

Mrs ANNIE TURNER — P. 389, last line.

Mrs Anne Turner was a dame somewhat of the occupation of Mrs Suddichop in the text, that is, half milliner, half procuress, and secret agent in all manner of proceedings. She was a trafficker in the poisoning of Sir Thomas Overbury, for which so many subordinate agents lost their lives, while, to the great scandal of justice, the Earl of Somerset and